MODERN CATHOLIC PROSE

MAYNARD

820.8
M
Maynard
Mode
Maynard

820.8
M

4668

Marywood Central High School
Novitiate Library
Providence in the West
Sisters of Providence
Anaheim, California

ST. MICHAEL'S SEMINARY & NOVITIATE
OF
THE NORBERTINE FATHERS
1042 STAR ROUTE, ORANGE, CALIFORNIA 9266

Date Due

THE BOOK OF MODERN CATHOLIC PROSE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-EJP-325

THE BOOK OF MODERN CATHOLIC PROSE

Compiled by
THEODORE MAYNARD

NOVITIATE
PROVIDENCE IN THE WEST
BROADWAY and PALM STS.
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

824.8
Ma

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

824.8
1236

COPYRIGHT, 1928,
BY
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To

HIS EMINENCE

FRANCIS AIDEN,
CARDINAL GASQUET

PREFACE

When last year I compiled my anthology, *The Book of Modern Catholic Verse,* to which this is a companion volume, I could hope to give in it a fairly complete representation of the Catholic poets who have been writing during the last hundred years. I soon discovered that it was impossible to attempt any such thing in the case of the prose writers.

Impossible, that is, unless I deliberately culled only the flowers of literature, and made a collection of snippets—which was precisely what I did not want to do. Not paragraphs or passages, however beautiful, but examples of writing where the thought was sufficiently developed to enable them to stand alone were what I sought. And yet, though many essays are included here, this is not intended to be merely a book of essays.

Having made up my mind as to the lines of my anthology, and so having simplified my difficulties in one direction, new difficulties arose. The chief of these was insurmountable. I could not begin to include all the writers who had a reasonable claim to representation. In this volume only fifty names find a place; but there are at least a hundred names that deserve to be here. I have, therefore, frankly worked upon the principle of picking merely such pieces as best served my purpose.

No one regrets the many omissions more than I do. They were unavoidable. At the risk of being invidious I mention two names: those of Abbot Butler and John Oliver Hobbes. My admiration for their work is great, and I searched it in the hope of finding something that would fit in with my scheme; but in vain. Copyright proved a barrier in several cases, notably that of Joseph Conrad; and Father Ronald Knox's *Reunion All Round* would have been reprinted except for the fact that the pamphlet, for which I neglected to search until too late, was out of print and unobtainable.

My idea has been to bring together samples of Catholic writing which maintain variety and interest and a fairly high literary standard. I have tried to represent modern Catholic English prose, taken as a whole, but omitting devotional or formal theological work and philosophy. And I have tried to make a readable book. In this, I venture to hope, I have succeeded.

It will be noted that there is a great disproportion in the length of these pieces. I had to impose a rule upon myself of including no more than one article by each of my authors. In the cases of Alice Meynell and Coventry Patmore, among others, I have only brief essays. These, however, I regard as among my gems. The gifts of others of my group happen to be expansive rather than concentrated. They are not necessarily valued more, and not necessarily less, highly by me in consequence.

Several of the items have been considerably shortened, the most drastic instance being Mr. G. K. Chesterton's contribution which, with his permission, I condensed out of two chapters of *The Everlasting Man*. Louisa Wheaton (Mother St. Ignatius) shortly before her death boiled down a couple of her articles, at my instance, to make one. These, and other cases, are examples of auctorial modesty as beautiful as it is rare. Still others of the authors whose work has been abridged have had nothing to say in the matter, they being dead.

Many suggestions were kindly offered by friends during the course of the compilation of this book. It was not possible to use them all; but I am grateful for them all. Among those who should be specially mentioned in this connection are Fathers Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., James J. Daly, S. J. and John Baptist Reeves, O. P., Professor H. A. Lappin, Messrs. Padraic Colum, John Bunker and George N. Shuster and Mrs. Frank Rattray Lillie.

T. M.

Fordham Graduate School,
New York.

COPYRIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editor and publishers offer thanks to the following, who have kindly given permission to include selections:

GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH, FATHER JAMES M. GILLIS.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY—"The City that Never Was" from *The High Romance,* by Michael Williams; for "St. Peter's" from *Ave Roma,* by Marion Crawford; for "Democratizing Industry" from *On Declining Liberty and Other Papers,* by John A. Ryan.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY—"On the Place and Function, within Religion, of the Body, of History, and of Institutions" from *Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion,* by Baron Friedrich von Hügel.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY—"Goodness and Gayety," by Agnes Repplier, and for "The Rabid versus the Harmless Scholar," by Louise Imogen Guiney.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.—"The Second Spring," by Cardinal Newman; for "Roma Felix" from *God's Nursery,* by C. C. Martindale; for "Conversion" from *Salve Mater,* by Dr. Frederick Joseph Kinsman.

BURNS OATES AND WASHBOURNE, LIMITED—"The Dumb Ox of Thought" from *The Wayside,* by Vincent McNabb, and for "Science in Bondage" from *A Century of Scientific Thought,* by Sir Bertram C. A. Windle.

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, INC.—"Love and Poetry from *Religio Poetae,* by Coventry Patmore.

THE PAULIST PRESS—"The Church in the Roman Empire" reprinted from *Europe and the Faith,* by Hilaire Belloc.

THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY for "The Church and the Republic," by Cardinal Gibbons.

G. BELL & SONS, LTD.—"The Story of St. Bede" from *The Mission of St. Augustine,* by Cardinal Gasquet, and for "Westminster Cathedral" from *A Dreamer in Christendom,* by Algernon Cecil.

GEORGE H. DORAN, Publishers—"A Bouquet for Jenny" from *Poems, Essays and Letters,* by Joyce Kilmer, copyright 1914; for "Hunting a Hair Shirt" from *Hunting a Hair Shirt and Other Spiritual Adventures,* by Aline Kilmer, copyright 1923; for "The Secession of the South" from *A History of the United States,* copyright 1919.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, INC.—"The Riddles of the Gospel" from *The Everlasting Man,* by Gilbert K. Chesterton, copyright 1925; for the excerpt from *The Cardinal's Snuffbox,* by Henry Harland, copyrighted.

BONI AND LIVERIGHT—"The Poetry of the Gael" from *The Anthology of Irish Verse,* edited by Padraic Colum, published 1922.

"The Ideal of a Catholic College" is reprinted by the courtesy of the author, William Franklin Sands, and the Georgetown Magazine. "Córdoba en Fête" is included by the special permission of the author, Thomas Walsh. "The Conflict of Science and Religion," by Orestes A. Brownson, is reprinted through the kind permission of Mother Brownson.

"Woman as Artist" is included by the permission of Mary M. Colum and The New York Herald Tribune *Books*. The selection from *Introibo*, by the Reverend Cornelius Clifford, is used with the consent of The Cathedral Library Association. "The End of the Temporal Power," by William Barry, is reprinted by arrangement with Henry Holt and Company.

"The Anglo-Saxon Myth," by Henry Jones Ford, formerly appearing in *The American Mercury*, is used by permission of Mrs. Henry Jones Ford. "George Meredith," by Brother Leo, is reprinted by permission from *America: A Catholic Review of the Week*. "Every Man His Own Cook," by Maurice Francis Egan, is reprinted by permission from *The Bookman*. "Churches, Inc.," by Henry Longan Stuart, is from *The Freeman*, June 21, 1922, and "The Reason for Rhyme," by Theodore Maynard, is also from *The Freeman*, January 23, 1924.

"Advocatus Diaboli," by Henry A. Lappin, is reprinted from *The Nation*. "The Reform in Church Music," by Justine Bayard Ward, is reprinted by permission of the author and of *The Atlantic Monthly*, in which the article appeared in April, 1906. "Nationalism as a Religion," by Carlton J. H. Hayes, is reprinted by permission from *The Commonweal*.

"The Scope of Public-school Education" is from *Means and Ends in Education*, by Bishop John Lancaster Spaulding, published by A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago; "Molokai" is from *The Lepers of Molokai*, by Charles Warren Stoddard, published by The Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana; "The Aisling" from *The Hidden Ireland*, by Daniel Corkery, is published by Messrs. Gill and Son, Dublin, Ireland. Katherine Tynan's "An Irish Garden" is from *Twenty-five Years*, copyright 1913, by The Devin-Adair Company.

"The Death of Charles II," from R. H. Benson's *Oddsfish*, is published by arrangement with his heirs and Jas. B. Pinker and Son.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Second Spring. By *Cardinal Newman*	3
On the Place and Function, within Religion, of the Body, of History, and of Institutions. By *Baron Friedrich von Hügel*	18
The Dumb Ox of Thought. By *Vincent McNabb*	32
The Riddles of the Gospel. By *G. K. Chesterton*	36
The Conflict of Science and Religion. By *Orestes A. Brownson*	53
Science in Bondage. By *Sir Bertram C. A. Windle*	63
The Limits of Logic. By *James M. Gillis*	78
Churches, Inc. By *Henry Longan Stuart*	89
Conversion. By *Frederick Joseph Kinsman*	96
Francis of Cardona: A Cheerful Ascetic. By *James J. Daly*	100
The Death of an Enemy. By *John Ayscough*	111
November First: The Day of All the Dead. By *Thomas M. Kettle*	113
Heart of Grace. By *Louisa Wheaton (Mother St. Ignatius)*	115
Introibo. By *Cornelius Clifford*	125
Hunting a Hair Shirt. By *Aline Kilmer*	128
From "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box." By *Henry Harland*	133
Goodness and Gayety. By *Agnes Repplier*	136
Molokai. By *Charles Warren Stoddard*	148
The Church in the Roman Empire. By *Hilaire Belloc*	150
The Story of St. Bede. By *Cardinal Gasquet*	163
The Death of Charles II. By *Robert Hugh Benson*	182
The Heralds of the Revolution. By *Lord Acton*	191
The Anglo-Saxon Myth. By *Henry J. Ford*	209

PAGE

THE SECESSION OF THE SOUTH. By *Cecil Chesterton* . 221
NATIONALISM AS A RELIGION. By *Carlton J. H. Hayes* . 232
THE CHURCH AND THE REPUBLIC. By *Cardinal Gibbons* 238
CATHOLIC AND PATRIOT. By *Governor Smith* . . . 249
DEMOCRATIZING INDUSTRY. By *John A. Ryan* . . 262
THE END OF THE TEMPORAL POWER. By *William Barry* 275
LOVE AND POETRY. By *Coventry Patmore* . . . 282
THE HORIZON. By *Alice Meynell* 287
GEORGE MEREDITH. By *Brother Leo* 291
ADVOCATUS DIABOLI. By *Henry A. Lappin* . . . 296
A BOUQUET FOR JENNY. By *Joyce Kilmer* . . . 302
WOMAN AS ARTIST. By *Mary M. Colum* 308
THE CITY THAT NEVER WAS. By *Michael Williams* . 317
AN IRISH GARDEN. By *Katharine Tynan* 333
CÓRDOBA EN FÊTE. By *Thomas Walsh* 340
NIGHT: A REVERIE. By *Katherine Brégy* 346
THE RABID VERSUS THE HARMLESS SCHOLAR. By *Louise Imogen Guiney* 349
EVERY MAN HIS OWN COOK. By *Maurice Francis Egan* 353
THE REASON FOR RHYME. By *Theodore Maynard* . . 365
THE AISLING. By *Daniel Corkery* 372
THE POETRY OF THE GAEL. By *Padraic Colum* . . 378
PEACE AND THE GAEL. By *Padraic H. Pearse* . . . 384
THE SCOPE OF PUBLIC-SCHOOL EDUCATION. By *Bishop John Lancaster Spalding* 386
THE IDEAL OF A CATHOLIC COLLEGE. By *William Franklin Sands* 398
WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. By *Algernon Cecil* . . 407
THE REFORM IN CHURCH MUSIC. By *Justine Bayard Ward* 423
THE PROSPECT IN THE HUMANITIES. By *John Swinnerton Phillimore* 438
PAGANISM OLD AND NEW. By *Francis Thompson* . . 454
SAINT PETER'S. By *Marion Crawford* 465
FROM LESBIA ILLA. By *Maurice Baring* 475
ROMA FELIX. By *C. C. Martindale* 481

THE BOOK OF MODERN CATHOLIC PROSE

THE SECOND SPRING[1]

By Cardinal Newman

Surge, propera, amica mea, columba mea, formosa mea, et veni. Jam enim hiems transiit, imber abiit et recessit. Flores apparuerunt in terra nostra.—Cant., *c.* ii. *v.* 10-12.

Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land.

1. We have familiar experience of the order, the constancy, the perpetual renovation of the material world which surrounds us. Frail and transitory as is every part of it, restless and migratory as are its elements, never-ceasing as are its changes, still it abides. It is bound together by a law of permanence, it is set up in unity; and, though it is ever dying, it is ever coming to life again. Dissolution does but give birth to fresh modes of organization, and one death is the parent of a thousand lives. Each hour, as it comes, is but a testimony, how fleeting, yet how secure, how certain, is the great whole. It is like an image on the waters, which is ever the same, though the waters ever flow. Change upon change—yet one change cries out to another, like the alternate Seraphim, in praise and in glory of their Maker. The sun sinks to rise again; the day is swallowed up in the gloom of the night, to be born out of it, as fresh as if it had never been quenched. Spring passes into summer, and through summer and autumn into winter, only the more surely, by its own ultimate return, to triumph over that grave, towards which it resolutely hastened from its first hour. We mourn over the blossoms of May, because they are to wither; but we know, withal, that May is one day to have its revenge upon November, by the revolution

[1] A sermon preached on July 13, 1852, at Oscott, before Cardinal Wiseman and the Catholic hierarchy of England, on the occasion of the First Provincial Synod of Westminster.

of that solemn circle which never stops,—which teaches us in our height of hope, ever to be sober, and in our depth of desolation, never to despair.

2. And forcibly as this comes home to every one of us, not less forcible is the contrast which exists between this material world, so vigorous, so reproductive, amid all its changes, and the moral world, so feeble, so downward, so resourceless, amid all its aspirations. That which ought to come to nought, endures; that which promises a future, disappoints and is no more. The same sun shines in heaven from first to last, and the blue firmament, the ever-lasting mountains, reflect his rays; but where is there upon earth the champion, the hero, the law-giver, the body politic, the sovereign race, which was great three hundred years ago, and is great now? Moralists and poets, often do they descant upon this innate vitality of matter, this innate perishableness of mind. Man rises to fall: he tends to dissolution from the moment he begins to be; he lives on, indeed, in his children, he lives on in his name, he lives not on in his own person. He is, as regards the manifestations of his nature here below, as a bubble that breaks, and as water poured out upon the earth. He was young, he is old, he is never young again. This is the lament over him, poured forth in verse and in prose, by Christians and by heathen. The greatest work of God's hands under the sun, he, in all the manifestations of his complex being, is born only to die.

3. His bodily frame first begins to feel the power of this constraining law, though it is the last to succumb to it. We look at the bloom of youth with interest, yet with pity; and the more graceful and sweet it is, with pity so much the more; for, whatever be its excellence and its glory, soon it begins to be deformed and dishonored by the very force of its living on. It grows into exhaustion and collapse, till at length it crumbles into that dust out of which it was originally taken.

4. So is it, too, with our moral being, a far higher and diviner portion of our natural constitution; it begins with life, it ends with what is worse than the mere loss of life, with a living death. How beautiful is the human heart, when it puts forth its first

leaves, and opens and rejoices in its spring-tide. Fair as may be the bodily form, fairer far, in its green foliage and bright blossoms, is natural virtue. It blooms in the young, like some rich flower, so delicate, so fragrant, and so dazzling. Generosity and lightness of heart and amiableness, the confiding spirit, the gentle temper, the elastic cheerfulness, the open hand, the pure affection, the noble aspiration, the heroic resolve, the romantic pursuit, the love in which self has no part,—are not these beautiful? and are they not dressed up and set forth for admiration in their best shapes, in tales and in poems? and ah! what a prospect of good is there! who could believe that it is to fade! and yet, as night follows upon day, as decrepitude follows upon health, so surely are failure, and overthrow, and annihilation, the issue of this natural virtue, if time only be allowed to it to run its course. There are those who are cut off in the first opening of this excellence, and then, if we may trust their epitaphs, they have lived like angels; but wait a while, let them live on, let the course of life proceed, let the bright soul go through the fire and water of the world's temptations and seductions and corruptions and transformations; and alas for the insufficiency of nature! alas for its powerlessness to persevere, its waywardness in disappointing its own promise! Wait till youth has become age; and not more different is the miniature which we have of him when a boy, when every feature spoke of hope, put side by side of the large portrait painted to his honor, when he is old, when his limbs are shrunk, his eye dim, his brow furrowed, and his hair gray, than differs the moral grace of that boyhood from the forbidding and repulsive aspect of his soul now that he has lived to the age of man. For moroseness, and misanthropy, and selfishness, is the ordinary winter of that spring.

5. Such is man in his own nature, and such, too, is he in his works. The noblest efforts of his genius, the conquests he has made, the doctrines he has originated, the nations he has civilized, the states he has created, they outlive himself, they outlive him by many centuries, but they tend to an end, and that end is dissolution. Powers of the world, sovereignties, dynasties, sooner or later come to nought; they have their fatal hour. The Roman

conqueror shed tears over Carthage, for in the destruction of the rival city he discerned too truly an augury of the fall of Rome; and at length, with the weight and the responsibilities, the crimes, and the glories, of centuries upon centuries, the Imperial City fell.

Thus man and all his works are mortal; they die, and they have no power of renovation.

6. But what is it, my Fathers, my Brothers, what is it that has happened in England just at this time? Something strange is passing over this land, by the very surprise, by the very commotion, which it excites. Were we not near enough the scene of action to be able to say what is going on,—were we the inhabitants of some sister planet possessed of a more perfect mechanism than this earth has discovered for surveying the transactions of another globe,—and did we turn our eyes thence towards England just at this season, we should be arrested by a political phenomenon as wonderful as any which the astronomer notes down from his physical field of view. It would be the occurrence of a national commotion, almost without parallel, more violent than has happened here for centuries,—at least in the judgments and intentions of men, if not in act and deed. We should note it down, that soon after St. Michael's day, 1850, a storm arose in the moral world, so furious as to demand some great explanation, and to rouse in us an intense desire to gain it. We should observe it increasing from day to day, and spreading from place to place, without remission, almost without lull, up to this very hour, when perhaps it threatens worse still, or at least gives no sure prospect of alleviation. Every party in the body politic undergoes its influence,—from the Queen upon her throne, down to the little ones in the infant or day school. The ten thousands of the constituency, the sum-total of Protestant sects, the aggregate of religious societies and associations, the great body of established clergy in town and country, the bar, even the medical profession, nay, even literary and scientific circles, every class, every interest, every fireside, gives tokens of this ubiquitous storm. This would be our report of it, seeing it from the distance, and we should speculate on the cause. What is it all about? against what is it directed?

what wonder has happened upon earth? what prodigious, what preternatural event is adequate to the burden of so vast an effect?

7. We should judge rightly in our curiosity about a phenomenon like this; it must be a portentous event, and it is. It is an innovation, a miracle, I may say, in the course of human events. The physical world revolves year by year, and begins again; but the political order of things does not renew itself, does not return; it continues, but it proceeds; there is no retrogression. This is so well understood by men of the day, that with them progress is idolized as another name for good. The past never returns—it is never good;—if we are to escape existing ills, it must be by going forward. The past is out of date; the past is dead. As well may the dead live to us, as well may the dead profit us, as the past return. *This,* then, is the cause of this national transport, this national cry, which encompasses us. The past *has* returned, the dead lives. Thrones are overturned, and are never restored; States live and die, and then are matter only for history. Babylon was great, and Tyre, and Egypt, and Nineveh, and shall never be great again. The English Church, was, and the English Church was not, and the English Church is once again. This is the portent, worthy of a cry. It is the coming in of a Second Spring; it is a restoration in the moral world, such as that which yearly takes places in the physical.

8. Three centuries ago, and the Catholic Church, that great creation of God's power, stood in this land in pride of place. It had the honors of near a thousand years upon it; it was enthroned in some twenty sees up and down the broad country; it was based in the will of a faithful people; it energized through ten thousand instruments of power and influence; and it was ennobled by a host of Saints and Martyrs. The churches, one by one, recounted and rejoiced in the line of glorified intercessors, who were the respective objects of their grateful homage. Canterbury alone numbered perhaps some sixteen, from St. Augustine to St. Dunstan and St. Elphege, from St. Anselm and St. Thomas down to St. Edmund. York had its St. Paulinus, St. John, St. Wilfrid, and St. William; London, its St. Erconwald; Durham, its St. Cuthbert; Winton,

its St. Swithun. Then there were St. Aidan of Lindisfarne, and St. Hugh of Lincoln, and St. Chad of Lichfield, and St. Thomas of Hereford, and St. Oswald and St. Wulstan of Worcester, and St. Osmund of Salisbury, and St. Birinus of Dorchester, and St. Richard of Chichester. And then, too, its religious orders, its monastic establishments, its universities, its wide relations all over Europe, its high prerogatives in the temporal state, its wealth, its dependencies, its popular honors,—where was there in the whole of Christendom a more glorious hierarchy? Mixed up with the civil institutions, with king and nobles, with the people, found in every village and in every town,—it seemed destined to stand, so long as England stood, and to outlast, it might be, England's greatness.

9. But it was the high decree of heaven, that the majesty of that presence should be blotted out. It is a long story, my Fathers and Brothers—you know it well. I need not go through it. The vivifying principle of truth, the shadow of St. Peter, the grace of the Redeemer, left it. That old Church in its day became a corpse (a marvelous, an awful change!); and then it did but corrupt the air which once it refreshed, and cumber the ground which once it beautified. So all seemed to be lost; and there was a struggle for a time, and then its priests were cast out or martyred. There were sacrileges innumerable. Its temples were profaned or destroyed; its revenues seized by covetous nobles, or squandered upon the ministers of a new faith. The presence of Catholicism was at length simply removed,—its grace disowned,—its power despised,—its name, except as a matter of history, at length almost unknown. It took a long time to do this thoroughly; much time, much thought, much labor, much expense; but at last it was done. Oh, that miserable day, centuries before we were born! What a martyrdom to live in it and see the fair form of Truth, moral and material, hacked piecemeal, and every limb and organ carried off, and burned in the fire, or cast into the deep! But at last the work was done. Truth was disposed of, and shovelled away, and there was a calm, a silence, a sort of

peace;—and such was about the state of things when we were born into this weary world.

10. My Fathers and Brothers, *you* have seen it on one side, and some of us on another; but one and all of us can bear witness to the fact of the utter contempt into which Catholicism had fallen by the time that we were born. You, alas, know it far better than I can know it; but it may not be out of place, if by one or two tokens, as by the strokes of a pencil, I bear witness to you from without, of what you can witness so much more truly from within. No longer, the Catholic Church in the country; nay, no longer I may say, a Catholic community;—but a few adherents of the Old Religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been. "The Roman Catholics"; —not a sect, not even an interest, as men conceived of it,—not a body, however small, representative of the Great Communion abroad,—but a mere handful of individuals, who might be counted like the pebbles and *detritus* of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which, in its day indeed, was the profession of a Church. Here a set of poor Irishmen, coming and going at harvest time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis. There, perhaps, an elderly person, seen walking in the streets, grave and solitary, and strange, though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family, and a "Roman Catholic." An old-fashioned house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate, and yews, and the report attaching to it that "Roman Catholics" lived there; but who they were or what they did, or what was meant by calling them Roman Catholics, no one could tell;—though it had an unpleasant sound, and told of form and superstition. And then, perhaps, as we went to and fro, looking with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come to-day upon some Moravian chapel, or Quakers' meeting-house, and to-morrow on a chapel of the "Roman Catholics"; but nothing was to be gathered from it, except that there were lights burning there, and some boys in white, swinging censers; and what it all meant could only

be learned from books, from Protestant Histories and Sermons; and they did not report well of "the Roman Catholics" but, on the contrary, deposed that they had once had power and had abused it. And then, again, we might, on one occasion, hear it pointedly put out by some literary man, as the result of his careful investigation, and as a recondite point of information, which few knew, that there was this difference between the Roman Catholics of England and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, that the latter had bishops, and the former were governed by four officials, called Vicars-Apostolic.

11. Such was about the sort of knowledge possessed of Christianity by the heathen of old time, who persecuted its adherents from the face of the earth, and then called them a *gens lucifuga,* a people who shunned the light of day. Such were Catholics in England, found in corners, and alleys, and cellars, and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country; cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen, as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro, by the high Protestants, the lords of the earth. At length so feeble did they become, so utterly contemptible, that contempt gave birth to pity; and the more generous of their tyrants actually began to wish to bestow on them some favor, under the notion that their opinions were simply too absurd ever to spread again, and that they themselves, were they but raised in civil importance, would soon unlearn and be ashamed of them. And thus, out of mere kindness to us, they began to vilify our doctrines to the Protestant world, that so our very idiotcy or our secret unbelief might be our plea for mercy.

12. A *great* change, an *awful* contrast, between the time-honored church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas, and the poor remnant of their children in the beginning of the nineteenth century! It was a miracle, I might say, to have pulled down that lordly power; but there was a greater and a truer one in store. No one could have prophesied its fall, but still less would any one have ventured to prophesy its rise again. The fall was wonderful; still after all it was in the order of nature;—all things come to nought: its rise again would be a different sort of wonder, for it

is in the order of grace,—and who can hope for miracles, and such a miracle as this! Has the whole course of history a like to show? I must speak cautiously and according to my knowledge, but I recollect no parallel to it. Augustine, indeed, came to the same island to which the early missionaries had come already; but they came to Britons, and he to Saxons. The Arian Goths and Lombards, too, cast off their heresy in St. Augustine's age, and joined the Church; but they had never fallen away from her. The inspired word seems to imply the almost impossibility of such a grace as the renovation of those who have crucified to themselves again, and trodden underfoot, the Son of God. Who then could have dared to hope that, out of so sacrilegious a nation as this is, a people would have been formed again unto their Saviour? What signs did it show that it was to be singled out from among the nations? Had it been prophesied some fifty years ago, would not the very notion have seemed preposterous and wild?

13. My Fathers, there was one of your own order, then in the maturity of his powers and his reputation. His name is the property of this diocese; yet is too great, too venerable, too dear to all Catholics, to be confined to any part of England, when it is rather a household word in the mouths of all of us. What would have been the feelings of that venerable man, the champion of God's ark in an evil time, could *he* have lived to see this day? It is almost presumptuous for one who knew him not, to draw pictures about him, and his thoughts, and his friends, some of whom are even here present; yet am I wrong in fancying that a day such as this, in which we stand, would have seemed to him a dream, or, if he prophesied of it, to his hearers nothing but a mockery? Say that one time, rapt in spirit, he had reached forward to the future, and that his mortal eye had wandered from that lowly chapel in the valley which had been for centuries in the possession of Catholics, to the neighboring height, then waste and solitary. And let him say to those about him: "I see a bleak mount, looking upon an open country, over against that huge town, to whose inhabitants Catholicism is of so little account. I see the ground marked out, and an ample enclosure made; and

plantations are rising there, clothing and circling in the space.

14. "And there on that high spot, far from the haunts of men, yet in the very center of the island, a large edifice, or rather pile of edifices, appears, with many fronts and courts, and long cloisters and corridors, and story upon story. And there it rises, under the invocation of the same sweet and powerful name which has been our strength and consolation in the Valley. I look more attentively at that building, and I see it is fashioned upon that ancient style of art which brings back the past, which had seemed to be perishing from off the face of the earth, or to be preserved only as a curiosity, or to be imitated only as a fancy. I listen, and I hear the sound of voices, grave and musical, renewing the old chant, with which Augustine greeted Ethelbert in the free air upon the Kentish strand. It comes from a long procession, and it winds along the cloisters. Priests and Religious, theologians from the schools, and canons from the Cathedral, walk in due precedence. And then there comes a vision of well nigh twelve mitred heads; and last I see a Prince of the Church, in the royal dye of empire and of martyrdom, a pledge to us from Rome of Rome's unwearied love, a token that that goodly company is firm in Apostolic faith and hope. And the shadow of the saints is there;—St. Benedict is there, speaking to us by the voice of bishop and of priest, and counting over the long ages through which he has prayed, and studied, and labored; there, too, is St. Dominic's white wool, which no blemish can impair, no stain can dim:—and if St. Bernard be not there, it is only that his absence may make him be remembered more. And the princely patriarch, St. Ignatius, too, the St. George of the modern world, with his chivalrous lance run through his writhing foe, he, too, sheds his blessing upon that train. And others, also, his equals or his juniors in history, whose pictures are above our altars, or soon shall be, the surest proof that the Lord's arm has not waxen short, nor His mercy failed,—they, too, are looking down from their thrones on high upon the throng. And so that high company moves on into the holy place; and there, with august rite and awful sacrifice, inaugurates the great act which brings it thither." What is that

act? It is the first synod of a new Hierarchy; it is the resurrection of the Church.

15. O my Fathers, my Brothers, had that revered Bishop spoken then, who that had heard him but would have said that he spoke what could not be? What! those few scattered worshippers, *the* Roman Catholics, to form a Church! Shall the past be rolled back? Shall the grave open? Shall the Saxons live again to God? Shall the shepherds, watching their poor flocks by night, be visited by a multitude of the heavenly army, and hear how their Lord has been new-born in their own city? Yes; for grace can, where nature cannot. The world grows old, but the Church is ever young. She can, in any time, at her Lord's will, "inherit the Gentiles, and inhabit the desolate cities." "Arise, Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Behold, darkness shall cover the earth and a mist the people; but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see; all these are gathered together, they come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side." "Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past and the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land . . . the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs; the vines in flower yield their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come." It is the time for thy Visitation. Arise, Mary, and go forth in thy strength into that north country, which once was thine own, and take possession of a land which knows thee not. Arise, Mother of God, and with thy thrilling voice, speak to those who labor with child, and are in pain, till the babe of grace leaps within them? Shine on us, dear Lady, with thy bright countenance, like the sun in his strength, *O stella matutina,* O harbinger of peace, till our year is one perpetual May. From thy sweet eyes, from thy pure smile, from thy majestic brow, let ten thousand influences rain down, not to confound or overwhelm, but to persuade, to win over thine enemies. O Mary, my hope, O Mother undefiled, fulfil to us the promise of this Spring. A second temple rises on the ruins

of the old. Canterbury has gone its way, and York is gone, and Durham is gone, and Winchester is gone. It was sore to part with them. We clung to the vision of past greatness, and would not believe it could come to nought; but the Church in England has died, and the Church lives again. Westminster and Nottingham, Beverley and Hexham, Northampton and Shrewsbury, if the world lasts, shall be names as musical to the ear, as stirring to the heart, as the glories we have lost; and Saints shall rise out of them, if God so will, and Doctors once again shall give the law to Israel, and Preachers call to penance and to justice, as at the beginning.

16. Yes, my Fathers and Brothers, and if it be God's blessed will, not Saints alone, not Doctors only, not Preachers only, shall be ours—but Martyrs, too, shall re-consecrate the soil to God. We know not what is before us, ere we win our own; we are engaged in a great, a joyful work, but in proportion to God's grace is the fury of His enemies. They have welcomed us as the lion greets his prey. Perhaps they may be familiarized in time with our appearance, but perhaps they may be irritated the more. To set up the Church again in England is too great an act to be done in a corner. We have had reason to expect that such a boon would not be given to us without a cross. It is not God's way that great blessings should descend without the sacrifice first of great sufferings. If the truth is to be spread to any wide extent among this people, how can we dream, how can we hope, that trial and trouble shall not accompany its going forth? And we have already, if it may be said without presumption, to commence our work withal, a large store of merits. We have no slight outfit for our opening warfare. Can we religiously suppose that the blood of our martyrs, three centuries ago and since, shall never receive its recompense? Those priests, secular and regular, did they suffer for no end? or rather, for an end which is not yet accomplished? The long imprisonment, the fetid dungeon, the weary suspense, the tyrannous trial, the barbarous sentence, the savage execution, the rack, the gibbet, the knife, the cauldron, the numberless tortures of those holy victims, O my God, are they to have no

reward? Are Thy martyrs to cry from under Thine altar for their loving vengeance on this guilty people, and to cry in vain? Shall they lose life, and not gain a better life for the children of those who persecuted them? Is this Thy way, O my God, righteous and true? Is it according to thy promise, O King of saints, if I may dare talk to Thee of justice? Didst not Thou Thyself pray for Thine enemies upon the cross, and convert them? Did not Thy first Martyr win Thy great Apostle, then a persecutor, by his loving prayer? And in that day of trial and desolation for England, when hearts were pierced through and through with Mary's woe, at the crucifixion of Thy body mystical, was not every tear that flowed, and every drop of blood that was shed, the seeds of a future harvest, when they who sowed in sorrow were to reap in joy?

17. And as that suffering of the Martyrs is not yet recompensed, so, perchance, it is not yet exhausted. Something, for what we know, remains to be undergone, to complete the necessary sacrifice. May God forbid it, for this poor nation's sake! But still could we be surprised, my Fathers and my Brothers, if the winter even now should not yet be quite over? Have we any right to take it strange, if, in this English land, the springtime of the Church should turn out to be an English spring, an uncertain, anxious time of hope and fear, of joy and suffering—of bright promise and budding hopes, yet withal, of keen blasts, and cold showers, and sudden storms?

18. One thing alone I know—that according to our need, so will be our strength. One thing I am sure of, that the more the enemy rages against us, so much the more will the Saints in Heaven plead for us; the more fearful are our trials from the world, the more present to us will be our Mother Mary, and our good Patrons, and Angel Guardians; the more malicious are the devices of men against us, the louder cry of supplication will ascend from the bosom of the whole Church to God for us. We shall not be left orphans; we shall have within us the strength of the Paraclete, promised to the Church and to every member of it. My Fathers, my Brothers in the priesthood, I speak from my

heart when I declare my conviction, that there is no one among you here present but, if God so willed, would readily become a martyr for His sake. I do not say you would wish it; I do not say that the natural will would not pray that that chalice might pass away; I do not speak of what you can do by any strength of yours;—but in the strength of God, in the grace of the Spirit, in the armor of justice, by the consolations and peace of the Church, by the blessing of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and in the name of Christ, you would do what nature cannot do. By the intercession of the Saints on high, by the penances and good works and the prayers of the people of God on earth, you would be forcibly borne up as upon the waves of the mighty deep, and carried on out of yourselves by the fullness of grace, whether nature wished it or no. I do not mean violently, or with unseemly struggle, but calmly, gracefully, sweetly, joyously, you would mount up and ride forth to battle, as on the rush of Angel's wings, as your fathers did before you, and gained the prize. You, who day by day offer up the Immaculate Lamb of God, you who hold in your hands the Incarnate Word under the visible tokens which He has ordained, you who again and again drain the chalice of the Great Victim; who is to make you fear? what is to startle you? what to seduce you? who is to stop you, whether you are to suffer or to do, whether to lay the foundations of the Church in tears, or to put the crown upon the work in jubilation?

19. My Fathers, my Brothers, one word more. It may seem as if I were going out of my way in thus addressing you; but I have some sort of plea to urge in extenuation. When the English College at Rome was set up by the solicitude of a great Pontiff in the beginning of England's sorrows, and missionaries were trained there for confessorship and marytrdom here, who was it that saluted the fair Saxon youths as they passed by him in the streets of the great City, with the salutation, "Salvete flores martyrum"? And when the time came for each in turn to leave that peaceful home, and to go forth to the conflict, to whom did they betake themselves before leaving home, to receive a blessing which might nerve them for their work? They went for a Saint's bless-

ing; they went to a calm old man, who had never seen blood, except in penance; who had longed indeed to die for Christ, what time the great St. Francis opened the way to the Far East, but who had been fixed as if a sentinel in the holy city, and walked up and down for fifty years on one beat, while his brethren were in the battle. Oh! the fire of that heart, too great for its frail tenement, which tormented him to be kept at home when the whole Church was at war! and therefore came those bright-haired strangers to him, ere they set out for the scene of their passion, that the full zeal and love pent up in that burning breast might find a vent, and flow over, from him who was kept at home, upon those who were to face the foe. Therefore one by one, each in his turn, those youthful soldiers came to the old man; and one by one they persevered and gained the crown and the palm,—all but one, who had not gone, and would not go, for the salutary blessing.

20. My Fathers, my Brothers, that old man was my own St. Philip. Bear with me for his sake. If I have spoken too seriously, his sweet smile shall temper it. As he was with you three centuries ago in Rome, when our Temple fell, so now surely when it is rising, it is a pleasant token that he should have even set out on his travels to you; and that, as if remembering how he interceded for you at home, and recognizing the relations he then formed with you, he should now be wishing to have a name among you, and to be loved by you, and perchance to do you a service, here in your own land.

ON THE PLACE AND FUNCTION, WITHIN RELIGION, OF THE BODY, OF HISTORY, AND OF INSTITUTIONS[1]

By Baron Friedrich von Hügel

I have chosen my special subject-matter, because I can assume you to be all more or less historically and institutionally nurtured and inclined, indeed to be, predominantly, practicing members of the Church of England, and yet to be all more or less beset—as who is not, in these our times and troubles?—with the inclination to have done with any and all contingent, temporal and local, audible and visible things—with the Bodily, the Historical, the Institutional in Religion. For Religion has, surely, only to do with the Absolute, the Spiritual, the Eternal and Omnipresent: with the simple pure human spirit in its spiritual relation with the one Spirit of Spirits, God.

And I have taken George Fox's *Journal* as my springboard, sample-book, and test. For it is English, and it is, in its complete and fully authentic text, still new as a publication (end of 1911). Again, we get in the Quaker position, especially as thus practiced and proclaimed by Fox, probably the sanest and richest of such purely spiritualist religious attempts that are sufficiently within our own time, place, race and experience, to be really, perhaps readily, understood by us. And, finally, I personally owe much to Quakers, and I sincerely care for many an ingredient of the Quaker habits and convictions: I thus have a good chance of understanding because I love.

What admirable, helpful, touching experiences, teachings, inspirations, but, also, what impressive warnings are to be collected

[1] An address delivered to the Religious Thought Society, July 1913. The matter here has been considerably abridged from that given in *Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion* (*Second Series*).

from the life, sayings and influence of George Fox (1624-91)!

There is the splendidly stirring contemporary background to these naïve self-chroniclings; the Battle of Worcester, four interviews with Oliver Protector, travels in New England, and the like, are vividly present before the reader.

Indications of Fox's own heroic vagabondage, and of men's involuntary apprehension of his virility, show from out these pages as freshly as when they were written or as when they occurred. "I sat amongst the furzebushes, being weary with travelling, till it was day. And at break of day I got up and passed on in the fields, and there came a man with a great pike and went along with me to a town; and he raised the town, before the sun was up; and so I declared God's everlasting truth amongst them." And when, after much uproar in Ulverston Market, he came up again through them, "there meets me a man with a sword, a soldier. 'Sir,' said he, 'I am ashamed that you should be thus abused, for you are a man,' said he." Indeed Fox was just that—a man.

And then there are deep and delicate spiritual experiences, and wonderfully happy combinations and applications of Scripture texts. Thus he can tell souls: "There was their first step to peace, to stand still in the light that showed their sin and transgressions." And: "Friends, though you may have tasted of the power and been convinced and have felt the light, yet afterwards you may feel a winter storm, tempest, hail, frost and cold, and a wilderness and temptations. Be patient and still in the power and still in the light that doth convince you, keep your minds unto God, in that be quiet that you may come to the summer, that your flight be not in the winter." And when once he is struck down and recovers consciousness, "I lay a little still, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings refreshed me, that I stood up again in the eternal power of God and stretched out my arms amongst them all and said again with a loud voice: 'Strike again, here is my arms, my head and my cheeks.' . . . And I was in the love of God to them all that had persecuted me."

There is a nobly sensitive sense of the difference between living Spirit and its more or less dead literary expression, and an impressive, however excessive, demand for present inspiration. "The Scriptures are the Words of God, but not Christ the Word;" and "the Scriptures was given forth by the Spirit of God; and all people must first come to the Spirit of God in themselves, by which they may know God and Christ . . . and the Holy Scriptures, and the Spirit which was in them that gave them forth." Hence a continual insistence upon how "God" Himself "was come to teach His people by His Spirit and to bring them off all their old ways, religions, churches and worships: for all their religions and worships and ways was but talking of other men's words, but they was out of the life and spirit that they was in that gave them forth."

Fox is very sure that he himself has learnt directly and exclusively from Christ—by pure, sheer inspiration. "The Lord opened to me by His invisible power that every man was enlightened by the divine light of Christ." True, already the year before "he often took his Bible, and went and sat in lonesome places till night came on." And the "opening" just referred to—how often must he not have read its very words in the Prologue of St. John's Gospel. Yet "this" opening "I saw . . . without the help of any man; neither did I then know where to find it in the Scriptures; though afterwards searching the Scriptures, I found it."

"He that feeleth the light that Christ hath enlightened him withal, he feeleth Christ in his mind, which is the power of God, the Cross of Christ, and shall not need to have a Cross of wood or stone to put him in the mind of Christ or His Cross," Fox adds, in a disposition of soul not unlike St. John of the Cross.

And there is, finally, a vehement antipathy to all learning and syllogistic reasoning. Thus at Durham a man comes to set up a College "to make ministers of Christ"; and Fox "let him see that was not the way to make them Christ's ministers—by Hebrew, Greek and Latin and the seven arts, which all was but the teachings of the natural man. For the many languages began at Babel.

. . . And Pilate could set Hebrew, Greek and Latin atop of Christ when he crucified Him . . . Christ Jesus which was in the beginning before Babel was" (I. pp. 311, 312).

And yet, as against all this intense Puritanism which indeed predominates on Fox's surface, there are interconnected convictions and insistences of magnificent delicacy and breadth which certainly constitute Fox's true depth, moving force and grand appeal.

There is, for one thing, his insistence upon the possibility, the fact, of *real,* not simply imputed *holiness,* attained by the redeemed soul even here below—as against both Luther and Calvin and, indeed, the Protestant Reformers generally. "Who come to the Church that is in God, and Christ, they must come, out of the state that Adam is in the Fall, driven from God, to know the state that he was in before he fell;" "He who was perfect comes to make man and woman perfect again." (I. pp. 224, 351.)

Here Fox doubtless seems to insist upon a literal faultlessness here below. And, indeed, the doctrine of the indwelling Christ somewhat readily lends itself to such grave abuses as that into which Fox's own convert, James Nayler, fell, to whom a band of followers rendered homage in imitation of that given to Christ (see Penney's note, *Journal,* I. p. 398, and compare in the *Journal* Nayler's own words). Yet I take Moehler to be right in holding that Fox's intention was substantially identical with the doctrine of the Council of Trent; and that his *animus* was directed against the limitation of God's grace to a hiding of man's persistent corruption—to a change in God's estimate of man, whilst man himself remains essentially the same. Certainly the same reproaches have pursued Fox in this matter as those which have been persistently levelled against Rome; he and the Friends generally are "will-worshippers."

And, as the second spacious conviction of Fox, there is his constant insistence upon *the universality of God's grace and of Christ's redemption*—this against Calvinist predestinarianism. Thus Fox asks a certain Dr. Wittie: "What sort of men those were that Christ had not enlightened and His grace had not

appeared to them, and to whom Christ's grace did not appear, and that He had not died for?" (II. p. 96).

Let us leave this strong, deep, tender soul upon this its noblest, truest, sweetest note.

It is pathetic, yet highly instructive work, to follow this deeply candid, rarely religious spirit, so nobly flushed with enthusiasm for Christ our Lord, for the element and germ of good in all men, for the free givenness of all we have and are, for the need and fruit of recollection and silence, The Prayer of Quiet, and for detachment from money and persecution, into his extreme spiritualist positions—into the strange general psychological prejudices, the historical misconceptions, and the sterilizing and unjust practical consequences of this "pure" spirituality.

As to the Psychology here revealed, we have a strange general misconception as to its actual functioning, and a strange general misjudgment as to the range of its religious character and worth. We can take these two strangenesses which, after all, are most understandable, together.

Everywhere Fox feels and speaks as though man does and can understand something new without the presence and operation within him of something old—he is unaware, that is, of the universal fact and law of *apperception,* by which it is, as it were, with the tentacles, the mouth, the digestive apparatus of what I already know, hold, and am, that I can and do seize, swallow, and assimilate what I do not yet know and have, and what as yet I am not. Professor William James's small boy who, under the great Horseshoe Fall of Niagara, stood dazed with the thought, with the appearance, of such thundering masses of the stuff which his mother, a week before, had blown up his nose, as a cure for some little trouble: there you have the mighty new thing offered, and the tiny sole means of incorporation in the perceiving mind. And, similarly, everywhere my newest insight, my most vivid intuition, my richest present and my most exalted inspiration require, largely depend upon, are impossible without my previous insight, my memory, my past, my tradition. All these latter things, taken generally, are no less worthy of God than are the former.

And everywhere Fox feels and speaks as though the stimulation, food, growth, offered even to the entirety of this my memory-intuition, my past-present, by the literary precipitates, the artistic expressions and the historical incorporations of the memory-intuitions, the past-present of other spirits, other ages, were always of secondary importance, were indeed never essential, indispensable. True, it is Christ Who is held by Fox to enlighten all men, and the character of this Christ is, as a matter of fact, derived by Fox from the New Testament documents. But this Christ enlightens all men so entirely to the same degree, in the same manner before as after His earthly life, and without as with personal knowledge of Him during His earthly career, or even the historical knowledge of this His earthly life, that, at bottom, only an omnipresent illumination, independent of all time and place, of history, of tradition and institutions, is thus proclaimed. The transition from this to the cold secularism of Benjamin Franklin—to the holding simply of a universal rational endowment of man, a reasonable insight into and within sublunar economics, politics, etc.—has been shown by events to be very easy and most natural.

It is this, his ignoring of apperception, of the need of the past, of memory, of tradition, of history and of its precipitates, that forces Fox to insist so vehemently upon the need of every soul—at least every religious teacher—to have literally the same degree and kind of inspiration as was possessed by the Biblical seers and writers; as though no artist is more than an impostor who does not possess, and does not know and does not avow that he possesses, the very same amount and kind of artistic genius as that which produced the Parthenon Sculptures of Pheidias or the Madonna di San Sisto of Raphael.

Again, it is his one-sidedness which gives Fox his continuous undervaluing (in his analysis and theory and in his criticism of others, though not at all in his own practice and utilization) of literature, records of the past, as dead things and as inferior to all present living spirituality.

And, finally, this radical incompleteness of his general analysis explains also Fox's fantastic misconception as to the sources and

occasions of his own ideas and convictions, and as to where other preachers ought to seek and find them. Thus, that "Christ is the light of every man that cometh into the world," was *not,* as Fox will have it, simply a direct inspiration of the living God to the living Fox, discovered later on, by this same Fox, to have also been vouchsafed to the writer of St. John's Prologue fifteen centuries before; but it was an instruction derived by the willing, grace-impelled mind and soul of Fox, together with Papists and other "letter" worshippers, from that "dead" Scripture. And that the clerics of the various Churches admitted to Fox that they did not possess the very same amount and kind of inspiration as the Apostles, does not stamp them, even as teachers, as impostors or as simply useless; for not only single man, but also humanity at large, requires moments, whole periods and contributions, of antiquity and tradition, apperception, memory, precipitate, *status quo,* "letter." And that such clerics admit they never felt the call directly from God to testify directly to such and such individuals and groups, again decides nothing final against them, unless mankind does not require general testimonies and appeals—unless Pheidias's Sculptures and Raphael's Madonna cease to be of use as soon as they are not, or do not remain, or do not become anew, addressed consciously by one person to another person.

As to Fox's conception of History—his reading of the New Testament record—he is one-sided as to facts comparatively of detail; and he remains strangely unaware of the consequences which necessarily follow from a central peculiarity of prophetic temper and teaching, as found also in this New Testament.

As to the main details, if we move from the more recent, more developed types of historical representation and of doctrinal conviction to the more ancient and less articulate, we find them as follows. St. John's Gospel furnishes Fox with practically all his images and ideas of light, life and love, and it doubtless really does contain a magnificent Universalism, a soaring Spirituality, and an impressive insistence upon the Here and Now, the Present and Presence of Eternity and full Redemption. But its Institutionalism, its Sacramentalism, its rigorous delimitation is pro-

found, all-pervading, and yet explicit also. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God," Christ Himself here affirms to Nicodemus (iii. 5). And "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you"; "If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever," Christ Himself here proclaims in the Synagogue of Capernaum (vi. 51, 53). In both cases a visible, sensible element—water and bread and wine—is emphatically included, and the insistence upon the visible, sensible contact with or feeding upon them; the necessity of these rites is so intensely emphasized, that Rome itself has here done nothing but variously to soften this stringency. On the Cross Jesus' side is here pierced, "and forthwith came there out blood and water" (xix. 34), as the very certain indication that Jesus is the source of the two great Sacraments—the Holy Eucharist and Baptism. And, indeed, throughout the Johannine writings, "the brethren" are exclusively the members of the Christian Church thus washed and fed by the Sacraments of Christ. Thus we find here a striking example of the law, so contrary to Quakerism, that Universalism and Ecclesiasticism, Spiritualism and Sacramentalism can go, indeed have gone and do go together, each in and through the other.

As to St. Paul, from whose pneumatic teaching so much of Fox's daring spiritualism is derived, nothing can be more certain than that Baptism and the Holy Eucharist are for him sensible-spiritual, and not purely spiritual, and that these sensible-spiritual acts form, for him, the very basis and center of the Christian religious life and worship. Thus, here again, a spirituality so rarefied as almost to break away altogether from the earthly, historical Jesus, is stimulated, saturated and steadied by certain sensible symbols, vehicles, acts; and the practice of, and command to practise these sensible-spiritual acts is found within the earthly career and orders of Jesus Christ Himself.

And, finally, as to the Synoptists. If we take them as we have them, we find that at least their more recent constituents are clearly against "pure" spirituality. For, in Luke, Jesus, after

giving the bread to the disciples at the Last Supper, adds the command "Do this"—this sensible-spiritual act—"in remembrance of Me" (xxii. 19). Matthew concludes his entire Gospel with the great scene where Jesus, once more upon a mountain, solemnly proclaims "All power is given Me in heaven and in earth," and immediately adds: "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations by baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" (xxviii. 18, 19)—where, beyond doubt, a visible immersion in physical water is meant. And, in Mark, Jesus, immediately before His Ascension, declares to His Apostles: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved" (xvi. 16), where again an immersion in water is most undoubtedly intended. But, even if we restrict ourselves to the most ancient constituents of the Synoptists, we still find not pure, but mixed spirituality. Thus there is nothing more primitive, explicit and vivid in Mark than the Baptism of Jesus in the Jordan by the Baptist; how, as soon as He emerged from His immersion in the water, "He saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon Him; and there came a voice from heaven, 'Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' And immediately the spirit driveth Him into the wilderness" (i. 9-12). Mark, too, with Matthew and Luke, gives us that most primitive account of the woman with an issue of blood, who came behind Jesus and touched the hem of His garment—doubtless one of the four tassels of the sky-blue zizith worn by all devout Jews. Straightway she is cured and Jesus feels that virtue has gone out from Him; and He reassures the trembling woman: "Thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague" (v. 25, 34). Yes: her faith, but her faith aroused on occasion of, and manifesting itself by, physical contact.

And, finally, in Mark, the disciples, when sent out by Jesus, "anointed with oil many that were sick and healed them"—quite unrebuked by their Master (vi. 13); as, indeed, St. James's Epistle invites "the presbyters of the Church" thus "to anoint the sick with oil in the name of the Lord," and this "prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and, if he have

committed sins, they shall be forgiven him" (v. 14, 15). Thus, here again, we have a sensible-spiritual act productive, not only of sensible, but also of spiritual effects.

We should, of course, be unfair did we forget that Fox and the Quakers were only drawing the logical consequences, with much insight and courage, of two interconnected reactions common, in various degrees, to the Protestant Reformers. Luther's earlier Protestantism, with its appeal, away from all constraint and conformity, the visible and the social, to the free, the various, the invisible and the individual, which he, and still more his successors, so largely abandoned later on, is regained and retained by Fox with a fuller consistency and assurance of step. And Zwingli's and Calvin's profound antagonism to every cultural sacrifice, to all sacerdotalism, has here, in Fox, become fully consistent. And these two antipathies limit Fox to the elements of worship inherited by Christians from the Jewish Synagogue—Praise, Prayer, Reading, Instruction. He can and does flush all this with Intuition and Emotion, or he can reduce even all of this to silence. But nowhere is there any remnant of the much-hated *opus operatum,* of any reminiscence of the Jewish Temple or of Pagan sacrifices: a distinctly thin, brainy, where not emotional, worship remains; *opus operantis* alone abides, or alone is supposed to do so.

As to the effects of thus taking religion as complete in pure prophetism, let me insist upon three, which, I take it, indicate most conclusively that we have thus an important criticism, a precious constituent, but not the whole of religion, still less the whole of life. These effects concern, successively, the recruiting and staying power of religion, its tolerance and comprehension of the positions of mankind at large, and the special conditions and cost of the religious, the Christian temper, and of its transmission from soul to soul.

It is, surely, a most striking fact that the Society of Friends (in this respect like unto the Unitarian Body)—with its indifference or hostility to all formal Creeds and Confessions, and with its constant insistence upon the universal light of Christ and love of God towards men, and upon man's supreme duty of a

similar love towards God and Man—has not spread, does not spread, indeed does not even simply keep pace with the growth of the population. It is strange, for these two bodies, the one more affectively, the other more rationalistically, surely appear thus to have concentrated upon what all men hold or could hold, and to have dropped whatever divides or need divide men from each other. And it is a precarious thing to find the cause of this strange sterility of appeal in the too great purity, the too great elevation of these beliefs for the multitude, or in the traditional averseness of these bodies to propaganda. For both bodies are especially enthusiastic concerning the universality of the light of grace and of the power of reason; and—let Quakers and Unitarians preach and print or not—men, if these beliefs be really sufficient and supreme in furnishing the aids and in excluding dead-weights of the spiritual life, will of themselves discover and adopt these beliefs and the men who already hold them. This same standstill is occurring with the Brahma Samaj body, so high and pure, so universalist and loving, in India. We will, we must, if we possibly conscientiously can, escape from this sterility, which, let us note, does not affect the great Institutional Churches to the same degree. These are either at least holding their own proportionately to the growth of the population, or, at least, are lagging behind less markedly than are those two bodies.

It is, again, a most impressive fact that these various attempts at discovery of, and restriction to, a certain already universally active minimum, this Puritan averseness to the physical, the sensuous, the dispersive, the "natural" in all its degrees and kinds, develop and involve an objectively wider intolerance than do any of the historic, institutional creeds. Even a Spanish Inquisitor entirely understands and respects the traditional, cultural, sensible, particular element—the presence and prizing of such—in Judaism or Protestantism; he only objects to this or that form, here offered, of such element—especially to the deliberate preference of these forms to that of the Roman Church. But the Quaker and the Unitarian, as such, are far more "superior" people; they treat, in all cases, these historical, institutional creeds and acts as super-

fetations, as things that had everywhere better be away. Nevertheless all intensely live religion keenly feels its own organic unity, and that its strength lies precisely in such incarnations, explicitations of its spirit. And hence those abstractive persons appear to concrete religionists to be like Delilah shearing off Samson's locks —absurd hair, mere hair—a thing for barbers to haggle about; as the martyrizers of St. Agatha who cut off her breasts—mere excrescences—which henceforth robbed her of nothing but the sweet glory of nursing motherhood; and as Heracles lifting Antæus up from the ground, which this giant had to touch if he would keep and renew his strength—silly muck, subject-matter fit only for dung-beetles and mudlarks. And, indeed, the historical-institutional religions, especially Christianity, necessarily involve the recognition of stages and degrees of mental and spiritual illumination, each, however, always clothed in, stimulated and propagated by, sense impressions and concretions: such Christianity cannot be intolerant all round except by forgetting its own links with Jewish History and Scriptures and with Græco-Roman heathen philosophy and law. There is here no search for a minimum, but there are various approximations to a maximum; no one abstraction, but various concretions; no brainiess, but a large subconsciousness; no aloofness from the poor, "but here the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." Here also intolerance, even fanaticism, are ever to be watched against, and here superstition is never very far away; yet we do not here begin, we do not even end with, the elimination or the slighting of the Particular, the Bodily, the Historical, the Institutional—that is, the universal human occasions, means and expressions, of the Universal, the Spiritual, the Eternal, the Omnipresent.

And the last striking circumstance is that the abstractive religions do not give us the recognition, the practice, the poignancy, of the Cross, of self-renunciation, as essential to religion and its propagation, in the fullest depth and delicacy, the widest freedom and fertility of both. If, as we grow older, we watch—say from some high vehicle—the crowd of a great city, what an amazing thought, fact, it is, if we realize even the central conditions thus

here before us. For, see, this crowd of swiftly dying men, these streams of beings who, singly, live but some thirty years of adult, fully effective life, they transmit, each generation to the other, the torch of life. And note the marvel of it. The construction of the most delicate microscopical and astronomical machinery, the chemical finding of Radium, the deciphering of Assyrian and Egyptian texts, the mastery of the human voice, of complex musical instruments and of mighty orchestras: all this, quite apart from anything more creative, is taught and learnt, is acquired, in hand and eye and ear and brain-cell, by one generation to another, by one generation from another. And yet reflect: the fullest marvel lies not there. All this would instantly cease, were it not variously but really penetrated by what expresses itself most fully and clearly elsewhere than in these arts and sciences. The goodwill, self-mastery, self-renunciation, the Cross—these, too, are handed on, these, too, do not die, even though the runners in this, the noblest torch-race, fall, each, after a little stretch of the narrow path that leadeth upward unto life. And remark, especially, that the appeal from one man of such goodwill to another whom he would win to it, is nobly, particularly crucifying for him who appeals, because the appealer reveals, and should reveal, this goodwill in its concrete, historical, spiritual-sensible, personal form. Precisely thus the appeal is at its strongest. And yet, if offered thus, it must be, it ought to be, in part rejected. The combination which has cost him who offers so much, which he loves so dearly, will—even if the appeal be accepted—have to be resolved by him who accepts it into its constituent elements; some elements can and will be accepted, other elements will be, ought to be, ignored or dropped. And the appealer will have to find his joy in this death of himself, which thus can and does become, at best, the life of another soul. But he will, of course, have to be prepared also for the other fate—of his appeal not being answered —not even in the long, the very long run. The very fact of the incurable particularity, in part, of even the most universal of what we do and are, gives a ready excuse and escape to the will that is not "good," not yet "good." For the individual appealed to can

always, however much the fact may be irrelevant, dwell upon the appealer being different—hopelessly different—in degree or kind of character, devotedness, etc., from him who is thus appealed to; and he can refuse to find and accept in the appeal a certain substance which *does* suit him and which it is for him to adapt to his own uses. Thus there is in every offer, and in every acceptance, of one soul to another and by another, an element of noblest generosity and death, and this element is, obviously, recognized and fostered fully, not by the abstractive and purely spiritual religions, but by the concretionist, historical-institutional, incarnational Churches. The criticism of St. Augustine, which possibly was not fully just as against Plotinus—that he could, in the pages of the Platonists, find indeed that God was the Word, but not that the Word became flesh (*Conf.* VII. ix. 1, 2)—remains deeply important for us all. In our relations between one generation and the other, one sex and the other, one individual and the other, we will ever remember the need, the cost, the glory of this element of incarnation and of death in life, of life through death. Especially will we gain and keep an endless love and restraint, patience and joyous trust in our relations with the young, still necessarily so full of the "confusions," the largely dim, distracting tumult of the senses and of the visible life—and this is, surely, the supreme test of the worth of our religious outlook—by such a constant sense and practice of the Place and Function in Religion of the Body, of History and of Institutions.

THE DUMB OX OF THOUGHT

By Vincent McNabb

We have lately kept a feast which huddles omniscience into a stable under the same roof as an ass and an ox. The Povrello of Assisi in his devotion to the folly of the Cross, and to the ass, and ass's colt of the crossways, explains the first strange birth-fellow of omniscience; the Dumb Ox of Sicily explains the other, but nothing except the Child explains the synthesis of all these under a stable roof.

With wild magnanimous gayety Aquinas accepts the nickname fastened on his huge Falstaff frame. Indeed, with rare medieval charm he suggests in his Preface to the *Summa,* that he, the great meek-eyed Ox, will write a great simple book [1] which will be as milk for babes. Yet the age he wrote for was not a child in thought; but a man in full habits, capable of assimilating the strong meats of thinking; nor was it *in extremis,* that it should need milk.

But it may be questioned whether we moderns, who are children only in our ignorance, have not reached a point of ill-health, through self-indulgence, where a milk diet of thinking is absolutely imperative. Milk, as the doctors assure us, is not a food; but, food. I do not here speak of those man-made or man-desecrated milks which are humanized or sterilized beyond redemption. They may still be milk; but they have ceased to be food. I mean the untainted elemental milk from the udder or the breast. This thing, the property only of mammals, is a synthesis of all good foods, in such a human form divine that the young or ailing live on it when they would die on aught else.

Now, the modern mind has not yet succeeded in making a

[1] The *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas in English, literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Burns, Oateis and Washbourne.

synthesis. There have been tragic efforts here and abroad; but nothing final. Spencer alone amongst our English thinkers undertook to synthesize knowledge. He had a bad novitiate in an engineer's office, and in the cathedrals of agnosticism. In the end his synthesis showed vast gaps; which he pathetically excused on the plea of ill-health.

France gave us the synthesis of Comte. It was almost perfect as far as it went; but it did not go over the ankle. There was no room in it for spirit; and the author of the synthesis began the undertaking by throwing himself into the Seine in a fit of madness.

Germany has had a genius for synthesis. There, in fact, synthesizing is not sporadic like geological faults; but regular like a disease. Most of the syntheses quite naturally glorify Germany and quite cheerfully overlook humanity or God. There, too, the psychological method with its colossal egotism is a vast disdain of nearly all the thought that has accumulated through the centuries. It is almost a revival of the proud Greek division of men into Greeks and Barbarians; only the Germans are not Greeks.

The thirteenth century entered gayly as a child into the kingdom of thought. Men like Aquinas and Dante (who is only chronologically of the fourteenth) took possession of thought, as a child on entering the room takes possession of all its inmates. It was part of the humility of this precocious child amongst the centuries to appropriate what truths had been spoken, no matter where or by whom spoken. St. Thomas certainly believed in a Communion of Saints. But his devotion to Plato and Aristotle shows him quite as devoted a believer in the Communion of Philosophers. Indeed the pages of the *Summa* might almost leave us in doubt whether this man set more store by Augustine, Chrysostom, and the Christian Fathers than by Plato, Aristotle, and the Pagan thinkers.

His reverence for truth and for philosophers, the high priests of truth, has found few imitators in the philosophers of the past three centuries. Even when Aquinas refuted a philosopher he did him the honor of understanding him. It was his engaging way of worshipping truth. But the philosophers mostly dominant in

NOVITIATE
PROVIDENCE IN THE WEST
BROADWAY and PALM STS.

Western Europe since the sixteenth century have thought the Dumb Ox of Sicily not worth understanding; even when he was worth refuting. It was set aside as barbarous, like the cathedral of Lincoln, or Chartres, or Cologne. No doubt in his exile from the appreciation of later ages he was content with his fellow-exiles.

We have said that modern philosophy does not give us a synthesis. An almost truer expression would be the naked saying, "There is no modern philosophy." So that in sheer despair the present age must save itself from shipwreck by laying hold of the last complete synthesis: the *Summa* of Aquinas. We must take it or sink, for there is no other synthesis whereby we moderns may be saved.

By his birth in the thirteenth century St. Thomas was an encyclopedist. Men in those days made a unity of all their knowledge or their craft. Everything they knew or could make was at last put into a book or a minster. If they were philosophers they wrote, like St. Thomas, a *Summa;* if poets, they sang, like Dante, a *Paradise.*

But in their synthesis or their song they were always children of the people. Their thought or poetry was no self-centered disdain for the thoughts of men who had gone before. To break abruptly the thread of philosophy or poetry they looked upon as an insult not only to the Muses, but to humanity. To decry Plato or Homer was to lay profane hands on mankind's holy of holies. It was to deny the catholicity of truth; for even the lowliest of mankind had accepted the substance of what philosophy and poetry had bequeathed to mankind.

The first framework of the synthesis made by Aquinas is the mind of Aquinas. It is questionable whether any other mind since his day could have housed so many thoughts and facts as that of this genius who is reported to have known the Bible and the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle by heart.

The second framework of the synthesis is the *Credo* and the Decalogue. It is a bold appeal to the faith of millions. It is not an insult offered to mankind in the mass. Indeed it is almost an

explicit assertion that the chief function of wisdom is to coincide with mankind, and that the chief duty of philosophy is to justify our intuitions.

The translation of the *Summa* is but a plain rendering of this "plain-song" of philosophy. The great thinker pays his readers the delicate compliment of setting his thoughts before them, mirrored in a flawless unimpassioned style which hides itself behind the truth revealed. It will be almost impossible for the reader of these mathematically exact reasonings to imagine their author as a poet or as a mystic. Yet the Dumb Ox wrote the *Adoro Te;* and is a Canonized Saint of the Catholic Church. A poet and no mean judge of his craft, Coventry Patmore has written of "the substantial poetry of imaginative insight into the noblest reality" found in Aquinas.

"Aquinas is to Dante as the Tableland of Thibet is to the Peak of Teneriffe; and the first is not less essentially a poet, in the sense of the Seer, because his language is even more austere and without ornament than the latter."

On his mysticism the Catholic Church, that most accredited of all critics, has passed the final verdict of canonization. With such witnesses to the supreme qualities of his mind, fancy, and soul, the Dumb Ox may well find a new welcome in the mind and heart of the English-speaking peoples, who need nothing so imperatively as a fixed center for the widening circumference of their theories and thoughts.

THE RIDDLES OF THE GOSPEL

By G. K. Chesterton

We have all heard people say a hundred times over, for they seem never to tire of saying it, that the Jesus of the New Testament is indeed a most merciful and humane lover of humanity, but that the Church has hidden this human character in repellent dogmas and stiffened it with ecclesiastical terrors till it has taken on an inhuman character. This is, I venture to repeat, very nearly the reverse of the truth. The truth is that it is the image of Christ in the churches that is almost entirely mild and merciful. It is the image of Christ in the Gospels that is a good many other things as well. The figure in the Gospels does indeed utter in words of almost heart-breaking beauty his pity for our broken hearts. But they are very far from being the only sort of words that he utters. Nevertheless they are almost the only kind of words that the Church in its popular imagery ever represents him as uttering. That popular imagery is inspired by a perfectly sound popular instinct. The mass of the poor are broken, and the mass of the people are poor, and for the mass of mankind the main thing is to carry the conviction of the incredible compassion of God. But nobody with his eyes open can doubt that it is chiefly this idea of compassion that the popular machinery of the Church does seek to carry. The popular imagery carries a great deal to excess the sentiment of "Gentle Jesus meek and mild." It is the first thing that the outsider feels and criticizes in a Pieta or a shrine of the Sacred Heart. As I say, while the art may be insufficient, I am not sure that the instinct is unsound. In any case there is something appalling, something that makes the blood run cold, in the idea of having a statue of Christ in wrath. There

is something insupportable even to the imagination in the idea of turning the corner of a street or coming out into the spaces of a market-place, to meet the petrifying petrifaction of *that* figure as it turned upon a generation of vipers, or that face as it looked at the face of a hypocrite. The Church can reasonably be justified therefore if she turns the most merciful face or aspect towards men; but it is certainly the most merciful aspect that she does turn. And the point is here that it is very much more specially and exclusively merciful than any impression that could be formed by a man merely reading the New Testament for the first time. A man simply taking the words of the story as they stand would form quite another impression; an impression full of mystery and possibly of inconsistency; but certainly not merely an impression of mildness. It would be intensely interesting; but part of the interest would consist in its leaving a good deal to be guessed at or explained. It is full of sudden gestures evidently significant except that we hardly know what they signify; of enigmatic silences; of ironical replies. The outbreaks of wrath, like storms above our atmosphere, do not seem to break out exactly where we should expect them, but to follow some higher weather-chart of their own. The Peter whom popular Church teaching presents is very rightly the Peter to whom Christ said in forgiveness, "Feed my lambs." He is not the Peter upon whom Christ turned as if he were the devil, crying in that obscure wrath, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Christ lamented with nothing but love and pity over Jerusalem which was to murder him. We do not know what strange spiritual atmosphere or spiritual insight led him to sink Bethsaida lower in the pit than Sodom. I am putting aside for the moment all questions of doctrinal inferences or expositions, orthodox or otherwise; I am simply imagining the effect on a man's mind if he did really do what these critics are always talking about doing; if he did really read the New Testament without reference to orthodoxy and even without reference to doctrine.

First, a man reading the Gospel sayings would not find platitudes. If he had read even in the most respectful spirit the

majority of ancient philosophers and of modern moralists, he would appreciate the unique importance of saying that he did not find platitudes. It is more than can be said even of Plato. It is much more than can be said of Epictetus or Seneca or Marcus Aurelius or Apollonius of Tyana. And it is immeasurably more than can be said of most of the agnostic moralists and the preachers of the ethical societies; with their songs of service and their religion of brotherhood. The morality of most moralists ancient and modern, has been one solid and polished cataract of platitudes flowing for ever and ever. That would certainly not be the impression of the imaginary independent outsider studying the New Testament. He would be conscious of nothing so commonplace and in a sense of nothing so continuous as that stream. He would find a number of strange claims that might sound like the claim to be the brother of the sun and moon; a number of very startling pieces of advice; a number of stunning rebukes; a number of strangely beautiful stories. He would see some very gigantesque figures of speech about the impossibility of threading a needle with a camel or the possibility of throwing a mountain into the sea. He would see a number of very daring simplifications of the difficulties of life; like the advice to shine upon everybody indifferently as does the sunshine or not to worry about the future any more than the birds. He would find on the other hand some passages of almost impenetrable darkness, so far as he is concerned, such as the moral of the parable of the Unjust Steward. Some of these things might strike him as fables and some as truths; but none as truisms. For instance, he would not find the ordinary platitudes in favor of peace. He would find several paradoxes in favor of peace. He would find several ideals of non-resistance, which taken as they stand would be rather too pacific for any pacifist. He would be told in one passage to treat a robber *not* with passive resistance but rather with positive and enthusiastic encouragement, if the terms be taken literally; heaping up gifts upon the man who had stolen goods. But he would not find a word of all that obvious rhetoric against war which has filled countless books and odes and orations; not a word about the wickedness of war, the wastefulness

of war, the appalling scale of the slaughter in war and all the rest of the familiar frenzy; indeed not a word about war at all. There is nothing that throws any particular light on Christ's attitude towards organized warfare, except that he seems to have been rather fond of Roman soldiers. Indeed it is another perplexity, speaking from the same external and human standpoint, that he seems to have got on much better with Romans than he did with Jews. But the question here is a certain tone to be appreciated by merely reading a certain text; and we might give any number of instances of it.

The statement that the meek shall inherit the earth is very far from being a meek statement. I mean it is not meek in the ordinary sense of mild and moderate and inoffensive. To justify it, it would be necessary to go very deep into history and anticipate things undreamed of then and by many unrealized even now; such as the way in which the mystical monks reclaimed the lands which the practical kings had lost. If it was a truth at all, it was because it was a prophecy. But certainly it was not a truth in the sense of a truism. The blessing upon the meek would seem to be a very violent statement; in the sense of doing violence to reason and probability. And with this we come to another important stage in the speculation. As a prophecy it really was fulfilled; but it was only fulfilled long afterwards. The monasteries were the most practical and prosperous estates and experiments in reconstruction after the barbaric deluge; the meek did really inherit the earth. But nobody could have known anything of the sort at the time—unless indeed there was one who knew. Something of the same thing may be said about the incident of Martha and Mary; which has been interpreted in retrospect and from the inside by the mystics of the Christian contemplative life. But it was not at all an obvious view of it; and most moralists, ancient and modern, could be trusted to make a rush for the obvious. What torrents of effortless eloquence would have flowed from them to swell any slight superiority on the part of Martha; what splendid sermons about the Joy of Service and the Gospel of Work and the World Left Better Than We Found It, and generally all

the ten thousand platitudes that can be uttered in favor of taking trouble—by people who need take no trouble to utter them. If in Mary the mystic and child of love Christ was guarding the seed of something more subtle, who was likely to understand it at the time? Nobody else could have seen Clare and Catherine and Teresa shining above the little roof at Bethany. It is so in another way with that magnificent menace about bringing into the world a sword to sunder and divide. Nobody could have guessed then either how it could be fulfilled or how it could be justified. Indeed some freethinkers are still so simple as to fall into the trap and be shocked at a phrase so deliberately defiant. They actually complain of the paradox for not being a platitude.

I am dwelling on the dark or dazzling or defiant or mysterious side of the Gospel words, not because they had not obviously a more obvious and popular side, but because this is the answer to a common criticism on a vital point. The freethinker frequently says that Jesus of Nazareth was a man of his time, even if he was in advance of his time; and that we cannot accept his ethics as final for humanity. The freethinker then goes on to criticize his ethics, saying plausibly enough that men cannot turn the other cheek, or that they must take thought for the morrow, or that the self-denial is too ascetic or the monogamy too severe. But the Zealots and the Legionaries did not turn the other cheek any more than we do, if so much. The Jewish traders and Roman tax-gatherers took thought for the morrow as much as we, if not more. We cannot pretend to be abandoning the morality of the past for one more suited to the present. It is certainly not the morality of another age, but it might be of another world.

In short, we can say that these ideals are impossible in themselves. Exactly what we cannot say is that they are impossible for us. They are rather notably marked by a mysticism which, if it be a sort of madness, would always have struck the same sort of people as mad. Take, for instance, the case of marriage and the relations of the sexes. It might very well have been true that a Galilean teacher taught things natural to a Galilean environment; but it is not. It might rationally be expected that a man

in the time of Tiberius would have advanced a view conditioned by the time of Tiberius; but he did not. What he advanced was something quite different; something very difficult; but something no more difficult now than it was then. When, for instance, Mahomet made his polygamous compromise we may reasonably say that it was conditioned by a polygamous society. When he allowed a man four wives he was really doing something suited to the circumstances, which might have been less suited to other circumstances. Nobody will pretend that the four wives were like the four winds, something seemingly a part of the order of nature; nobody will say that the figure four was written for ever in stars upon the sky. But neither will any one say that the figure four is an inconceivable ideal; that it is beyond the power of the mind of man to count up to four; or to count the number of his wives and see whether it amounts to four. It is a practical compromise carrying with it the character of a particular society. If Mahomet had been born in Acton in the nineteenth century, we may well doubt whether he would instantly have filled that suburb with harems of four wives apiece. As he was born in Arabia in the sixth century, he did in his conjugal arrangements suggest the conditions of Arabia in the sixth century. But Christ in his view of marriage does not in the least suggest the conditions of Palestine in the first century. He does not suggest anything at all, except the sacramental view of marriage as developed long afterwards by the Catholic Church. It was quite as difficult for people then as for people now. It was much more puzzling to people then than to people now. Jews and Romans and Greeks did not believe, and did not even understand enough to disbelieve, the mystical idea that the man and the woman had become one sacramental substance. We may think it an incredible or impossible ideal; but we cannot think it any more incredible or impossible than they would have thought it. In other words, whatever else is true, it is not true that the controversy has been altered by time. Whatever else is true, it is emphatically not true that the ideas of Jesus of Nazareth were suitable to his time, but are no longer suitable to our time.

Christ as much as Aristotle lived in a world that took slavery for granted. He did not particularly denounce slavery. He started a movement that could exist in a world with slavery. But he started a movement that could exist in a world without slavery. He never used a phrase that made his philosophy depend even upon the very existence of the social order in which he lived. He spoke as one conscious that everything was ephemeral, including the things that Aristotle thought eternal. By that time the Roman Empire had come to be merely the *orbis terrarum,* another name for the world. But he never made his morality dependent on the existence of the Roman Empire or even on the existence of the world. "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away."

Above all, would not such a new reader of the New Testament stumble over something that would startle him much more than it startles us? I have here more than once attempted the rather impossible task of reversing time and the historic method; and in fancy looking forward to the facts, instead of backward through the memories. So I have imagined the monster that man might have seemed at first to the mere nature around him. We should have a worse shock if we really imagined the nature of Christ named for the first time. What should we feel at the first whisper of a certain suggestion about a certain man? Certainly it is not for us to blame anybody who should find that first wild whisper merely impious and insane. On the contrary, stumbling on that rock of scandal is the first step. Stark staring incredulity is a far more loyal tribute to that truth than a modernist metaphysic that would make it out merely a matter of degree. It were better to rend our robes with a great cry against blasphemy, like Caiaphas in the judgment, or to lay hold of the man as a maniac possessed of devils like the kinsmen and the crowd, rather than to stand stupidly debating fine shades of pantheism in the presence of so catastrophic a claim. There is more of the wisdom that is one with surprise in any simple person, full of the sensitiveness of simplicity, who should expect the grass to wither and the birds to drop dead out of the air, when a strolling carpenter's apprentice

said calmly and almost carelessly, like one looking over his shoulder: "Before Abraham was, I am."

For this is the very last character that commonly goes with mere megalomania; especially such steep and staggering megalomania as might be involved in that claim. This quality that can only be called intellectual distinction is not, of course, an evidence of divinity. But it is an evidence of a probable distaste for vulgar and vainglorious claims to divinity. A man of that sort, if he were only a man, would be the last man in the world to suffer from that intoxication by one notion from nowhere in particular, which is the mark of the self-deluding sensationalist in religion. Nor is it even avoided by denying that Christ did make this claim. Of no such man as that, of no other prophet or philosopher of the same intellectual order, would it be even possible to pretend that he had made it. Even if the Church had mistaken his meaning, it would still be true that no other historical tradition except the Church had ever even made the same mistake. Mahomedans did not misunderstand Mahomet and suppose he was Allah. Jews did not misinterpret Moses and identify him with Jehovah. Why was this claim alone exaggerated unless this alone was made? Even if Christianity was one vast universal blunder, it is still a blunder as solitary as the Incarnation.

The purpose of these pages is to fix the falsity of certain vague and vulgar assumptions; and we have here one of the most false. There is a sort of notion in the air everywhere that all the religions are equal because all the religious founders were rivals; that they are all fighting for the same starry crown. It is quite false. The claim to that crown, or anything like that crown, is really so rare as to be unique. Mahomet did not make it any more than Micah or Malachi. Confucius did not make it any more than Plato or Marcus Aurelius. Buddha never said he was Bramah. Zoroaster no more claimed to be Ormuz than to be Ahriman. The truth is that, in the common run of cases, it is just as we should expect it to be, in common sense and certainly in Christian philosophy. It is exactly the other way. Normally speaking, the greater a man is, the less likely he is to make the

very greatest claim. Outside the unique case we are considering, the only kind of man who ever does make that kind of claim is a very small man; a secretive or self-centered monomaniac. Nobody can imagine Aristotle claiming to be the father of gods and men, come down from the sky; though we might imagine some insane Roman Emperor like Caligula claiming it for him, or more probably for himself. Nobody can imagine Shakespeare talking as if he were literally divine; though we might imagine some crazy American crank finding it as a cryptogram in Shakespeare's works, or preferably in his own works. It is possible to find here and there human beings who make this supremely superhuman claim. It is possible to find them in lunatic asylums; in padded cells; possibly in strait waistcoats.

But this is exactly where the argument becomes intensely interesting; because the argument proves too much. For nobody supposes that Jesus of Nazareth was *that* sort of person. No modern critic in his five wits thinks that the preacher of the Sermon on the Mount was a horrible half-witted imbecile that might be scrawling stars on the walls of a cell. No atheist or blasphemer believes that the author of the Parable of the Prodigal Son was a monster with one mad idea like a cyclops with one eye. Upon any possible historical criticism, he must be put higher in the scale of human beings than that. Yet by all analogy we have really to put him there or else in the highest place of all.

If Christ was simply a human character, he really was a highly complex and contradictory human character. For he combined exactly the two things that lie at the two extremes of human variation. He was exactly what the man with a delusion never is; he was wise; he was a good judge. What he said was always unexpected; but it was always unexpectedly magnanimous and often unexpectedly moderate. Take a thing like the point of the parable of the tares and the wheat. He has the quality that unites sanity and subtlety. It has not the simplicity of a madman. It has not even the simplicity of a fanatic. It might be uttered by a philosopher a hundred years old, at the end of a century of Utopias. Nothing could be less like this quality of seeing beyond

and all round obvious things, than the condition of the egomaniac with the one sensitive spot on his brain. I really do not see how these two characters could be convincingly combined, except in the astonishing way in which the creed combines them. For until we reach the full acceptance of the fact as a fact, however marvellous, all mere approximations to it are actually further and further away from it. Divinity is great enough to be divine; it is great enough to call itself divine. But as humanity grows greater, it grows less and less likely to do so. God is God, as the Moslems say; but a great man knows he is not God, and the greater he is the better he knows it. That is the paradox; everything that is merely approaching to that point is merely receding from it. Socrates, the wisest man, knows that he knows nothing. A lunatic may think he is omniscience, and a fool may talk as if he were omniscient. But Christ is in another sense omniscient if he not only knows, but knows that he knows.

Even on the purely human and sympathetic side, therefore, the Jesus of the New Testament seems to me to have in a great many ways the note of something superhuman; that is of something human and more than human. But there is another quality running through all his teachings which seems to me neglected in most modern talk about them as teachings; and that is the persistent suggestion that he has not really come to teach. If there is one incident in the record which affects me personally as grandly and gloriously human, it is the incident of giving wine for the wedding-feast. That is really human in the sense in which a whole crowd of prigs, having the appearance of human beings, can hardly be described as human. It rises superior to all superior persons. It is as human as Herrick and as democratic as Dickens. But even in that story there is something else that has that note of things not fully explained; and in a way here very relevant. I mean the first hesitation, not on any ground touching the nature of the miracle, but on that of the propriety of working any miracles at all, at least at that stage; "my time is not yet come." What did that mean? At least it certainly meant a general plan or purpose in the mind, with which certain things did or did not fit in. And if we leave

out that solitary strategic plan, we not only leave out the point of the story, but the story.

We often hear of Jesus of Nazareth as a wandering teacher; and there is a vital truth in that view in so far as it emphasizes an attitude towards luxury and convention which most respectable people would still regard as that of a vagabond. It is expressed in his own great saying about the holes of the foxes and the nests of the birds, and, like many of his great sayings, it is felt as less powerful than it is, through lack of appreciation of that great paradox by which he spoke of his own humanity as in some way collectively and representatively human; calling himself simply the Son of Man; that is, in effect, calling himself simply Man. It is fitting that the New Man or the Second Adam should repeat in so ringing a voice and with so arresting a gesture the great fact which came first in the original story; that man differs from the brutes by everything, even by deficiency; that he is in a sense less normal and even less native; a stranger upon the earth. It is well to speak of his wanderings in this sense and in the sense that he shared the drifting life of the most homeless and hopeless of the poor. It is assuredly well to remember that he would quite certainly have been moved on by the police and almost certainly arrested by the police, for having no visible means of subsistence. For our law has in it a turn of humor or touch of fancy which Nero and Herod never happened to think of; that of actually punishing homeless people for not sleeping at home.

But in another sense the word "wandering" as applied to his life is a little misleading. As a matter of fact, a great many of the pagan sages and not a few of the pagan sophists might truly be described as wandering teachers. In some of them their rambling journeys were not altogether without a parallel in their rambling remarks. Apollonius of Tyana, who figured in some fashionable cults as a sort of ideal philosopher, is represented as rambling as far as the Ganges and Ethiopia, more or less talking all the time. There was actually a school of philosophers called the Peripatetics; and most even of the great philosophers give us a vague impression of having very little to do except to walk and

talk. The great conversations which give us our glimpses of the great minds of Socrates or Buddha or even Confucius often seem to be parts of a never-ending picnic; and especially, which is the important point, to have neither beginning nor end. Socrates did indeed find the conversation interrupted by the incident of his execution. But it is the whole point, and the whole particular merit, of the position of Socrates that death was only an interruption and an incident. We miss the real moral importance of the great philosopher if we miss that point; that he stares at the executioner with an innocent surprise, and almost an innocent annoyance, at finding any one so unreasonable as to cut short a little conversation for the elucidation of truth. He is looking for truth and not looking for death. Death is but a stone in the road which can trip him up. His work in life is to wander on the roads of the world and talk about truth for ever.

Now compared to these wanderers the life of Jesus went as swift and straight as a thunderbolt. It was above all things dramatic; it did above all things consist in doing something that had to be done. It emphatically would not have been done, if Jesus had walked about the world for ever doing nothing except tell the truth. But from first to last the most definite fact is that he is going to die. No two things could possibly be more different than the death of Socrates and the death of Christ. We are meant to feel that the death of Socrates was, from the point of view of his friends at least, a stupid muddle and miscarriage of justice interfering with the flow of a humane and lucid, I had almost said a light philosophy. We are meant to feel that Death was the bride of Christ as Poverty was the bride of St. Francis. We are meant to feel that his life was in that sense a sort of love-affair with death, a romance of the pursuit of the ultimate sacrifice. From the moment when the star goes up like a birthday rocket to the moment when the sun is extinguished like a funeral torch, the whole story moves on wings with the speed and direction of a drama, ending in an act beyond words.

Every attempt to amplify that story has diminished it. The task has been attempted by many men of real genius and elo-

quence as well as by only too many vulgar sentimentalists and self-conscious rhetoricians. The tale has been retold with patronizing pathos by elegant skeptics and with fluent enthusiasm by boisterous best-sellers. It will not be retold here. The grinding power of the plain words of the Gospel story is like the power of mill-stones; and those who can read them simply enough will feel as if rocks had been rolled upon them. Criticism is only words about words; and of what use are words about such words as these? What is the use of word-painting about the dark garden filled suddenly with torchlight and furious faces? "Are you come out with swords and staves as against a robber? All day I sat in your temple teaching, and you took me not." Can anything be added to the massive and gathered restraint of that irony; like a great wave lifted to the sky and refusing to fall? "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me but weep for yourselves and for your children." As the High Priest asked what further need he had of witnesses, we might well ask what further need we have of words. Peter in a panic repudiated him: "and immediately the cock crew; and Jesus looked upon Peter, and Peter went out and wept bitterly." Has any one any further remarks to offer? Just before the murder he prayed for all the murderous race of men, saying, "They know not what they do"; is there anything to say to that, except that we know as little what we say? Is there any need to repeat and spin out the story of how the tragedy trailed up the Via Dolorosa and how they threw him in haphazard with two thieves in one of the ordinary batches of execution; and how in all that horror and howling wilderness of desertion one voice spoke in homage, a startling voice from the very last place where it was looked for, the gibbet of the criminal; and he said to that nameless ruffian, "This night shalt thou be with me in Paradise?" Is there anything to put after that but a full-stop? Or is any one prepared to answer adequately that farewell gesture to all flesh which created for his Mother a new Son?

It is more within my powers, and here more immediately to my purpose, to point out that in that scene were symbolically gathered all the human forces that have been vaguely sketched in this story.

As kings and philosophers and the popular element had been symbolically present at his birth, so they were more practically concerned in his death; and with that we come face to face with the essential fact to be realized. All the great groups that stood about the Cross represent in one way or another the great historical truth of the time; that the world could not save itself. Man could do no more. Rome and Jerusalem and Athens and everything else were going down like a sea turned into a slow cataract. Externally indeed the ancient world was still at its strongest; it is always at that moment that the inmost weakness begins. But in order to understand that weakness we must repeat what has been said more than once; that it was not the weakness of a thing originally weak. It was emphatically the strength of the world that was turned to weakness and the wisdom of the world that was turned to folly.

In this story of Good Friday it is the best things in the world that are at their worst. That is what really shows us the world at its worst. It was, for instance, the priests of a true monotheism and the soldiers of an international civilization. Rome, the legend, founded upon fallen Troy and triumphant over fallen Carthage, had stood for a heroism which was the nearest that any pagan ever came to chivalry. Rome had defended the household gods and the human decencies against the ogres of Africa and the hermaphrodite monstrosities of Greece. But in the lightning flash of this incident, we see great Rome, the imperial republic, going downward under her Lucretian doom. Skepticism has eaten away even the confident sanity of the conquerors of the world. He who is enthroned to say what is justice can only ask, "What is truth?" So in that drama which decided the whole fate of antiquity, one of the central figures is fixed in what seems the reverse of his true rôle. Rome was almost another name for responsibility. Yet he stands for ever as a sort of rocking statue of the irresponsible. Man could do no more. Even the practical had become the impracticable. Standing between the pillars of his own judgment-seat, a Roman had washed his hands of the world.

There too were the priests of that pure and original truth that

was behind all the mythologies like the sky behind the clouds. It was the most important truth in the world; and even that could not save the world. Perhaps there is something overpowering in pure personal theism; like seeing the sun and moon and sky come together to form one staring face. Perhaps the truth is too tremendous when not broken by some intermediaries divine or human; perhaps it is merely too pure and far away. Anyhow it could not save the world; it could not even convert the world. There were philosophers who held it in its highest and noblest form; but they not only could not convert the world, but they never tried. You could no more fight the jungle of popular mythology with a private opinion than you could clear away a forest with a pocket-knife. The Jewish priests had guarded it jealously in the good and the bad sense. They had kept it as a gigantic secret. As savage heroes might have kept the sun in a box, they kept the Everlasting in the tabernacle. They were proud that they alone could look upon the blinding sun of a single deity; and they did not know that they had themselves gone blind. Since that day their representatives have been like blind men in broad daylight, striking to right and left with their staffs, and cursing the darkness. But there has been that in their monumental monotheism that it has at least remained like a monument, the last thing of its kind, and in a sense motionless in the more restless world which it cannot satisfy. For it is certain that for some reason it cannot satisfy. Since that day it has never been quite enough to say that God is in his heaven and all is right with the world; since the rumor that God had left his heavens to set it right.

And as it was with these powers that were good, or at least had once been good, so it was with the element which was perhaps the best, or which Christ himself seems certainly to have felt as the best. The poor to whom he preached the good news, the common people who heard him gladly, the populace that had made so many popular heroes and demigods in the old pagan world, showed also the weaknesses that were dissolving the world. They suffered the evils often seen in the mob of the city, and especially

the mob of the capital, during the decline of a society. The same thing that makes the rural population live on tradition makes the urban population live on rumor. Just as its myths at the best had been irrational, so its likes and dislikes are easily changed by baseless assertion that is arbitrary without being authoritative. Some brigand or other was artificially turned into a picturesque and popular figure and run as a kind of candidate against Christ. In all this we recognize the urban population that we know, with its newspaper scares and scoops. But there was present in this ancient population an evil more peculiar to the ancient world. We have noted it already as the neglect of the individual, even of the individual voting the condemnation and still more of the individual condemned. It was the soul of the hive; a heathen thing. The cry of this spirit also was heard in that hour, "It is well that one man die for the people." Yet this spirit in antiquity of devotion to the city and to the state had also been in itself and in its time a noble spirit. It had its poets and its martyrs; men still to be honored forever. It was failing through its weakness in not seeing the separate soul of a man, the shrine of all mysticism; but it was only failing as everything else was failing. The mob went along with the Sadducees and the Pharisees, the philosophers and the moralists. It went along with the imperial magistrates and the sacred priests, the scribes and the soldiers, that the one universal human spirit might suffer a universal condemnation; that there might be one deep, unanimous chorus of approval and harmony when Man was rejected of men.

There were solitudes beyond where none shall follow. There were secrets in the inmost and invisible part of that drama that have no symbol in speech; or in any severance of a man from men. Nor is it easy for any words less stark and single-minded than those of the naked narrative even to hint at the horror of exaltation that lifted itself above the hill. Endless expositions have not come to the end of it, or even to the beginning. And if there be any sound that can produce a silence, we may surely be silent about the end and the extremity; when a cry was driven out of that darkness in words dreadfully distinct and dreadfully

unintelligible, which man shall never understand in all the eternity they have purchased for him; and for one annihilating instant an abyss that is not for our thoughts had opened even in the unity of the absolute; and God had been forsaken of God.

They took the body down from the cross and one of the few rich men among the first Christians obtained permission to bury it in a rock tomb in his garden; the Romans setting a military guard lest there should be some riot and attempt to recover the body. There was once more a natural symbolism in these natural proceedings; it was well that the tomb should be sealed with all the secrecy of ancient eastern sepulture and guarded by the authority of the Cæsars. For in that second cavern the whole of that great and glorious humanity which we call antiquity was gathered up and covered over; and in that place it was buried. It was the end of a very great thing called human history; the history that was merely human. The mythologies and the philosophies were buried there, the gods and the heroes and the sages. In the great Roman phrase, they had lived. But as they could only live, so they could only die; and they were dead.

On the third day the friends of Christ coming at daybreak to the place found the grave empty and the stone rolled away. In varying ways they realized the new wonder; but even they hardly realized that the world had died in the night. What they were looking at was the first day of a new creation, with a new heaven and a new earth; and in a semblance of the gardener God walked again in the garden, in the cool not of the evening but the dawn.

THE CONFLICT OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION

By Orestes A. Brownson

It was the elder D'Israeli, the author of *The Calamities of Authors,* if our memory is not at fault, who has, in some one of his numerous works, a chapter entitled "The History of Events Which Never Happened." Professor Draper seems to have taken from it a hint for the title of this volume. He professes to give in it the history of the conflict between religion and science, or of a conflict that has never occurred, and never can occur. A conflict between science and superstition or various mythologies there may have been, and also between so-called scientist and theologians; but, between religion and science, never. Such a conflict is impossible, for religion and science are simply two parts of one dialectic whole. Truth can never be in conflict with itself, nor can one truth be more or less true, if a truth at all, than another. Religion, if religion, is true, and science, if science, is also true: how then, is it possible that there can be any conflict between them?

Under pretense of giving a history of the alleged conflict between religion and science, Dr. Draper really makes a coarse and vulgar attack on the Catholic Church, and proves in his attack that he is alike ignorant of her doctrine, her history and her worship. He has the temerity to charge her with hostility to science, for the conflict he speaks of, he says, is chiefly a conflict with the Catholic Church. He doubtless considers Protestantism too weak and insignificant an affair to be counted as a representative of religion. He probably does not regard it as a religion at all, and most likely feels instinctively that it can offer no obstacle to the "advanced thought of the age." It is not an organized power, and it is not worth counting as an enemy; it is rather a friend, for

does it not wage a deadly war against the church? But the Catholic Church is an organized power, and presents the strongest organization on earth; and when she speaks, her voice is potent, and millions listen and obey in spite of kings and kaisers, statesmen and scientists, bonds and imprisonment, exile and death. She alone is to be dreaded, she alone is to be warred against, and crushed—if possible.

But let us come to the test. The church teaches us to "believe in one God, Creator of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible." Have the scientists, who say with the fool in his heart, "Non est Deus," demonstrated that her teaching in this respect is erroneous? Can they say that it is scientifically proved that God and creation are untruths? Certainly not. They confess the impotence of science to prove there is no God; and both Herbert Spencer and Professor Tyndall deny that they are atheists. The most advanced scientists or thinkers pretend to prove by their science, not that there is no God, but that he is the unknowable. Atheism is in no sense proved or a provable hypothesis, and till it is scientifically established it cannot be claimed as a science, that is, as certain knowledge. It cannot, then, be alleged that the doctrine of the Church conflicts with any truth of science. Nor has it ever been scientifically demonstrated that God is unknowable. Herbert Spencer makes the assertion indeed, but he only proves that God is incomprehensible, not that we cannot know that he is; while, on the other hand, it has been proved over and over again that the existence of God and his essential attributes are, to a certain extent at least, knowable and known. We have ourselves proved it in our brief *Essay in Refutation of Atheism.*

But the church, in asserting God as creator, denies the scientific doctrine of evolution. St. George Mivart, a scientist of no mean repute, thinks not: and certainly there can be no evolution where there is nothing to evolve. What or whence is that something which precedes the process of evolution as its necessary condition precedent, and therefore, cannot be the result of evolution. Herbert Spencer evolves the universe from matter and force. But

whence the matter and force? They are eternal? But that is an hypothesis, not a truth of science. So you do not get rid of the necessity of creation by your theory of evolution. But your doctrine of evolution is not science; it is only an unverified hypothesis, an unproved theory, and a very absurd theory at that. Even that prince of modern English humbugs, Herbert Spencer, did not originate it, but plagiarized it from the old Greek sophists refuted by both Plato and Aristotle, and laughed out of countenance by old Hermias. It is possible, as it often has been done, to prove the origin of the universe in the creative act of God; but it is not possible to prove the contrary, or to prove that the church in teaching it conflicts with any scientific truth, or truth scientifically established.

But it is the recent so-called science of geology, that affords the most ample proofs of the conflict between religion and science. But we are aware of no geological *facts* which the church denies. That there are geological theories, and deductions from those theories, which do not accord with the teachings of the church, or at least with the teaching of some theologians, is not denied. In matters of pure science, theologians are simply scientists, and have no more authority than they to bind the church by their theories. The only thing to be said in their favor is, that knowing the teaching of the church, which is rarely, if ever the case with professed scientists, they are better judges of what theories or explanation of facts do or do not conflict with that teaching. It has been attempted to show that the facts disclosed by the investigation of geologists conflict with the account of the creation given in the first chapter of *Genesis*. We will only say here that the church has never, so far as we are informed, defined in what sense that chapter is to be understood, whether it is to be understood in a literal or an historical sense; in a philosophical sense, as Josephus tells us it was understood by the Jews; or in a moral sense, as marking the moral order of the work of creation, as it was explained by St. Augustine. But we see no conflict between it, taken historically, and any geological facts we are aware of. We are told that the earth was at first without form, and void;

that is, as we understand it, as not created in its complete or perfect state, but only in its principles or elements, which gives room for its development and completion, so to speak, by the agency of second causes, though always by force of the original principle which determines the nature, the direction, and limit of the development. This gives room for all those changes, variations, and modifications geology shows the earth has undergone from physical causes. So here is no conflict, at least no necessary conflict.

But these changes could not have taken place in the brief space of time allowed by the Biblical chronology. We answer to this:

1. That many of the changes the earth is supposed to have undergone, and which are assumed to require millions of ages for effecting them, are geological theories, hypotheses, conjectures, guesses, not scientifically verified facts. The reality of several geological periods as distinct and successive periods, remains to be proved. Several of them may have been contemporaneous, as, for example, the so-called stone period may have been contemporary, if not in the same locality, in different localities, with the so-called bronze period or the iron period. The North American Indians, when New England was first settled by Europeans, used stone axes, stone knives, and other implements made of stone. We have often, in our own boyhood, picked them up in the fields we were traversing. They were called Indian axes, Indian knives, etc. The discovery of stone implements in a given locality proves nothing as to the age of the world, nor either of the origin or of the successive stages of civilization. Dr. Draper, in some one of his works, tells us as an unquestionable fact that there was a time when all parts of the North American continent were isothermal, had one and the same mild and equable climate, which we are sure is more than he knows or can scientifically establish. It is an unverified and an unverifiable hypothesis. We can conclude nothing against the church, if we find her teaching conflicting with such conjectures or hypotheses.

2. To the alleged "chronicles of the rocks," and the long period that the earth was in preparation for the abode of man, we have little to say till geologists prove to us that they have the key to

those chronicles, and rightly interpret them. But if they would demand more time than the Biblical chronology allows, we would remind them that chronology begins with the first day. How long a period elapsed between the creation of the heavens and the earth and the first day, we do not know—perhaps long enough to answer all the reasonable demands of the geologists.

3. We reply still further that the church, we believe, has never given any authoritative decision of the question of chronology, and it rests with learned and scientific men. It is a question of science and erudition, not a question of faith, at least so far as we have been taught. For ourselves, we are content to receive the chronology of the Septuagint; but we do not regard the age of the world as very important to be known, for time began with its creation. Before it was created, there was no time to be reckoned. The important thing to be recognized is the fact itself of creation, that "God in the beginning created the heavens and the earth." *Created* we say, not evolved, generated, or projected them. He who admits the fact of creation of all things from nothing by the sole energy of the Divine Word, admits what is essential, whether he counts a few centuries more or less since the world began. And that such is the mind of the church we infer from the fact that she leaves the chronological question undetermined.

The church's teaching conflicts with the Spencerian doctrine of evolution, and so does plain common-sense, for it denies both God and creation. We have not read all the publications of Mr. Herbert Spencer, but we have read the second edition of his *Principles of a New Philosophy,* and the first volume of his *Biology,* and looked through some of his other works. When we have learned an author's principles and method, we have learned all of any importance he has to tell us. We take no interest in his elaboration of his system, or its details. No truth in the details can redeem the falsity of the principles, or atone for the viciousness of the method. Spencer may have some acquaintance with the physical sciences, but he has not a spark of philosophical genius, and his mind is essentially unscientific. He is turgid, verbose, wearisome, and dull as a writer; shallow, nay, imbecile, as a thinker;

inept, as a reasoner; and conceited and ignorant almost beyond conception, as a man; who, because he perhaps has advanced in some respects beyond what he knew in his own childhood, fancies that he knows more than all the rest of mankind. There is not a page of his writings that we have read in which we do not discover a total lack of insight, and a most deplorable ignorance of what others know. He found a new philosophy, and revolutionize the world of thought! He become a teacher of mankind! Bah! The man is a humbug, a more unmitigated humbug than was even Jeremy Bentham.

The new philosophy divides all things into the knowable and the unknowable. To the unknowable it relegates all principles, substances, and causes, and restricts the knowable to the phenomenal. Yet it writes a volume on First Principles! First principles of the new philosophy indeed, not of the real, nor of nature. Be it so. That only confesses that the new philosophy is unreal, and has nothing to do with the explanation of the real cosmos. What is unknowable is to us as if it were not; how, then, treat of the unknowable at all? Yet a whole division of Mr. Spencer's *First Principles* is devoted to the unknowable. But pass to the knowable. The knowable is restricted to the phenomenal. Phenomena have no subsistence in themselves, but are simple appearances or manifestations, and are, as Mr. Spencer, or if not he, his disciple, Mr. John Fiske, a much brighter intellect, justly asserts, unthinkable without having a substance, a reality, or a Something, of which they are manifestations, or which appears in them. What is thinkable is knowable, so there is no knowable without knowing the unknowable. Brave philosophers, these fellows, and worthy of the admiration and patronage of Professor Youmans and the great publication house of D. Appleton & Co. The new philosophy teaches us that science deals only with the phenomenal, and it includes in the phenomenal the entire mimetic order of Plato, the whole individual and sensible universe, thus reducing sensible facts themselves, historical events, and the results of scientific experiment and investigation, to phenomena or appearances; and then tells us very gravely that the phenomenal

is unthinkable without the real, which in all cases is unknowable, and, therefore, unthinkable! Suppose the church does come in conflict with this new philosophy, is it anything to her discredit?

Both Spencer and his disciple Fiske deny that they are atheists, on the ground that they recognize a real and substantial cosmos that appears or manifests itself in the cosmic phenomena. This substance, reality, something, that is to say, the real cosmos manifested in the cosmic phenomena, Mr. Fiske says, may be called either God or nature, as looked at from the religious or from the scientific point of view. The cosmists are not aware, we suppose, that a clearer and more decided avowal of atheism it would be impossible to make. Mr. Draper is chary of professing atheism, as are most of our English and American advanced thinkers; but after commending the Mahometan Averrhoës for his successful cultivation of science and his scientific views of God, he tells us his conceptions of God were pantheistic. We suppose the professor is ignorant that pantheism is only a form of atheism. Atheism identifies God with the cosmos, pantheism identifies the cosmos with God, and both hold him to be the force, substance, or reality of the cosmic phenomena, and neither recognizes any supercosmic Being. Men who know anything of theology know that, however our advanced thinkers may deceive themselves or try to deceive others, they are neither more nor less than pitiable atheists, and therefore both blasphemers and fools according to the Holy Scriptures.

Many of the theories the church condemns or refuses to entertain are grossly immoral and blasphemous, and strike at the foundation of public order and social well-being. Such is the new philosophy concocted by Herbert Spencer and indorsed by Professor Youmans. The cosmists are not mere harmless theorizers and speculators. They,—and in this respect Tyndall, Huxley, Draper, and other atheistic writers are to be classed with them,—in the name of science deny science itself. They reject the principles on which all science as well as religion rests. If they are right, there is and can be no truth, no right or wrong, no moral order, no society, no government, as we see in Prussianized Ger-

many, except that of brute force, no state, no public or private virtue; for these all suppose a distinction between moral laws and physical laws, between gratitude and gravitation, between a virtuous act and a handsome face, between vice and a deformed leg, and in the cause as well as in the effect. The questions involved are not comparatively idle questions, such as, Are there inhabitants in the moon? or has the earth, as Dr. M'Cosh maintains, been molded out of star-dust? They strike at the very basis of all held dear and sacred by mankind in all ages and nations of the world. These men scatter firebrands and death, and would have us believe them in sport; and a shallow and unreasoning age, like this nineteenth century, decrees them its highest honors, and runs in crowds after them, and listens to them with open ears and gaping mouths. What would become of the nations, of the human race itself, if the church were not in the world to cover the great elemental truths of science and virtue with her sacred ægis, and to brand these enemies of God and man with her anathema?

The Church holds that there is a higher order of reality than the sensible, and higher and more imperative interests than material interests,—the only real interests regarded with favor by modern civilization. But it is a mistake to suppose that she has opposed or discouraged the study of nature or the cultivation of the physical sciences. She does not give them the highest rank, but she includes them in her curriculum; and we know of no Catholic college or university in which they do not hold an honorable place. They were formerly called by the general name of mathematics; and if they did not receive as much attention as they receive at present since the would-be scientists, in their theories, have narrowed the universe down to the world of matter and its laws, that is, material facts and their generalization, they were studied, and the true method of investigating nature was as well understood in the great Catholic schools of the Middle Ages as it is now. St. Thomas was acquainted with the teachings of Averrhoës, Dr. Draper's pet, and refutes them with a far superior science wherever they come in conflict with the teachings of the church or sound philosophy. Friar Bacon was superior as a physicist to Francis Bacon, my Lord Verulam. The pretence of

the later and meaner Bacon, that the medieval students solved all questions of natural science by *a priori* reasoning is pure, unmitigated falsehood, as he would have known, if he had known anything of them. Most of them studied and followed Aristotle; and Dr. Draper contends that Aristotle understood and practiced the inductive method. Bacon was another and earlier English humbug, though less of a humbug than those who profess to follow him. The English mind lost its integrity when it lost its Catholic faith, and it seems impossible for it since either to discern or to speak the truth where religion is in question. Dr. Draper, we are told, is an Englishman, born and bred, not, we are happy to think, an American. But all nations and races have their humbugs, though no people have them in so great profusion, or are so easily humbugged, as the apostate English.

The whole trouble with the scientists, and which brings them into conflict with religion, is their neglect to distinguish between assumptions, hypotheses, or conjectures, and what they have scientifically demonstrated or verified.

All in modern science so-called, to which the church or religion objects, is assumption or unverified hypothesis. Who has ever found the church objecting to any certain knowledge in the natural order, the axioms of the mathematician, or the definitions of the geometer, for instance? We have never found her warring against the properties of the screw or lever, as taught us in mechanics. Where there is real science, or certain knowledge in the natural order, she includes it in the preamble to faith, and censures its denial. If scientists would be careful to distinguish between fact and conjecture, knowledge and opinion, and insist only on what they have demonstrated, or is scientifically verifiable, there would be no conflict between them and the theologians. Galileo's troubles arose from his demanding of the church her indorsement of his heliocentric theory, which was not then, even if it be now, anything but an undemonstrated hypothesis. What he wanted was, not liberty to pursue his investigations as a scientist, or physicist, for that he had in its plenitude, but that the church should intervene, and by her authority silence his contradictors. A very modest request!

So, on the other hand, they must take care to affirm nothing as science which is only opinion, conjecture, or mere theory; such as that the earth is constructed from a fragment of an exploded comet, or from "star dust," the existence of said star dust being itself exceedingly problematical.

The prophets of the newness, or our advanced thinkers, are greatly scandalized if any one presumes to question "modern ideas" or to doubt the infallibility of "modern civilization." Their whole labor is to draw off the affections from the heavenly, and fix them on the "earthly." They assign the highest rank to material interests or sensible goods: nay, hold them to be the only real interests, the only solid goods. They would have us live for this life alone, and this, they would persuade us, is the teaching of science. But experience is playing sad havoc with this sort of science. What is called modern civilization is based upon it; and it is only the wilfully blind that do not see that it is as destructive to material interests, to the goods of this life, as to the hopes of heaven. The greatest conceivable folly is that which gives up heaven for earth, the unseen and the eternal for the temporal and the perishing. All true science teaches us that the goods of this life, as religion herself teaches, are secured only by self-denial, by turning our back on them as the end of our labors, and living only for the goods of the life to come.

England is the best representative of modern civilization, and, after England or Great Britain, comes our own Republic. England is precisely the country in which we find the greatest poverty and the most squalid wretchedness; and hundreds of thousands of workingmen and women in our own country are out of work because there is no work for them to do, and must starve unless kept alive by public or private charity. Moral principles are sacrificed to material interests, and with them the material interests themselves. The sad result of modern civilization is in the material order, in relation to the well-being of the laboring classes—as evinced by the frequent strikes and destructive combinations to which they are driven—is a sad commentary on "modern civilization" and "modern ideas."

SCIENCE IN BONDAGE

By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle

Amongst the numerous taunts which are cast at the Catholic Church there is none more frequently employed, nor, it may be added, more generally believed, nor more injurious to her reputation amongst outsiders—even with her own less instructed children at times—than the allegation which declares that where the Church has full sway, science cannot flourish, can scarcely in fact exist, and that the Church will only permit men of science to study and to teach as and while she permits.

To give but one example of this attitude towards the Church, readers may be reminded that Huxley called the Catholic Church "the vigorous enemy of the highest life of mankind," and rejoiced that evolution "in addition to its truth, has the great merit of being in a position of irreconcilable antagonism to it." The same writer, in a number of places, in season and out of season, as we may fairly say, proclaims his wholly erroneous view that there is "a' necessary antagonism between science and Roman Catholic doctrine."

Those who give credit to the allegation must of course ignore certain very patent facts which are, it will be allowed, a little difficult to get over. They must commence by ignoring the historical fact that the greater number—almost all indeed—of the older Universities, places specially intended to foster and increase knowledge and research, owe their origin to Papal bulls. They must ignore the fact that vast numbers of scientific researches, often of fundamental importance, especially perhaps in the subjects of anatomy and physiology, emanated from learned men attached to seats of learning in Rome, and this during the Middle Ages, and that the learned men who were their authors quite fre-

quently held official positions in the Papal Court. They must finally ignore the fact that a large number of the most distinguished scientific workers and discoverers in the past were also devout children of the Catholic Church. Stensen, "the Father of Geology" and a great anatomical discoverer as well, was a bishop; Mendel, whose name is so often heard nowadays in biological controversies, was an abbot. And what about Galvani, Volta, Pasteur, Schwann (the originator of the Cell Theory), van Beneden, Johannes Müller, admitted by Huxley to be "the greatest anatomist and physiologist among my contemporaries"? What about Kircher, Spallanzani, Secchi, de Lapparent, to take the names of persons of different historical periods, and connected with different subjects, yet all united in the bond of the faith? To point to these men—and a host of other names might be cited—is to overthrow at once and finally the edifice of falsehood reared by the enemies of the Church.

We might commence by interrogating the persons who make it. The probability is that the reply which would at once be drawn from most of them would amount to this: "Everybody knows it to be true." If the interrogated person is amongst those less imperfectly informed we shall probably be referred to Huxley or to some other writer. Or we may even find ourselves confronted with that greater knowledge—or less inspissated ignorance—which babbles about Galileo, the Inquisition, the *Index,* and the *imprimatur.*

Galileo and his case we shall consider later on, for he and it are really germane to the question with which we are dealing. The Inquisition has really nothing to do with the matter. The *Index* we also reserve for a later part of this essay. With the *imprimatur* we may now deal, since there is no doubt that there is a genuine misunderstanding on this subject on the part of some people who are misled perhaps through ignorance of Latin and quite certainly through ignorance of what the whole matter amounts to. Let us begin by reminding ourselves that, though the unchanging Church is now, so far as I am aware, the only body which issues an *imprimatur,* there were other instances of

the exercise of such a privilege even in recent or comparatively recent days. There were Royal licenses to print with which we need not concern ourselves. But, what is important, there was a time when the scientific authority of the day assumed the right of issuing an *imprimatur*. I take the first book which occurs to me, Tyson's *Anatomie of a Pygmie,* and for the sake of those who are not acquainted with it, I may add that this book is not only the foundation-stone of Comparative Anatomy, but also, through its appendix *A Philological Essay Concerning the Pygmies, the Cynocephali, the Satyrs, and Sphinges of the Ancients,* the foundation-stone of all folk-lore study. On the page fronting the title of this work the following appears:

17 Die Maij, 1699.
Imprimatur Liber Cui Titulus, Orang-Outang sive Homo Sylvestris, etc. Authore Edvardo Tyson, M.D., R.S.S.
John Hoskins, V.P.R.S.

What does this mean? In the first place it shows, what all instructed persons know, that the Royal Society did then exercise the privilege of giving an *imprimatur* at any rate to books written by its own Fellows. It cannot be supposed that such *imprimatur* guaranteed the accuracy of all the statements made by Tyson, for we may feel sure that John Hoskins was quite unable to give any such assurance. We must assume that it meant that there was nothing in the book which would reflect discredit upon the Society of which Tyson was a Fellow and from which the *imprimatur* was obtained.

However this may be, the sway over its Fellows' publications was exercised, and indeed very excellent arguments might be adduced for the resumption of such a sway even to-day.[1]

Though the *imprimatur* in question has fallen into desuetude, it is, as we all know, the commonest of things for the introductions to works of science to occupy often some considerable part of their space with acknowledgments of assistance given by

[1] Of course, it may be argued, no Fellow need have applied for an imprimatur. This may be so, but the same applies to the ecclesiastical imprimatur.

learned friends who have read the manuscript or the proofs and made suggestions with the object of improving the book or adding to its accuracy.

Now the *imprimatur* really amounts to the same thing, for it is, of course, confined to books or parts of books where theology or philosophy trenching upon theology is concerned. Thus a book may deal largely, perhaps mainly, with scientific points, yet necessarily include allusions to theological dogmas. The *imprimatur* to such a book would relate solely and entirely to the theological parts, just as the advice of an architectural authority on a point connected with that subject in a work in which it was mentioned only in an incidental manner would refer to that point, and to nothing else. *"Nihil Obstat,"* says the skilled referee: "I see no reason to suppose that there is anything in all this which contravenes theological principles." The procedure is no doubt somewhat more stately and formal than the modern system of acknowledgments, yet in actual practice there is but little to differentiate the two methods of ensuring, so far as is possible, that the work is free from mistakes. That neither the assistance of friends nor the *imprimatur* of authorities is infallible is proved by the facts that mistakes do creep into works of science, however carefully examined, and that more than one book with an *imprimatur* has, none the less, found its way on to the *Index*. Before leaving this branch of the subject one cannot refrain from calling attention to another point. How often in advertisements of books do we not see quotations from reviews in authoritative journals—a medical work from the *Lancet,* a physical or chemical from *Nature?* Frequently too we see "Mr. So-and-So, the well-known authority on the subject, says of this book, etc., etc." What are all these authoritative commendations but an *imprimatur* up to date?

Passing from the *imprimatur* to a closer consideration of our subject, it is above all things necessary to take the advice of Samuel Johnson and clear our minds of cant. Every person in this world—save perhaps a Robinson Crusoe on an otherwise uninhabited island, and he only because of his solitary condition—is

in bondage to others; that is to say, has his freedom more or less interfered with. That this interference is in the interests of the community, and so, in the last analysis, in the interests of the person interfered with himself, in no way weakens the argument; it is rather a potent adjuvant to it.

No one can have failed to observe that this interference with personal liberty becomes greater day by day. It is a tendency of modern government, based presumably upon increased experience to increase these protective regulations. Thus we have laws against adulteration of food, against the placing of buildings concerned with obnoxious trades where people will be inconvenienced by them. We make persons suffering from infectious diseases isolate themselves, and if they cannot do this at home, we make them go to a fever hospital. Further we insist upon the doctor, whose position resembles that of a confessor, breaking the obligation of professional secrecy and informing the authorities as to the illness of his patient. We interfere with the liberty of men and women to work as long as they like or to make their children labor for excessive hours. We insist upon dangerous machinery being fenced in. In a thousand ways we—the State—interfere with the liberty of our fellows.

Let us substitute the Church for the State and let us remember that there are times when she is at closer grips with the powers of evil than may be the case at other times. The parallel is surely sufficiently close.

Now the scientific man, in his own work, is subject to all sorts of limitations, apart altogether from the restrictions to which, as an ordinary member of the State he has to submit himself.

He is restricted by science: he is not completely free but is bound by knowledge—the knowledge which he or others have acquired.

To say he is limited by it is not to say that he is imprisoned by it or in bondage to it. "One does not lose one's intellectual liberty when one learns mathematics," says the late Monsignor Benson in one of his letters, "though one certainly loses the liberty of doing sums wrong or doing them by laborious methods!"

Before setting out upon any research, the careful man of science

sets himself to study "the literature of the subject" as he calls it. He delves into all sorts of out-of-the-way periodicals to ascertain what such a man has written upon such a point. All this he does in order that he may avoid doing a piece of work over again unnecessarily: *unnecessarily,* for it may be actually necessary to repeat it, if it is of very great importance and if it has not been repeated and verified by other observers. Further, he delves into this literature because it is thus that he hopes to avoid the many blind alleys which branch off from every path of research, delude their explorer with vain hopes and finally bring him face to face with a blank wall. In a word the inquirer consults his authorities and when he finds them worthy of reliance, he limits his freedom by paying attention to them. He does not say: "How am I held in bondage by this assertion that the earth goes round the sun?" but accepting that fact, he rejects such of his conclusions as are obviously irreconcilable with it. Surely this is plain common sense and the man who acted otherwise would be setting himself a quite impossible task. It is the weakness of the "heuristic method" that it sets its pupils to find out things which many abler men have spent years in investigating. The man who sets out to make a research, without first ascertaining what others have done in that direction, proposes to accumulate in himself the abilities and the life-work of all previous generations of laborers in that corner of the scientific vineyard.

Oh, the irony of fate! the same thing precisely happens when men of scientific eminence indulge in religious dissertations, for of course, though it is not quite so obvious to such writers, the same blunder is quite possible in non-scientific fields of knowledge. I once asked one versed in theology what he thought of the religious articles of a distinguished man unfamiliar himself with theology, yet none the less, then splashing freely and to the great admiration of the ignorant, in the theological pool. His reply was that in so far as they were at all constructive, they consisted mostly of exploded heresies of the first century. Is not this precisely what one would have expected *a priori?* A man commencing to write on science or religion who neglects the work of earlier writers

places himself in the position of the first students of the subject and very naturally will make the same mistakes as they made. The fact of the matter is that the man of science is not a solitary figure, a *chimera bombinans in vacuo.* In whatever direction he looks he is faced by the figures of other workers and he is limited and "hampered" by their work. Nor are these workers all of them in his own area of country, for the biologist, for example, cannot afford to neglect the doings of the chemist; if he does, he is bound to find himself led into mistakes. No doubt the scientific man is at times needlessly hampered by theories which he and others at the time take to be fairly well established facts, but which after all turn out to be nothing of the kind. This in no way weakens the argument, but rather by giving an additional reason for caution, strengthens it.

"All that you say is no doubt true," our antagonist will urge, "but you still have to show that your Church has any right or title to interfere in these matters. And even if you can make some sort of case for her interference, you still have to disprove what so many people believe, namely, that the right, real or assumed, has not been arbitrarily used to the damage, or at least to the delay of scientific progress. Chemistry," we may suppose our antagonist continuing, "no doubt has a legitimate right to have its say, even to interfere and that imperatively, where chemical considerations invade the field of biology, for example. But what similar right does religion possess? For instance," he might proceed, "some few years ago a distinguished physiologist, then occuping the Chair of the British Association, invoked the behavior of certain chemical substances known as colloids in favor of his anti-vitalistic conclusions. At once he was answered by a number of equally eminent chemists that the attitude he adopted was quite incompatible with facts as known to them; in a word, that chemistry disagreed with his ideas as to colloids. Everybody admitted that the chemists must have the final word on the subject: Are you now claiming that religion, or theology, or whatever you choose to call it, is also entitled to a say in a matter of this kind?" This supposititious conversation illustrates the confusion which

exists in many minds as to the point at issue. One science is entitled to contradict another, just as one scientific man is entitled to contradict another on a question of fact.

It ought to be widely known, though it is not, that the idea that theologians can or wish to intrude—again *qua* theologians—in scientific disputes as to chemical, biological, or other facts, is a fantastic idea without real foundation save that of the one mistake of the kind made in the case of Galileo and never repeated—a mistake, let us hasten to add, made by a disciplinary authority and—and as all parties admit—in no way involving questions of infallibility. To this case we will revert shortly. Meanwhile there may be briefly stated the claim made by the Church in connection with some few—some very few—of the *theories* which men of science build up on facts which they have brought to light. Some of these theories appear to contradict theological dogmas, or at least may seem to simple people to be incompatible with such dogmas, just as the people of his time—Protestants by the way, no less than Catholics—did really think that Galileo's theory conflicted with Holy Writ. In such cases alone, the Church holds that she has at least a right to say that such a theory should not be proclaimed to be true until there is sufficient proof for it to satisfy the scientific world that the point has been demonstrated.

We must begin by looking at the matter from the Church's standpoint. It is a good rule to endeavor to understand your opponent's position before you try to confute him; an excellent rule seldom complied with by anti-Catholic controversialists. Now the Church starts with the proposition that man has an immortal soul destined to eternal happiness or eternal misery, and she proceeds to claim that she has been divinely constituted to help man to enjoy a future happiness. Of course these are opinions which we do not all share, and with the arguments for and against which we cannot here deal. If a man is quite sure that he has no soul and that there is no hereafter there is nothing more to be said than: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Nothing very much matters in this world except that we should make ourselves as comfortable as we can during the few years we have to spend in it.

Again, there are others who, whilst believing the first doctrine set down above, will have none of the other. With them we enter into no argument here, and only say that to have a guide is better than to have no guide. Catholics, who accept gratefully her guidance, do believe that the Church can help a man to save his soul, and that she is entrusted, to that end, with certain powers. Her duty is to preserve and guard the Christian Revelation—the scheme of doctrine regarding belief and conduct by which Jesus Christ taught that souls were to be saved. She is not an arbitrary ruler. Her office is primarily that of Judge and Interpreter of the deposit of doctrine entrusted to her.

In this she claims to be safeguarded against error, though her infallible utterances would seem incredibly few, if summed up and presented to the more ignorant of her critics. She also claims to derive from her Founder legislative power by which she can make decrees, unmake them and vary them to suit different times and circumstances. She rightfully claims the obedience of her children to this exercise of her authority, but such disciplinary enactments, by their very nature variable and modifiable, do not and cannot come within the province of her infallibility, and admittedly they need not be always perfectly wise or judicious.

We saw just now that the State exercised a very large jurisdiction for the purpose of protecting the weak who were unable or little able to protect themselves. It is really important to remember, when we are considering the powers of the Church and her exercise of them, that these disciplinary powers are put in operation, not from mere arrogance or an arbitrary love of domination—as too many suppose—but with the primary intention of protecting and helping the weaker members of the flock. If the Church consisted entirely of theological experts a good deal of this exercise of disciplinary power might very likely be regarded as wholly unnecessary. Thus the Church freely concedes not only to priests and theologians, but to other persons adequately instructed in her teaching, full permission to read books which she has placed on her black list or *Index*—from which, in other words, she has warned off the weaker members of the flock.

The protection of the weak: surely, if it be deemed both wise

and just on the part of the civil government to protect its subjects by legislation in regard to adulterated goods, contagious diseases, unhealthy workshops, and dangerous machinery, why may not the Church safeguard her children, especially her weaker children, the special object of her care and solicitude, from noxious intellectual foods?

It is just here that the question of the *Index* arises. Put briefly, this is a list of books which are not to be read by Catholics unless they have permission to read them—a permission which, as we have just seen, is never refused when any good reason can be given for the request. I can understand the kind of person who says: "Exactly, locking up the truth. Why not let everybody read just what he likes?" To which I would reply that every parent has an *Index Prohibitorius* for his household; or ought to have one if he has not. The State also has its *Index Prohibitorius* and will not permit indecent books nor indecent pictures to be sold. It is only a question where the line is drawn.

We need not pursue the question of the *Index* any further, but before we leave it let us for a moment turn to another accusation levelled against Catholic men of science by anti-Catholic writers, that of concealing their real opinions on scientific matters, and even of professing views which they did not really hold, out of a craven fear of ecclesiastical denunciations. Now, as there are usually at least some smoldering embers of fire where there is smoke, there is just one small item of truth behind all this pother. No Catholic, scientific man or otherwise, who really honors his Faith would desire wilfully to advance theories apparently hostile to its teaching. Further, even if he were convinced of the truth of facts which might appear—it could only be "appear"—to conflict with that teaching, he would, in expounding them, either show how they could be harmonized with his religion, or, if he were wise, would treat his facts from a severely scientific point of view and leave other considerations to the theologians trained in directions almost invariably unexplored by scientific men. Perhaps the memory of old, far-off, unhappy events should not be recalled, but it is pertinent to remark that the troubles in connec-

tion with a man whose name once stood for all that was stalwart in Catholicism, did not originate in, nor were they connected with, any of the scientific books and papers of which the late Professor Mivart was the author, but with those theological essays which all his friends must regret that he should ever have written.

It may not be a waste of time briefly to consider two of the instances commonly brought up as examples when the allegation with which we are dealing is under consideration.

First of all, let us consider the case of Gabriel Fallopius, who lived—it is very important to note the date—1523-1562; a Catholic and a churchman. Now it is gravely asserted that Fallopius committed himself to misleading views which he knew to be misleading, because he thought that he was thereby serving the interest of the Church. What he said concerned fossils, then beginning to puzzle the scientific world of the day. Confronted with these objects, and living, as he did, in an unscientific age, when the six days of creation were interpreted as periods of twenty-four hours each, and the universality of the Noachian deluge was accepted by everybody, it would have been something of a miracle if he had at once fathomed the true meaning of the shark's teeth, elephant's bones, and other fossil remains which came under his notice. His idea was that all these things were mere concretions "generated by fermentation in the spots where they were found," as he very quaintly and absurdly put it. The accusation, however, is not that Fallopius made a mistake—as many another man has done—but that he deliberately expressed an opinion which he did not hold and did so from religious motives. Of course, this includes the idea that he knew what the real explanation was, for had he not known it, he could not have been guilty of making a false statement. There is no evidence whatever that Fallopius ever had so much as a suspicion of the real explanation, nor, it may be added, had any other man of science for the century which followed his death.

Then there arose another Catholic churchman, Nicolaus Stensen (1631-1686), who, by the way, ended his days as a bishop, who did solve the riddle, giving the answer which we accept to-day

as correct, and on whom was conferred by his brethren two hundred years later the title of "The Father of Geology." It is a little difficult to understand how the "unchanging Church" should have welcomed, or at least in no way objected to, Stensen's views when the mere entertainment of them by Fallopius is supposed to have terrified him into silence. But when the story of Fallopius is mistold, as indicated above, it need hardly be said that the story of Stensen is never so much as alluded to.

The real facts of the case are these: Fallopius was one of the most distinguished men of science of his day. Every medical student becomes acquainted with his name because it is attached to two parts of the human body which he first described. He made a mistake about fossils, and that is the plain truth—as far as we know, a most absurd mistake, but that is all. As we hinted above, he is very far from being the only scientific man who has made a mistake. Huxley had a very bad fall over *Bathybius* and was man enough to admit that he was wrong. Curiously enough, what Huxley thought a living thing really was a concretion, just as what Fallopius thought a concretion had been a living thing.

Another extremely curious fact is that another distinguished man of science, who lived three hundred years later than Fallopius and had all the knowledge which had accumulated during that prolific period to assist him, the late Philip Gosse, fell into the same pit as Fallopius. As his son tells us, he wrote a book to prove that when the sudden act of creation took place the world came into existence so constructed as to bear the appearance of a place which had been for æons inhabited by living things, or, as some of his critics unkindly put it, "God hid the fossils in the rocks in order to tempt geologists into infidelity." Gosse had the real answer under his eye which Fallopius had not, for the riddle was unread in the latter's days. Yet Gosse's really unpardonable mistake was attributed to himself alone, and "Plymouth Brethrenism," which was the sect to which he belonged was not saddled with it, nor have the Brethren been called obscurantists because of it.

Of course there is a second string to the accusation we are deal-

ing with. If the scientific man did really express new and perhaps startling opinions, they would have been much newer and much more startling had not he held himself in for fear of the Church and said about only half of what he might have said. It is the half instead of the whole loaf of the former accusation. Thus, in its notice of Stensen, the current issue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says: "Cautiously at first, for fear of offending orthodox opinion, but afterwards more boldly, he proclaimed his opinion that these objects [*viz.* fossils] had once been parts of living animals."

One may feel quite certain that if Stensen had not been a Catholic ecclesiastic this notice would have run—and far more truthfully—"Cautiously at first, until he felt that the facts at his disposal made his position quite secure, and then more boldly, etc., etc."

What in the ordinary man of science is caution, becomes cowardice in the Catholic. We shall find another example of this in the case of Buffon (1707-1788) often cited as that of a man who believed all that Darwin believed and one hundred years before Darwin, and who yet was afraid to say it because of the Church to which he belonged. This mistake is partly due to that lamentable ignorance of Catholic teaching, not to say that lamentable incapacity for clear thinking, on those matters, which afflicts some non-Catholic writers. Let us take an example from an eminently fairly written book, on which, dealing with Buffon, the author says: "I cannot agree with those who think that Buffon was an out-and-out evolutionist who concealed his opinions for fear of the Church. No doubt he did trim his sails—the palpably insincere *Mais non, il est certain par la révélation que tous les animaux ont également participé à la grâce de la création,* following hard upon the too bold hypothesis of the origin of all species from a single one, is a proof of it." Of course it is nothing of the kind, for, whatever Buffon may have meant, and none but himself could tell us, it is perfectly clear that whether creation was mediate (as under transformism considered from a Christian point of view it would be) or immediate, every created thing would participate in

the grace of creation, which is just the point which the writer from whom the quotation has been made, has missed.

The same writer furnishes us with the real explanation of Buffon's attitude when he says that Buffon was "too sane and matter-of-fact a thinker to go much beyond his facts, and his evolution doctrine always remained tentative." Buffon, like many another man, from St. Augustine down to our own times, considered the transformist explanation of living nature. He saw that it unified and simplified the conceptions of species and that there were certain facts which seemed strongly to support it. But he does not seem to have thought that they were sufficient to establish it and he puts forward his views in the tentative manner which has just been suggested.

The fact is that those who father the accusation with which we have been dealing either do not know, or scrupulously conceal their knowledge, that what they proclaim to be scientific cowardice is really scientific caution, a thing to be lauded and not to be decried.

Let us turn to apply the considerations with which we have been concerned to the case of Galileo, to which generally misunderstood affair we must very briefly allude, since it is the stand-by of anti-Catholic controversialists. Monsignor Benson, in connection with the quotation recently cited, proclaimed himself "a violent defender of the Cardinals against Galileo." Perhaps no one will be surprised at his attitude, but those who are not familiar with his *Life and Letters* will certainly be surprised to learn that Huxley, after examining into the question, "arrived at the conclusion that the Pope and the College of Cardinals had rather the best of it."

None the less it is the stock argument. Father Hull, S.J., whose admirable, outspoken, and impartial study of the case should be on everybody's bookshelves, freely admits that the Roman Congregation made a mistake in this matter and thus takes up a less favorable position towards them than even the violently anti-Catholic Huxley.

No one will deny that the action of the Congregation was due

to a desire to prevent simple persons from having their faith upset by a theory which seemed at the time to contradict the teaching of the Bible. Remember that it was only a theory and that, when it was put forward, and indeed for many years afterwards, it was not only a theory, but one supported by no sufficient evidence. It was not in fact until many years after Galileo's death that final and convincing evidence as to the accuracy of his views was laid before the scientific world. There can be but little doubt that if Galileo had been content to discuss his theory with other men of science, and not to lay it down as a matter of proved fact—which, as we have seen, it was not—he would never have been condemned. Whilst we may admit, with Father Hull, that a mistake was made in this case, we may urge, with Cardinal Newman, that it is the only case in which such a thing has happened—surely a remarkable fact. It is not for want of opportunities. Father Hull very properly cites various cases where a like difficulty might possibly have arisen, but where, as a matter of fact, it has not.

What the Church does—and surely it must be clear that from her standpoint she could not do less—is to instruct Catholic men of science not to proclaim as proved facts such modern theories—and there are many of them—as still remain wholly unproved, when these theories seem to conflict with the teachings of the Church. This is very far from saying that Catholics are forbidden to study such theories.

On the contrary, they are encouraged to do so, and that, need it be said, with the one idea of ascertaining the truth? Men of science, Catholic and otherwise, have, as a matter of fact, been time and again encouraged by Popes and other ecclesiastical authorities to go on searching for the truth, never, however, neglecting the wise maxim that all things must be proved. So long as a theory is unproved, it must be candidly admitted that it is a crime against science to proclaim it to be incontrovertible truth, yet this crime is being committed every day. It is really against it that the *magisterium* of the Church is exercised.

THE LIMITS OF LOGIC

By James M. Gillis

I

Perhaps the most curious of all the vagaries of modern philosophy is the theory that a fact or a system of thought may be irrational and yet true. To normal-minded persons, such an idea suggests lunacy; and yet it has been championed, or tolerated, by famous philosophers. Immanuel Kant, for example, would not have been scandalized by the philosophy of "irrationalism." More than any one else, he is responsible for it. His distinction between "pure reason" and "practical reason," with his theory that what is repugnant to pure reason may be consonant with practical reason, is only one step from the statement that what is logically false may be actually true. His greatest disciple went so far as to say, not only that "true" and "false" are convertible terms, but that "to be" is the same as "not to be."

"The man in the street" will be tempted to say, "If this be philosophy, philosophy is mad." But the madness is not confined to philosophers. Kant, after all, was only continuing the traditions of a very unphilosophic person, Martin Luther. When Martin Luther declared that "reason must be absolutely excluded from theology," he had not the slightest intention of suggesting that theology is false. He meant that theology is unreasonable, but true. The modernists of two decades ago maintained that what was false for the historian might be true for the theologian, that what was a fact for faith might not be a fact in history. To think like that is to commit mental suicide.

More recently, we have been witnesses to the climax of the theory of irrationalism. "Christian Science" and other similar bizarre religions glory in the repudiation of reason. "Begin by

denying the testimony of all your senses," says Mrs. Eddy. *"Credo quia impossibile"* would be an appropriate legend on the corner stone of the temples of Eddyism, and over the door, they might chisel the motto, "Abandon sense, all ye who enter here." The sentiment, at least, would certainly not faze the worshippers.

But Catholic philosophy, as usual, agrees with the man in the street, for Scholasticism is the philosophy of common sense. It is Catholic doctrine that reason and faith are twin gifts of God, and that one is as sacred as the other. We dare not sin against reason any more than against faith. Furthermore, no one who believes in revelation can afford to impugn reason, for reason is the recipient of revelation. If reason is worthless, revelation is vain.

Again, it is reason that makes us human. The sacrifice of reason is a kind of human sacrifice, and human sacrifice is the worst of crimes—short of deicide. The rationalist who declared, rather melodramatically, "If an Almighty God will send me to hell for not believing what I see no reason to believe, then to hell I will go," was theologically correct, even though not very pious in expression. No man will be damned for not believing, if he is convinced that he cannot reasonably believe. On the contrary, he might be damned for believing against reason. Conscience and reason are one. To violate reason is to violate conscience. And as Newman quotes from the Fourth Lateran Council, *"Quidquid fit contra conscientiam, ædificat ad gehennam."*

II

Is there, then, no slightest glimmer of truth in the philosophy of irrationalism? Is it absolutely false? The answer is that nothing is "absolutely" false. The human mind is infinitely ingenious in the invention of error, but it has never yet invented an "absolute" error. An error that is altogether an error is a metaphysical impossibility. Whatever *is,* is true. If a thing has no truth whatever, it can have no existence whatever.

Now, the element of truth in irrationalism would seem to amount only to something like this. Truth (and, let us say, particularly supernatural, transcendental, religious truth) is not to

be sought exclusively with the mind. To attempt to scrutinize religion with the reason alone, rigidly excluding every other faculty and every passion, is inhuman. The mind, of course, is the instrument by which man seeks to apprehend truth, but a man is something more than his mind. *"Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto."* "I am a human being; nothing human is foreign to me." We must not say, "I am a mind; only the mind concerns me." The heart is no less human than the mind. To banish the heart when the mind is engaged in the high occupation of thinking, is to make oneself temporarily less human or even inhuman. To dissever the heart from the mind is a criminal operation.

Pascal, though he had the scientific type of mind and was incapable of sentimentalism, has said, *"Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point."* "The heart has reasons of its own," and One greater than Pascal has insinuated the same idea. Christ's familiar saying, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy mind," is more significant than they imagine who speak it glibly but do not ponder it. We ordinarily think of love as the function of the heart, but Our Savior indicates that we may love with the mind. Perhaps, *a pari,* we may think with the heart. At least, we may say that the heart and mind should seek truth together. "Should" is an inadequate word. As a matter of fact, the heart and the mind *must* and *do* seek truth together. We cannot isolate our faculties from one another. In these days of psychic research, we read much about the "dissociation of personality," but that phenomenon is pathological. Normally, man's mind cannot be divided or dissociated from the rest of his nature. The component parts of the human being cannot "live and move and have their being" independently, at least in this world.

III

Now, this little venture into psychology may seem irrelevant to the question of the use of reason in religion, but it is really quite to the point. When men say that religion is not rational, they

mean that reason disproves religion. That cannot be. Man's reason cannot disprove religion unless man's heart also disproves. If the mind leads us away from religion and the heart leads us toward religion, how can we know that the mind is right and the heart wrong? There have been cases when the mind was mistaken. The heart is not always the deceiver. Indeed, the human race possibly makes more mistakes with the head than with the heart. The poet seeks truth with the heart, the logician with the head, and the poet probably finds the truth oftener than the logician. There is more truth and more wisdom in Shakespeare than in Kant. Robert Browning speaks of the Pope who became very wise by "studying many hearts, beginning with his own." The proper study of mankind is man, the whole man, not merely the mind of man. We frequently speak, in these scientific days, of the revelation "written in the rocks." There is a revelation written in the heart. And the ancient philosopher who said, "Know thyself," is at least as wise as the modern geologist who says, "Know the fossils." If we follow the leading of the heart, we shall at least be human, and to be human is no handicap in the pursuit of truth.

Furthermore, the heart and the mind cannot really contradict each other, any more than the senses can give one another the lie. If the eye tells me that a certain substance is wood, while the touch reveals the fact that it is steel, there is a seeming contradiction; but the mistake is in the mind, which interprets the testimony of the senses. In this instance, the testimony of the touch corrects the testimony of the sight. In the next instance, the sight may correct the touch. Truth is discoverable by neither the one nor the other working alone, but by both working together. The eye must not say to the hand, "I have no need of thee," nor must the hand despise the testimony of the eye. It is so with the mind and the heart. The mind must not despise the heart. The heart must not repudiate the mind. Shakespeare sings:

> "Tell me where is fancy bred,
> Or in the heart or in the head?"

We might say:

"Tell me where is knowledge bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?"

The answer is, "In both." St. Jerome says, "Plato located the mind of man in his head, Christ located it in the heart." A more accurate statement might be that Christ located it in the head and in the heart.

The acme of bigotry and intolerance is to maintain that a man must not accept any conclusion unless it is reached in one only authorized, orthodox way. I have known a professor of mathematics who rejected a perfect solution of a problem in geometry because a student had not reached the conclusion according to the paradigm in the textbook. The professor was a scientific bigot. The student may have been a potential Euclid. A similar intolerance is manifest in many an unbeliever, and many an agnostic.

The unbeliever says: "I reject religion because my reason is against it. I confess that my heart, my emotions, all my being, apart from my reason, cry out for faith; but I must follow reason." Absolutely speaking, he is right. He must ultimately follow reason. But his reason is neither final nor infallible. It is reformable. And he may well suspect that his reason is wrong when all the rest of his nature protests against reason. Reason has its rights, but it must not be a tyrant. Why not appeal *ab intellectu male formato, ad intellectum melius informandum?*

The agnostic is in a similar position. He says: "I have used my intellect diligently, and I can reach no conclusion. I arrive neither at an affirmative nor a negative, but only a doubt." "But," we say, "you have followed the way of the mind alone. Suppose you try the way of the mind aided by the heart." And the agnostic answers: "I would rather have no knowledge at all than gain it with the help of the heart." "I have been so long accustomed to constitute my reason as sole judge of truth," says G. J. Romanes,[1] "that even while reason itself tells me that it is unreasonable not to expect that the heart and the will should join with reason in seeking God, I am still too jealous of my reason

[1] *Thoughts on Religion,* p. 14.

to exercise my will in the direction of my most heartfelt desires." Some one might have helped Romanes by a suggestion of compromise or of combination. He might have refused to accept any conclusion not arrived at by the combined use of the mind and the heart. He would have been justified in rejecting the testimony of the heart alone, but not the testimony of the mind and heart.

The modern psychologist, even more than the philosopher and the poet, ought to agree that the whole man, and not merely the mind of man, should be engaged in the quest of truth. For if we have learned anything from psychology in recent years, it is that the dissociation of the faculties, the isolation of the intellect from the will or from the heart, is a psychological mistake. The psychologists insist that man is a unit. If so, his mind is not at odds with his heart. The perfect man is the one in whom we find "the mind and heart according well."

Now, it is a fact that the human heart everlastingly and incurably tends to religion. There is a significant phrase, "the inveterate mysticism of the human heart." To ignore that fact, or to recognize it and reject it as useless, when one is in pursuit of the truth about religion, is a capital mistake in method, if not a sin. Yet that mistake is frequent. It has caused much unbelief.

Another kindred mistake is that of scientists of the materialist school who reach their conclusions by a combination of sheer logic with physical experimentation. They think of man as a mere mechanism. They work upon the theory that the only place to study human nature is a physiologico-psychological laboratory. The only data they seek about man are such as can be recorded upon a disk or a dial with an automatic pen. They measure human nature with machines, as they weigh the atmosphere with a barometer. The materialists have rejected revelation, but in its place they have adopted the curious superstition that "science" is the only means of arriving at truth. To them there is no other name under heaven whereby we may be saved but the name of science. Their fundamental dogma is that "all the phenomena of life, including the poetry of Shakespeare and Wordsworth, the

reasonings of Aristotle or of Sir Isaac Newton, and all minor manifestations of life, can be explained, and will some day be explained, in terms of chemical equations and physical experiments." [2]

There is an old phrase about the futility of measuring all things with a yardstick. Some modern scientists imagine that they can analyze all things in a test tube. But, as Hamlet says, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy," so we may say, "There are more things in heaven and earth than can be tested in your laboratory." There are some things in human nature that cannot be boiled with a Bunsen burner, or ground in a mortar with a pestle. We may explain a sunset by chemistry, but chemistry will not explain the rapture we experience at the sight of a glorious sunset. There is nothing in laboratories to explain why we weep over a bit of black print on a white page, or why a spasm of sobbing runs through a theater when some one on the stage is merely causing the atmosphere to vibrate (as the scientist might say) with "words, words, words."

Emotions, passions, instincts, may seem rather thin stuff to the man who deals only in chemical elements or physical forces, but the emotions and instincts are among the big facts of human life. Music, poetry, love, patriotism, religion, joy, suffering, humor, are more potent than oxygen or carbon or hydrogen. For in the last resort, the destinies of mankind are invariably guided, not by concrete facts of the sense world, but by ideas which are acknowledged to exist only in the mental world.

In the great moments of existence, when a man rises to spiritual freedom, these are the things which he feels to be real. It is by these and for these, that he is found to live, work, suffer, die. "Man, dimly realizing this, has ever bowed to them as to immortal centers of energy." [3] In other words, there must be a reality behind these phenomena. Wherever a human function has persisted, unwearied by time, uncrushed by disappointment, rising

[2] Windle, *Facts and Theories*, p. 56.
[3] Underhill, *Mysticism*, p. 15.

to its noblest form and finest use in the noblest and finest souls, that function corresponds to some reality. Hunger could not be unless there were food to satisfy hunger. There could be no breathing without air, no intellectual life without truth, or, to continue the thought, religion could never have existed if there were no God.

It would seem that the scientists should treat such facts scientifically. The everlasting existence of intangible facts is evident. The predominating influence which they exercise upon human life is equally obvious. He who affects to ignore the existence of these intangible but very real facts is unwise and unscientific.

Still another curious mistake of the materialists is the notion that they may learn more about man by studying animals, than by studying man. Mr. Garner, an ardent Darwinian, spent a quarter of a century in Africa, living for the greater part of that time in a cage placed in the depths of the jungle, listening to, and recording on a dictograph, what he was pleased to call the "conversation" of baboons and gorillas and chimpanzees. We may "admire" (in the etymological sense) such devotion, but we feel convinced that he could have spent his time to better advantage, and could have learned more truth by an equally constant attendance at a hospital, by repeated visits to the tenement districts, or even by a daily dash into the subway. His aim, of course, was to learn something about man. The simians had no interest to him apart from their problematical relationship with humans. But with millions of human specimens at hand, why should he plunge into the manless jungle to learn about man? It seems unscientific.

Furthermore, they who call religion irrational, cannot refuse to submit their opinion to a thoroughly practical, or, in the Jamesian sense, pragmatic test. The crucial question for any theory is, "How does it work?" How would it work if it were carried out to its logical conclusion?

The average unbeliever imagines that he is criticized by the orthodox because he thinks too much. The truth is, we criticize him because he thinks too little. He imagines that we find fault

with him because in his skepticism he goes too far. The truth is, we find fault because he doesn't go far enough. He fancies that we condemn him because he has the courage of his own convictions. The truth is, we condemn him because he hasn't the courage of his own convictions. So, we find fault with unbelief, not merely as sinful, but as impracticable.

Does a man say, "There is no God"? Then let him preach atheism. Christ said, "Go, teach all nations. Preach My Gospel to every creature." Let atheists preach *their* gospel. Tell men there is no God, no soul, no future life, no responsibility, no judgment. Do not confine these things to the university. Translate your philosophical theories into language that the people can understand. Then preach them, popularize them. Tell the thief that he has no free will, that he cannot help stealing. Tell the adulterer that man has no spiritual soul, he is one with the beasts, after all is only an animal, and that, being only an animal, he must follow his animal cravings. Tell the murderer that there is no God. Of course, the Bible says that God thundered at Cain, the first murderer: "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to Me from the earth." But tell him that the Bible is a myth and that God is only a dream of the timorous imagination of a savage. Tell a man or woman hesitating on the brink of suicide, "When you're dead, you're dead. There is no hereafter, no hell. See it through, have the courage of your convictions." If unbelief is good for any one, it is good for the whole world. Win the world to unbelief. Convert the human race to atheism. Take men off their knees. Tell women to stop praying. Teach the children that they have no Father in heaven. See the thing through. Don't take refuge under cowardly agnosticism. Agnosticism is only a halfway house to atheism. "Agnosticism" is only a polite word with which timid men soothe their consciences. Away with timidity. Be courageous. Go through to the limit.

If you succeed, you will, of course, destroy religion. But you will likewise destroy civilization: no law, no order, no conscience, no free will, no rewards for virtue, no punishment for crime, no such thing as sin; everything lawful. You cry for logic. Well,

then, use logic. If there is no God, there is no judgment. If there is no future life, there is no reckoning beyond the grave. If there is no free will, there is no moral responsibility. If there is no responsibility, there should be no police and no courts of justice. It is a subterfuge to speak of incarceration or segregation of the irresponsible in the interests of society. Incarceration and segregation are punishments. And where there has been no crime, there should be no punishment. If atheists and agnostics convert the race to their principles, society is at an end. The whole world will come tumbling down about our heads, and all the earth will be littered with the ruins of civilization. One conclusion seems inevitable: if religion is irrational, civilization is impossible. The work of creation, or, if you prefer, the work of millions of years of evolution, will be undone. Chaos will return.

And when the destroyers have reached this crazy conclusion, they will, perhaps, be persuaded that there is something wrong either with their first principles or with our logic.

The logic is faultless, mercilessly accurate. The fault is in the first principles, and first principles are not usually the fruit of logic. Logic alone cannot discover truth. Logic alone cannot save. *Non in dialectica placuit Deo salvum facere populum suum.* If one is on the right road, logic will help him along. If he is on the wrong road, logic only accentuates his mistake and hastens his ruin.

Finally—to approach the matter from a different angle—almost all the sentiments and actions which the human race declares noble, are illogical (using the word in the sense of the rationalists). It is "irrational," "illogical," for an able-bodied young man on the deck of a steamer, sinking in mid-ocean, to give the last place in the lifeboat to a decrepit old creature—"illogical" but magnificent. It is "irrational" for a member of the Fire Department, perhaps a handsome, stalwart fellow in the prime of life, to dash headlong through the flames to rescue a cripple—perhaps the rationalist would say, a useless cripple.

So of a thousand other noble actions. The patriot who dies a martyr's death on the battlefield, while a gang of politicians are

jawing at one another in the senate of his nation, is "irrational." All patriotism is irrational, if you believe the International Socialists.

A mother's love for a wayward, scapegrace boy; a wife's patience with a drunken husband; a missionary's self-sacrifice amongst savages or lepers; a physician's ready willingness to go to the bedside of a plague-stricken patient, whose life he cannot possibly save or even prolong; the devotion of nurses and young doctors who go to China to fight the bubonic plague, or to Africa to help the victims of the sleeping sickness—these, and ten thousand other deeds that you may read of on any page of the daily press, and a countless multitude of others that never achieve publicity or even a line in a newspaper, are all "irrational."

One could not sit down and calculate in cold blood the advantage of saving a Chinese coolie or an African savage at the cost of the life of a highly intelligent, noble-minded, superbly gifted white man. One cannot prove logically, mathematically, "rationally," the wisdom of a Father Damien, the man who made himself a leper for his brethren, or of a Father Jogues, the nicely cultured gentleman who went into the American wilderness and was tomahawked by the Indians he was trying to save. But, by the common consent of mankind, these things are in the highest and best sense human.

One may, perhaps, prefer to be "logical" rather than human. One may imagine that there is something ignoble about being merely human, and that man rises superior to humanity by the use of reason or "logic." Indeed, this might be called the philosophic attitude. But humanity is older and wiser than philosophy. It is not well to be opposed to the human race. Even a philosopher may be wrong if he disagrees with mankind. And mankind is, as we have said, incurably religious, inveterately mystical.

CHURCHES, INC.

By Henry Longan Stuart

In "The Crisis in the Churches," [1] the Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks makes an honest attempt to give us plans and specifications for the construction of a national American church out of such débris of faith and morals as the war has left lying around. Dr. Parks, as a good churchman, is distressed at the failure of dogmatic religion to compete for favor with such distractions as moving pictures, motoring, golf and worse. As a good Episcopalian he is disquieted by the movements towards union that are defining themselves among sister churches and are taking no heed of the qualifications of his own body for leadership. He notes, for instance, and not altogether with approval, that the Baptist communion, that rod of Aaron cut for the backs of unrighteousness, has recently swallowed some Presbyterian rods that happened to be in its vicinity. While not averse to corporate action in its proper place, "the eighteenth amendment suggests itself to him as the result of a great simultaneous move of the churches towards moral righteousness," he seems to think the step was out of hierarchical order. In common parlance, Dr. Parks thinks it would be better sportsmanship to bunch the hits.

To his task of selling the merger-idea to the churches Dr. Parks brings no mean equipment. He has erudition and grace of style and an historical honesty that even impels him to quote from Froude what is perhaps the most damning parallel between latter-day churchmanship and the desiccated religion of the late Roman Empire ever penned. His temper is sunny, except now and then when the current of his argument drifts him beneath

[1] "The Crisis in the Churches." Leighton Parks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

the shadow of the beetling Rock of Peter. Trite and stereotyped attacks on the "frightful abuse" of the Roman Catholic confessional are at this writing a work of supererogation. But these attacks are isolated and in contrast with a generally tolerant attitude towards the Roman communion. Dr. Parks goes so far as to admit that the Catholic church is "the spiritual arm of the police." This may mean either that the bulk of the criminal classes adhere to Rome or that the Roman church is the only one that has not written the criminal off as a bad debt. Possibly the doctor's attitude is that of the sailor who was dying in edifying dispositions, yet demurred at renouncing the devil in set phrase on the reasonable plea that it seemed to him "no time to be making enemies."

Above all, Dr. Parks's arguments are informed with that strange and disarming humility that seems to be the keynote of the Episcopal body both in England and America. It is getting harder and harder to criticize the church of Cranmer and Herbert. Its ministers are so convinced that they have sinned and that there is no health in them that to point out fresh failings and missed opportunities seems very like breaking the bruised reed. They take their places at the bottom of the table with so ostentatious a lowliness that it is hardly in human nature to avoid calling them up higher. Thus, Dr. Parks is fully conscious that there are excellent historical reasons why Episcopacy never struck its roots deep in the United States. New England was founded by men who hated Lambeth only a little less than they hated Rome. The frontier was opened up and carried forward during the second Evangelical revival, in which the Established Church was again the villain of the piece. The real contacts—the contacts which counted—between the grandchildren of the pilgrims and the older church were made at a time when Erastianism and simony had gnawed its spiritual substance to the bone. "The piety of the Mother Church at that time," Dr. Parks confesses, "was at a low ebb." The Church of England, in short, from the very beginning has been an uninvited, at best a tolerated and often a cold-shouldered guest in America.

Social considerations in England have done much to help the Established Church in its struggle against encroachments. Episcopacy in the older country is so steadily recruited from the wealthier elements in dissent that it was once a proverb in the Midlands that "a carriage never stops two generations in Methodism." In America, on the contrary, the wealth and might of the "free churches" have waxed with the wealth and might of their loyal sons. Love of power, which their constitution flatters to the full, the Pharisaism latent in serious and successful men, and above all, the very great influence of women, who more gradually become accustomed to new social status, combine to keep the multi-millionaire in the church of his fathers. As a result, we see immense funds and resources placed at the disposal of crude and narrow communions with a meager deposit of culture and with an appeal that seems more and more keyed to reach the groundling. "I regret to say," the rector of St. Bartholomew's confesses, "that the chief burden of the sermons to which I have listened has been the evils of intemperance or the use of tobacco . . . a meager fare for the hungry sheep." Meager fare, indeed, but excellent business! The hooch-cum-sex sermon has done more to sell the churches to the press, put standing-room-only signs on Gothic porticoes and bring fat envelopes rustling into collection-plates than all the evangelical Christianity that shall be preached between now and doomsday. I should like Dr. Parks to imagine himself, for one dull Sunday night, a syndicate editor offering to an out-of-town paper two stories: one, "Dr. Parks wants more spirituality in Churches"; the other, "Sees risk to youth in petting parties and hip-flasks." Which one would the out-of-town editor order? I give Dr. Parks one guess.

Under such circumstances to suggest a re-union of churches beneath the fostering wing of Episcopacy, with its alien origin and its obscure and dubious record in great national crises, seems at first sight in the nature of a forlorn hope. It is true that Christianity itself began with the most forlorn of hopes. Even at this day the Church of the cavaliers, comparatively free of

control by the worldly laity, might catch the breath of a new message and, as so many of its High Church brethren in England are doing, take staff and scrip into mill town and coal field where the harvest is almost spectrally white to the reaper. After all, its emotional heritage is rich, its doctrine singularly elastic and its position as the Via Media strategically good. If it be indeed, as Dr. Parks claims it is, preëminently the apostolic as opposed to the pastoral or prophetic church, opportunities for a poverty quite apostolic lie within easy reach.

It would be interesting to know what the rector of St. Bartholomew's, who tells us that "in England the Church represents the people and the people are loyal to the Church," is thinking as he reads "Painted Windows." [2] Perhaps it is the weight of authority with which the "Gentleman with a Duster" speaks that makes him at times rather a heavy-handed housemaid. I would suggest that the next time he does any dusting among mirrors, heirlooms and ecclesiastical ornaments, another gentleman, with a glue-pot this time, should follow close behind. It is rather an amazing gallery that the author of "Painted Windows" limns for us, and imagination hovers playfully over the problem of what would happen to the group if they were to visit America, anonymously and unvouched for by anything but their spoken or written words. No revision of history in the last century has been more sweeping than the discovery that the Reformation in England was a conservative, even a class-movement. The apparent wealth and power of the old Church—power quite illusory, for its possessions fell from it at the first summons—and the lowly status of the zealots who suffered in the Marian interregnum, no longer obscure the fact that those who from the security of place and power pushed the great change to a successful conclusion were mainly parvenus of conspicuous wealth, men of the stripe of Seymour, Dudley, North and Burleigh, eager to consolidate their gains and patriotically averse to the internationalism of Rome. The "new sobriety of thought

[2] "Painted Windows." A Gentleman with a Duster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

and moral earnestness" that are claimed by the British writer as the immediate result of the Reformation were accompanied by a new harshness towards the poor and the unstable. Dogmatically and logically the Lambeth compromise was a palpable misfit. The best proof that temperamentally it was a vast and abundant success is that those bodies of dissent which have broken away, however fanatically, from its discipline, have, as wealth and repute accrued, reverted insensibly to the parent type. To-day Dr. Parks can see nothing except a little overinsistence on dogma on the one hand, and an overvaluation of congregational autonomy on the other, as hindering complete reunion in America. Compass and measure, balance and foresight, a great outward decorum, a certain coldness to undue ardors that entail catastrophes, all the virtues, in short, associated with the bourgeois temperament and the stability of worldly enterprises, are the latifundia of the Protestant churches, whether or no by law established.

If we appeal from the foundation to the Founder, to Christ from those who use His name, we find no warrant for believing that the Church of His intention was ever conceived as a stabilizing force. It was to be disruptive, rather. "Not peace but a sword." Its unit of organization was a mobile one, eminently adapted for fugitive and transient worship, "Wherever two or three of you are gathered together. . . ." Its temple was one built without hands. Christ seems to have missed the love of orderly minds for architecture. He went behind a cloud at the mere suggestion of tabernacles. He chose as the rock on which to build His Church an ignorant and undisciplined fisherman, full of love but not averse on occasion to a swinging blow at law and order as embodied in the armed Temple guards, the "strong-arm men" of Caiaphas. It is the fashion to represent the Petrine church as fettered with dogma by Paul and put into State prison by Constantine. The fact remains that for centuries after Apostle and Emperor were memories, the Church kept throwing out one fine blossom of unworldliness after another; devout and disorderly souls who nested on pillars, or did light housekeeping in caves; friar saints, wild with the joy of possessing nothing, who preached

to birds and fishes; anchorite saints who walled themselves into churches like swallows; hobo saints like Benedict Labre, who even accounted the lice next their skin for glory; and yet, all of them, men or women whom the Church has somehow authenticated and canonized. In spite of all the glories of Rome, the Roman Church remains essentially the gypsy church, of much splendor and little ease, where the hair shirt is apt to lurk under the golden chasuble and the foolish to confound the wise. The very fanes worthiest of her reproduce the architecture of the forest, and crumbling wall and pillar stand all over the world to show where her caravan rested a night. To her Xaviers and Jogues heathendom has beckoned, not so much as a harvest ground for souls as a vast playground of the cramped spirit where manna might whiten the sands and wild torrents again leap from the rock. Light-hearted envoys, taking nothing but sacramental hands, and over-fond perhaps of dressing up like bonzes and braves—at least for them the flag never waved above the cross, the ear was never laid to the ground to make sure that British gunboat or American consul followed behind. We are a long way indeed from "the bishops of the Episcopal Church . . . as fine a body of men as the country produces. They are unquestionably superior in character and wisdom to the Senate and compare favorably with the Federal judges of the country."

No one is entitled to prophesy with any degree of certainty to Dr. Parks, the Gentleman with the Duster or any other gentleman, that the churches of their obedience, just because they function best in an orderly and docile world, will not eventually fulfil all human needs. Forces whose intensity and persistence may not be undervalued are working to-day towards a consolidation of British and American destinies. To many this new "call of the blood" may seem nothing nobler than the selfish cry of a menaced social order calling for help to one stronger and even more deeply committed. In any case, it was not likely that the field of religion would long be neglected, and Dr. Parks's book is proof how plausible the call for consolidation can be made. It may be that out of his vision of a universal American

Protestant Church wedded to the British Archbishop's dream of an Imperial British Church, something might evolve to give the world a new center of gravity. The racial god may succeed where the national god is admittedly a failure. The two would undoubtedly make a tremendously powerful combination. The consecrated wealth of America may yet repair the fissures, reglaze the painted windows, build back the Church of England into the fabric of the political State from which the war has jolted it loose, purge out the leaven of socialism and idealism, and re-affirm the "sobriety of thought" of the original Reformers.

Only, Dr. Parks, even in the name of the "via media," can not have it both ways. He can not in one breath assign the ruin of Israel to its desire to keep the revelation within racial limits, and in the next give us so revealing a sentence as this: "The Episcopal Church is the only American religious organization that is consciously endeavoring to keep alive the spirit of unity among the English-speaking peoples of the world. And this it is seeking to do by reminding us of the fundamental glory of the English people."

That way safety may lie, but that way lies also polytheism. We have a right to know where we stand—a right to know that when we take our places with Dr. Parks and his fellow-uniates we are not following leaders in a procession that is treading hard on the heels of a broken and discredited past.

CONVERSION

By Frederick Joseph Kinsman

The vanishing of illusions and removal of prejudices are not conversion. Many of the changes of opinion which I have recorded not only came about while I had no intention of giving up my post in the Episcopal Church, but were quite consistent with holding it. My opinions in regard to Roman Catholicism passed through four stages: it is not so bad after all; it is really quite good; it is the best thing I know; it is the Church. Only when the last was reached was there genuine conversion. None of the others, not even the third, compelled change of allegiance. It is quite conceivable that any non-Catholic might hold them, and even take up the cudgels in behalf of Roman Catholicism, as an interested outsider, intent on fair play. But at the last stage one's duty is obvious. If the Roman Communion is to be identified with the Catholic Church, one who believes in the Catholic Church must seek admission with no regard to terms. To believe in the Church is to trust it to know what is right. Unconditional surrender alone is possible. My attitude for a long time was that of an approving critic: I knew that, if conversion came, it must become that of a penitent sinner.

The change came eventually with recognition of the primacy as integral and essential to the Church, that is, of the papal claim. I have not yet acted on the conviction for three reasons.[1] At the time it came, I was still Bishop of Delaware. I wished to make a formal statement of reasons. I have wished to test the conviction by a little waiting. I have had no doubt as to the outcome. For some time it has seemed to me that the only possible alternatives are Roman Catholicism or Agnosticism. To my surprise

[1] This was written just before Mr. Kinsman entered the Catholic Church.

I have been feeling the force of agnostic arguments. Never for a moment have I believed it possible that I should end in Agnosticism; but I have seen plainly the plausibility of much that can be said in its behalf. Divided Christendom repels and paralyzes. So I have wished to wait a little, on my own account, as well as, for various reasons, on account of others. The conviction has become stronger and clearer day by day. All sorts of things, before confused, have dropped into obviously right places. There has come a new semblance of order into the world as one looks out upon it. The efforts of private judgment to appraise, understand, and pronounce upon everything have come to seem ridiculous. Many old opinions appear useless and foolish, though often having new value as gaining a place in relation to things as a whole. So far as I am personally concerned, the only feeling is one of content. I have not been seeking personal happiness, or peace, or usefulness. I have wished to be identified with the Catholic Church to which my life has been pledged. In having found what I believe to be the true Ark of Salvation, every personal wish is satisfied by reception into it. Presumably my active life ends; but that makes no difference. It is certainly a great relief to exchange the task of trying to reform the Church—the necessary effort for all who hold my former point of view—for the simpler one of letting the Church try to reform me! That seems a more reasonable way to view things.

One satisfaction in making this decision, if that word can be applied to recognition of an obvious duty and necessity, is that it is the choice of the leaden casket. "Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath." There can be no other condition for gaining anything really worth while. "What many men desire" and "As much as he deserves" obviously correspond to inferior motives and inferior attainments. In Delaware I had what many men desire and much more than I deserved. To begin with, it was so identified with all I was bound to value most highly, that from every point of view I could give and hazard everything for what it stood for. It was impossible to wish for anything else. But with a changed point of view, so

that for *me* it no longer stood for the things of supreme value, I could not keep it. That would have been an injury to all concerned. What now possesses chief value for me is elsewhere. The Kingdom of Heaven is "treasure hid in a field" and a "pearl of great price." Possession, not cost, is the thing to consider. And this even when part of the price must be paid by other people. The end can only bring good and happiness to all concerned. The only thing worth while is doing duty as we see it; the only things worth having are those for which we most care. I for one have had things I set great store by; and I have them now.

Newman once said: "Rome did not make us Catholics: Oxford made us Catholics." I should venture to put myself in this category, if I did not feel it necessary to look behind Oxford to St. Paul's School. St. Paul's School made me a Catholic, in giving rudiments of belief, and in stimulating religious instincts, which, if they were allowed to live and grow, could only be satisfied with what was believed to be the Catholic Church. The St. Paul's teaching only pointed directly to the life in the Episcopal Church, of which it gave an attractive example: but it seems to me now to have been pointing through that toward something else. I cannot set up to be a good specimen of what St. Paul's ought to produce; yet it would seem to me that the course my experience has made necessary, is, for me at least, the only way of living up to my St. Paul's birthright.

So far am I from repudiating the religious experiences which I have shared in the past, that it is enthusiastic veneration for them, and belief in their reality, that impels me toward what I believe guarantees them. Grace may be given without being guaranteed. I have a sort of "receptionist theory" of Orders and Sacraments, in view of anomalous conditions in the Christian world. The Church, as divinely-appointed means of salvation, alone guarantees gifts of Divine grace. Yet there are many who, from no fault of their own, do not and cannot know where and what the Church is. In perfectly good faith they come before God, believing themselves to be in his Church, and wishing to receive all that through the Church He gives. Belief in Divine

PROVIDENCE IN THE WEST
BROADWAY and PALM STS.
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

love and mercy compels us to assume that God will not fail them. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." "According to thy faith be it unto thee." Our Lord certainly gives full measure of His grace to all who can receive it; and, no matter what the defects of ecclesiastical systems, He will not fail to respond to perfectly good faith.

This is not a notion I have recently taken up in order to escape personal difficulties. Believing in Episcopacy as Divine-ordered, I used to think of the Church as existing in its three branches, which held to the Historic Episcopate. Through the Church so conceived, I believed that there was normal ministration of grace. Yet I did not think that this was never given through non-episcopal religious bodies. For example, in the case of my own Presbyterian and Congregationalist connections. In the ecclesiastical systems with which they were identified I did not believe; yet when they presented themselves humbly before God wishing His grace, I never doubted that they received all that was possible, and, in many ways, what is normally given through the Church. With a changed conception of what constitutes the Catholic Priesthood and Episcopate, I am only now applying to myself the sort of principle which before I wished to apply to the cases of my great-grandparents. I have no doubt as to the reality of what I myself have received and done, when acting in good faith in the Episcopal Church, not because I still believe in the regularity and validity of its ecclesiastical system; but because I am confident Our Lord never fails those who trust Him. *Sacramentis Deus non obligatur, sed nos.*

Yet neither in the past, nor in the present, has this belief in "uncovenanted mercies" seemed any reason for indifference as to the nature of the Church, or for assuming that because people were good, there was no need of trying to make them better. It is all-important to be within the One Church, in which alone is fullness of faith, normally evoking and using fullness of grace. "Receptionist theories" of Sacraments are among those permitted to Anglicans. I avail myself of ancient privilege in a last exercise of private judgment before its voluntary abdication.

FRANCIS OF CARDONA: A CHEERFUL ASCETIC

By James J. Daly

It will be remembered that, when Alexander the Great asked Diogenes what he could do for him, the philosopher requested that the king might be pleased to step aside out of his light. This story has always made me feel kindly towards Alexander. Renunciation ceases to be admirable when it plants itself on the heights of self-conscious superiority. Just so, I cannot enter into Emerson's enthusiasm over the famous reply of his friend, Thoreau, who, when asked what was his favorite dish, answered, "The nearest." He scorned the rest of us poor dogs. Crates, and all cynical philosophers of ancient and modern times, run as true to paganism as any Epicurean. There is an orgy of pride as well as of the senses; the former is probably the more deadly of the two. *"Aude, hospes, contemnere opes,"* Evander exhorted Æneas; and the reward promised for greatly daring to despise wealth was association with the gods, in Olympian aloofness from mere human herds.

It is not hard or heroic to flout Fortune if thereby we nourish our self-esteem. As long as we think we are fine porcelain in a world of clay, what matters it whether we live in a tub, or a kennel, or a shanty by Walden pond, or a marble palace. Marcus Aurelius and his successors kept assiduous diaries, and drew isothermic maps of their mental state every day, and compiled weather reports out of them for the guidance of the less wise. Each thought his observatory the holiest temple in the universe and cut a gallant figure before admirers by flinging a scornful glove in the face of Fortune. They were rough to her when they thought any one was looking. We now suspect that they courted her in secret.

When pride completes the circle of humility the two extremes meet on a common ground of asceticism. This juxtaposition in one and the same setting has deceived many. It is a strange fact that sanctity and sin should at times in their supreme human forms issue in contempt for the lower pleasures. Experts have the hardest work sometimes to determine which is which. One cannot always judge infallibly even in his own case. It is sometimes beyond all but the highest capacity to disentangle the threads of a proud self-respect from the purely Christian texture in the complex web of motives which make up one's spiritual life. A clever person might be expected to be able to detect the considerable difference between God and himself. But it is precisely the clever persons who are always getting themselves confused about two objects which clearly ought to be far more distinguishable apart than a hawk from a hand-saw.

I do not pretend to the power of laying down rules in the matter. If I were to hazard an opinion it would be that the true asceticism of noble spirits is never armored either with prickly eccentricities or starched coats of respectability or forbidding displays of individualism and temperament. It rather believes in and practices disarmament, and exposes itself, after a manner resembling a merry invitation, to every approach, whether friendly or hostile. It calls for the exercise of coldest nerve, most deliberate courage, unquailing endurance, and judgment balanced to the nicety of a hair. None of the brave valors of war, adventure, or love, makes so many demands upon ingenuity and swift decision. Listen to the story of Francis de Cardona and judge whether I speak the truth.

Francis was the son of a Spanish duke.[1] I have taken the incidents in his life, which I am about to relate, from Louis de Ponte's classic biography of Balthasar Alvarez. The son of the Duke of Cardona was Rector of the University of Salamanca when he took it into his head to spurn the rich pledges of fortune

[1] De Ponte calls him Francis of Cardona, son of the Duke of Cardona and Segorva, Marquis of Comares, but does not tell us how he had come to occupy the important post of Rector of a University wherein he was later on to become a student.

by entering a Jesuit novitiate. One of his first charges was the care of the community refectory. Do not entertain the picture of a *maitre d'hotel* in evening clothes, by a glance maintaining order in the scurrying lines of communication between the kitchen and the trenchermen. It was the business of Francis to scrub floors and to wash dishes with as little damage as possible. His distinguished friend, Dr. Oiedo, found him so employed and was shocked and scandalized. The ex-Rector of the University was genuinely bewildered at the good doctor's strange point of view. He declared that he was having the time of his life and would not exchange his job for that of the Pope himself, and sent his visitor away thinking so furiously that he too plunged into the same adventure and followed Francis into the novitiate.

It was not long before Cardona made the interesting discovery that life, no matter how we arrange it, is sure to have its puzzles and perplexities. "The thread of life, like other threads or skeins of silk, is full of snarls and incumbrances." Francis had made a bonfire of his riches and honors, and had set out without impediments upon a spiritual quest. He thought he had succeeded in simplifying life, and was astonished to find he had only made its complexities more subtle and insidious. When Fortune ceases to be pursued she becomes the pursuer; she refuses to be ignored. Francis had failed to understand that menial services in the scullery assume the character of brilliant performances when a Spanish grandee and ex-Rector of a University undertakes them. He found himself moving in an aura of admiration. Superiors and brethren were highly edified by his humility. Horrors! Canonization is necessarily a post-mortem affair; else it is a menace and an infernal nuisance. Francis found himself in a painful dilemma. He sat down to ponder on the curious fact that there is a limit beyond which one may not go in flouting Fortune, without falling into the opposite extreme of the most ingratiating courtship of her; as Cicero's philosophers became famous by writing books in contempt of fame.

A less resourceful character than Francis would have crawled back into his shell and followed a policy of caution which would

have robbed the world of much exquisite delight. He yearned for the mad excitement of trailing Fortune's banners in the mire: at the same time, he must above all things elude the applause of sharp-eyed and discerning associates. This was the task which Francis de Cardona set himself: his life henceforth resolved itself largely into a series of brave and amusingly clever attempts to accomplish it. "What I shall say may be unhesitatingly believed," writes de Ponte in introducing his account of Francis, citing as his authority Francis's contemporary and friend, Father Oiedo, "whose virtues are a guarantee of his sincerity." Three centuries have done nothing to blur the picture which still preserves the freshness of life, a delicious mixture of quizzical humor, high spirits, stern and unfaltering purpose, and spiritual exaltation sweetly and humanly attractive.

In every large establishment there are two places where the exercise of patience, unsupported by any approving recognition, is in special demand; the kitchen and the stable. Francis was not long in a Jesuit house before he fixed his attention upon these two precincts as very promising fields for the plying of his little private business. He prepared the way by confidential disclosures of certain weaknesses of his to every one in the house, "You know, I have always had an intense interest in the cuisine and the stud. I take the liberty of considering myself an accomplished amateur in both departments. You should see some of my dishes! It is a crying shame that idle gourmets should enjoy all the good things for themselves. Are the servants of God never to be refreshed according to their due when they are worn out by study and prayer and the labors of the ministry? Ah, if I could only tinker and potter about at large in the kitchen and watch my favorite pudding swell into a brown miracle! Trust me to do pigeon to a turn. And as for horses, carissime, I dote on horses. How they must miss me! Carissime, if I were not a Jesuit, I think I should be either a cook or a Gitano." In such guileful wise did Francis proceed. Now, Jesuits, who figure in the world's legends as crafty beings, can furnish, as Francis observed, an astonishing amount of simplicity to practice upon. While there

is evidence of vague doubts and films of incredulity, owing perhaps to the jealousy of the regular cook and the established stable-hands, and perhaps also to some rather glaring failures of Francis in his chosen employments, still the rank and file of the community could not come to a conclusion. After all, noblemen, we know, cultivate surprising eccentricities. This is an amiable weakness of Francis, our brother, a survival of his masterful past. Let him indulge it if he enjoys it.

"The care of animals," says de Ponte, "was a task he sought after, and in which he said he was very skilful. The superior did not believe it, of course; but he willingly gave him this commission to please him. This gave rise to a very edifying incident." Before we proceed to narrate this incident let us pause to salute that superior. Francis thought he was having all the fun. But Father Superior was not so simple as he looked when he gave this Spanish grandee head in his mad career through the china-shops of convention, not altogether hopeless of getting some amusement, and inconvenience perhaps, out of the thing himself. Father Superior was a shrewder man than his Father Minister, as we shall see.

One day a Father from a remote province arrived at the Jesuit house in Salamanca, mounted on a sorry nag in the last stages of emaciation and exhaustion. The poor beast was covered with sores and could scarcely maintain an upright position. A little group had formed around the animal in the court-yard, trying to interpret, as charitably as might be, the visitor's choice of a mount. Francis happened along at the time and with the swift intuition of a genius recognized a golden opportunity. "Father Minister," he said, "I think I can save that horse which seems to be in a bad way." It would look as if Father Minister, who is the one that manages details of the house, had reason to suspect the expert qualifications of Francis. But, according to the account of Father de Ponte, Francis urged his point with so much eloquence that, after hemming and hawing and many a dubious regard, Father Minister finally yielded a reluctant consent. It is hard to see why the good Father hesitated over the simple request unless he had some mysterious premonition of what was to follow.

Now began a very saturnalia, so to speak, of humiliation. The situation, as it unfolded, developed rich possibilities. It turned out to be even a more excellent opportunity than Francis anticipated, and I think we shall all agree that he rose to it perfectly. He first dressed all the equine sores and then applied bandages of brilliant and varied colors. It was observed—for Father Minister was reconnoitering uneasily on the outskirts—it was observed that after everything was ready for the trip to the pasture at the other end of Salamanca, Francis wasted some time in an absorbing study of the position of the sun in the heavens. "What nonsense," growled Father Minister under his breath, "as if the conjunction of planets could cure a horse!" At last the right astrological moment seemed to arrive, and Francis started off down the main avenue of the city. It took him by the principal entrance of the University, then in the heyday of its prosperity, not dreaming of its sad spoliation in the Napoleonic wars. Francis had studied the position of the sun to a nicety. He reached the gates of the University just as the students were swarming out by hundreds. Delectable sight! Ex-Rector and Spanish nobleman, with a cast-off cap on his head and a stable-man's cloak slung about him, leading by a halter down the most crowded thoroughfare of Salamanca the gorgeously-bandaged and limping remains of an ancient steed in the last stages of dissolution! A mob of jeering and appreciative urchins furnished the complement of the quaint parade. History stops to note that there was "something of an air of triumph in his countenance." Of course! How sudden and splendid opportunity can be! That morning, when the clamorous bell had tumbled him out of his narrow cot in the dormitory, the opening eye of day was dull and sleepy, without the remotest hint of what was coming. And now here he was wallowing, so to speak, in the heartiest repudiation of the nice respectabilities and punctilios of Fortune. He had her bound hand and foot, and was dragging her at his chariot wheels, or rather at the heels of his borrowed and wobbling Rosinante down all the gutters of Salamanca. "Something of an air of triumph on his countenance," quotha!

We are told that after the first flurry of sensation had swept

over the gaping crowds, "some praised, some blamed, and many just laughed at it." Among those who blamed were certain sensitive young Jesuits who were among the throngs pouring out of the lecture-rooms in time to behold the spectacle which their brother Francis had staged. They were chagrined beyond measure that the Jesuits should thus be exposed to the mockery of the city by the ill-regulated piety of a silly novice. They could scarcely get home in time to report the matter to the superior. They burst in on him precipitately and stated their grievance. He entered into their point of view, sympathized with them in this common disgrace, and dismissed them with the assurance that the thing would be looked into. After they had gone, the superior, we may suppose, enjoyed a quiet little chuckle. That evening he called Francis upon the carpet. Could not Francis humiliate himself without humiliating the whole house? It was an act of charity and lowlihood to befriend the crippled beast, but why had he not made a detour through a side-street to the suburb where the paddock lay? Must he choose the most frequented street and busiest hour for the performance of a menial service, to the great pain and confusion of his brethren? Francis expressed concern and repentance for causing his brothers pain and laid the blame on his incorrigible indolence which was always choosing the shortest and easiest road. When the door had closed on this interview, we may again suppose that Father Superior enjoyed his second chuckle that day. All the same, he summoned Father Minister and warned that poor distracted man to be wary with his permissions to carissimus Francis.

The query naturally suggests itself whether Francis may not have been an unbalanced and eager pietist to whom any extravagance was likely to recommend itself as a logical expression of spiritual convictions. That he was the son of a Duke is a circumstance which throws no light on the matter. It is harder to reconcile such a supposition with the fact that as a young man he had been chosen to fill the office of Rector in Spain's principal university. Francis would have welcomed with ravishment any general impression that he was below mediocrity in strong-

mindedness and intelligence. It grieved him that the large outstanding fact of his former rectorship would effectually prevent the wide currency of such a belief. Here was another nut to be cracked. How our past haunts us! We cannot outlive even our honors. We have to confess that, in devising a plan to destroy his domestic reputation for scholarship and sound sense, Francis did not play up quite to his usual standard of ingenuity. Still, it has to be admitted, he raked in larger results than one might expect from a somewhat clumsy experiment.

One day he was delivering, as is the custom, a sermon in the refectory while the community was eating dinner. It is an excellent exercise, in homiletics for the novice-preacher, in other things for the community. It was the panegyric of a saint, and in discussing a controverted point in the saint's biography Francis made the following remarkable statement: "I have consulted two editions of the *Flos Sanctorum* and I find they do not agree; but, if I must give my opinion, I adopt that given in the Augsburg edition, because the type is clearer and easier to read." A shout of laughter went up from the tables to the annoyance of Father Minister, while Francis waited in a composure of mournful gravity for the hilarity to simmer down. He knew he had been clumsy. But, unskilfully as he had cast his net, it was not wholly empty when he drew it home. Listen to the words of de Ponte in which humor and piety struggle for ascendancy. "One of them," he says, "actually believed that Francis was serious, through the permission of Divine Providence, in order to carry out the humble intention of His servant." The biographer felt that Providence had to be introduced, like a *Deus ex machina,* before his readers would believe that one member of the community could be deceived by such a transparent artifice. De Ponte tells us more about this slow-witted person. "Persuaded that the holy man was a simpleton, he not only laughed at this incident, but continued to make game of him on all occasions, and even in his presence." Francis was overjoyed. He fastened himself to this novice, sought his company, performed friendly offices for him, showered him with attentions, chose

him for partner in their daily walks. And all the time the goose of a novice was treating Francis as an idiot, ordering him about and ridiculing him to such an extent that he became known as the "persecutor" of Francis. That Francis was not drawing him on for the foolery of the thing is clear from the upshot. One of the minor officials of the house—not Father Superior we may be sure—called Francis to explain his constant attendance on this misguided novice. Particular friendships and coteries can break up the best-regulated families and states, and are to be guarded against in religious communities. Francis tried evasions; but his inquisitor was ruthless. He was driven into a corner and pinned down. "Your reverence and my brethren," explained Francis at last in much disgust, "treat me honorably, as if I were somebody, which is no advantage to me. This man alone knows me, and does me justice by laughing at me and turning to ridicule whatever I do and say. Since this good Brother labors thus for my interest, is it not natural that I should prefer his company to that of others?"

When Aquinas was asked how to become a saint he is reported to have said: "Will it." Now, while we do not like to differ from a saint on the subject of sanctity, we respectfully urge the experience of Francis de Cardona in support of the theory that it is not merely a question of good will. Unless, of course, sanctity presupposes intelligence of such a high order that native resourcefulness reduces every difficulty to a bagatelle. If the worst befalls, and the saint is caught, as we say, red-handed, he knows how to brazen it out. Sanctity, like murder, will out. The vices and virtues probably run equal chances of discovery. In either case disclosure is embarrassing. The direful contingency does not act as a check on the hardened criminal. The same seems to be true of the hardened saint. Francis did much plunging and wriggling and dodging before allowing himself to be caught; but, when the game was up, he laughed and started a new one.

We do not hear much of Francis during his years of study, teaching and active work in the ministry, except that he was

everywhere popular. It is related that he made a compact with one of his associates to meet at certain stated times when each would inform the other of faults he had noted in him. Francis, we may be sure, picked out a stern-eyed argus. After they had come together several times, and Francis had been liberally supplied with criticisms without contributing a single return in kind, the other man objected to the one-sided business. Francis could only reply that he was kept so busy with his own large and unruly family of faults that he really had no time to watch other people's. A magnanimous man, indeed!

At the end of a Jesuit's course of formation there is a third year of probation, called tertianship, resembling the first two years of novitiate, and occupied exclusively with the spiritual life. What with the breathless succession of lectures and "circles" during his studies, and the dignity which a teacher and preacher must preserve in the colleges and churches, Francis often looked forward to this year as to a paradise wherein he might riot with the respectabilities as in the good old days at Salamanca. The famous Father Alvarez was tertian-master, himself a gay trifler with the solemn usages of what Carlyle used to style gig-philosophy, a man after Francis's own heart. We come now to the last episode in the life of Francis, son of the Duke of Cardona and former Rector of the University of Salamanca. Every one will agree that in his exit he acted up to his usual form.

A neighboring market-town, the site of country-fairs, afforded a fine field to the "Tertians" for getting rid of their self-respect. On fair-days the drovers and cattle-dealers could enjoy or curse, as the humors and the turn of the market dictated, the presence, among the swarming beggars, of young Jesuits, the finished products of the schools, going about hat in hand soliciting alms. This was a splendid opening for Francis, who had nothing to do but find new ways of snubbing the world, the flesh and the devil. He heard that the lay brother in charge of the farm-yard contemplated buying some hogs at the fair. Forthwith he recalled that he was a connoisseur of hogs, and accordingly presented himself in that rôle before Father Alvarez, expressing

great concern lest the simple Brother, left to his own devices, should be swindled in the transaction. He humbly sought permission to accompany the Brother as an expert. Father Alvarez assented with mock gravity and doubtless with wondering surmises regarding the event.

That was a gala day for Francis; as was fitting, since it was his last adventure. The fair-day crowds had the thrilling and unlooked-for pleasure of seeing a Spanish grandee serving as a swine-herd with tremendous earnestness. On the way home one of the little pigs went lame; and, in the words of our chronicler, "Father Francis took it up by the feet and put it on his shoulders in the position given to the sheep carried by the Good Shepherd." Grandeeism groaned that day in Spain, as this curious cortège moved across the landscape in a cloud of dust. When they reached home late in the evening, the Brother suddenly became aware that, with culpable improvidence, he had forgotten to prepare lodging for these new additions to his live-stock. There was nothing for Francis to do but to start in, late as was the hour and wearied by the unusual exertions of the day, to help the Brother build a pig-pen. Francis rode nature a little too hard on that red-letter day. Fever seized him in grim earnest, and carried him off in eleven days. When the last moment came and he was kicking the old earth from under, with its dukedoms and lord-rectorships and mincing respectabilities, it is probable, though history conveys no tidings here, that he heaved a sigh of relief over the near prospect of a place where the spirit could pursue happiness in simplified conditions, undistracted by the powerful and sinister cross-currents of time.

Thus went out for ever an intense little flame among those bright and daring spirits, who each in his own generation shines like sparks in the reeds. I have said nothing of the ultimate motive behind all this prodigality of valor. That is a story by itself. Every one can see that, whatever the motive, it must have been stronger than life or death.

THE DEATH OF AN ENEMY

By John Ayscough

And, next, an enemy. God save the silly mark, for the priest has none. A Pole: a lad of nineteen, but of a big, stalwart figure; tall, strong and stout, and, somehow, ox-like; heavy of build, broad of chest and shoulder, slow (one would say) of motion, when life and strength were his, and now all life ebbing fast to its close.

He had been wounded on Sunday—and this was Friday: shot through the bottom of the back, so as to be utterly helpless, incapable of movement, and yet, alas, not killed. They had found him early to-day, lying on his face in the dank, sodden woods; his body sodden and dank too: all gangrened now from head to foot. Through five horrible nights of pitiless rain he had lain alone, unfed, untended, anguished, slowly rotting from youthful life to inevitable death. Pitiful Jesus! what a Purgatory for such little faults as his!

He could not move: he could only lie upon his face—and wait.

He had no French, little German; but enough of the latter to confess himself. He could not move, and the priest could only lie down beside him in the blood-reeking straw, to get near enough to hear the sobbing whispers of his confession.

He had no beauty, nor comeliness, like a Greater than he: only a big, once strong, body, all rotted now. An ungainly head, of a low mentality as to shape: lips green and terrible; eyes like the eyes of an ox, slow, large, inexpressive; and the one expression in them, "Why?"

He had no talk of home: of father, mother, brethren: or of fatherland. No talk of any sort. Hardly words enough in the speech of his country's thief and spoiler, to confess himself. And no time: the dregs of life almost all spilled—at life's threshold.

Yet he confessed: as though, throughout the ineffable anguish of those five ghastly nights' rain, he had been preparing for the chance encounter of a priest, or, if not, for the certain coming of the Great Priest of all who surely would not suffer him to die alone. Then the anointing. He tried to turn outwards the palms of the terrible hands on which he lay; but could not. He tried with awful endeavor, to turn his head for the anointing of eyes, and ears and nostrils and mouth; but could not. All that remained to him of power he used to lift himself, as he lay face downwards, at each recurrence of the Name Ineffable, in the Latin Office: and each time he forced the stiffened, frightful lips to form the sound of the Name Incorruptible . . . "Jesus!" "Jesus!"

All the rest of the Latin was to him incomprehensible; but the Supreme Word he knew, and waited for; and for every recurrence of it he was ready; and the great, half-dead body obeyed the dying will, and undying loyalty, of the simple peasant soul; and slowly, with awful insistence, the soul bade the body lift itself, and the bowed head, bow lower, and the fearful lips form themselves into the sound that is for the saving of nations . . . "Jesus!" "Jesus!" "Misericordia!" So that the old priest, lying beside the dying lad in the blood and straw, shrank almost, for ruth and reverence, from uttering It, knowing that He whose It is was there, and that the Greater Priest than he was waiting for that loyal soul to fold it to his Heart . . . and at the last recurrence of It, the Polish peasant-warrior, feeling himself called to the Great Peace, twisted the ghastly gangrened lips into a childish smile, lifted himself in a supreme effort, bowed his head at his King's Feet, and whispering "Jesus" needed no further speech of ours.

About the dead lad, who had died in no quarrel of his country's, but in that of one of his country's merciless riflers and despoilers, at the hard, plain call of sheer obedience, hung no terrible odors such as Nature would have told us should be there: but, such a fragrance as those who know the sweetness of the Name he worshipped might expect.

NOVEMBER FIRST: THE DAY OF ALL THE DEAD

By Thomas M. Kettle

Verlaine, to whom the whole rebellion of art came under the form of music, in that mode also experienced autumn. Not through the eye, as with Keats, but through the ear her ambiguous beauty of achievement and decay entered his soul. He heard it as a long-sobbing violin, to which a tumult of leaves and illusions, severed from the roots of life, circled about in a grave saraband of despair. And since music is, as it is, a food as fit for melancholy as for love, the high road of initiation into death, and the cradle-language of immortality, the exquisite dereliction of the French poet does in truth evoke the very spirit of this withering and somber time.

Circumambient blue walls of mist close up our horizons of hope, rising as Merlin's prison rises in the saga. We feel a chill drowsiness flowing through all the veins of existence: it is as if all the world, like Socrates, were dying from the feet up. A wintry silence has fallen on the birds, if it be not for that epitome of loneliness, the cry of the lapwing, or the clangour of rooks or of wedged battalions of wild geese, cleaving the emptiness of the sky.

Over all this ritual of desolation the trees prevail, towering above the rout like the captains of a defeated army. The flame of October has burned itself out; the glory of red and orange, and bronze which wrapped the woods in a conflagration of beauty has smoldered down to faint embers. The oak still keeps its leaf, and here and there the eye encounters the bulk of an elm, not yet denuded, or the lyrical gleam of a birch that has so far missed its cue of departure. But as for the rest, they are no more than a shuddering nakedness. To Verlaine, as to all the poets, they

are the wailing violins or lutes of the storm. Along many an avenue or canal as gracious as that which Hobbema painted, the poplars stand up above the dim water like candlesticks of mourning set up beside a catafalque. In truth they are the funeral torches of autumn.

The poets, since poetry first was, have recorded all this spectacle of decadence with the faithful agony with which one records the oncoming of death over the lineaments of a beloved face. In magic of description there is hardly anywhere a touch that excels the "leopard woods" and "mouse-colored waters" celebrated by Mr. Yeats. As for symbolism and philosophy, all the singers are but too prone to sentimentalize themselves into a mere pagan cowardice of despair. Religion alone confronts material dissolution with right courage—the courage of the faith that looks right through death.

For it is no chance, but a deliberate choice, that consecrates this gray prologue of winter to the memory of "All the Dead." Not a village in France—the true Catholic France—but will see to-day the last flowers of the year strewn, for a festival in which belief almost becomes vision, over graves at which the elders will kneel, and the children be not forbidden to play. In Tyrolese hamlets the little fonts of holy water that hang by every tombstone, however wretched, will be filled for sprinkling, and the bells rung.

In many an Irish farmhouse or cottage, where the old customs are not wholly forgotten, the hearth will be clean swept, and a new fire laid down, with a chair set before it for every member of the household who has passed ex umbris et imaginibus. For it is thought that they are privileged to revisit to-night the place of their childhood. Dead names will be cried about the winds, the names of those who achieved, the names of those who were broken or who broke themselves. Not a heart but about its portals there will flutter a strange drift of memories, for it is the Day of All the Dead. Happy—thrice happy in "drear-nighted November"—is the faith of those for whom the dead have not gone into the night, but into the light.

HEART OF GRACE

By Louisa Wheaton (Mother St. Ignatius)

The characteristics of a nation are shown in its art, its humor and its types of sanctity. Sanctity, however, because it is the truest fulfillment of humanity, includes humor and poetry and stands as the best exponent of the time-spirit of a people. The women saints have been especially representative, partly on account of their less conventional education, and partly because feminine nature, being more complex, has more capacity for many-sided revelation.

Gertrude of Germany, who belonged to Dante's age, is the most highly educated of the distinguished women of our present study. She entered the Benedictine cloister as a mere child and that meant learning of every kind that was then taught to girls of her station and calling. Besides her secular studies, she was deeply versed in the Scriptures, and had imbibed the essence of the liturgical spirit which was the very fragrance of her natural gift of poetry. But her sentiment, her exuberance, her pensiveness and her sense of mystery were German. Any one could have written the Prayers —indeed it is striking how closely they resemble modern conventional books of the kind, but the famous Exercises are unique as the expression of the soul of a German nun. The Teuton is deficient in humor—why, it is hard to tell especially as England is so richly endowed, but no intelligent religious can be without it, since it is the sense of proportion, and Gertrude, being the clever woman that she was, must have had her own gift of sweet laughter. The very fact of children being in the convent would provide food for mirth. But this we can only deduce and imagine.

The Lady Julian of Norwich is little more than a name as far as her personal record goes. Serenus de Cressy, the Benedictine

who published her Revelations in 1670, writes in his Preface: "After all the search I could make, I could not discover anything touching her more than what she occasionally sprinkles in the book itself." We know only that she lived in the "Dayes of King Edward the Third," and that she was an anchoress attached to the Church of St. Julian at Norwich.

The chief devotion of pre-reformation England, the natural outcome of her tender attitude toward the Sacred Humanity, was the Passion. Mother Juliana asked "for a better understanding of this merciful showing of Love," and her desire was fulfilled in the XVI Revelations. Divine Love holds the place of every human relation. The heart of man cries instinctively to God: Abba, Father! St. Teresa emphasizes the Divine Kingliness; "Su Maesta" is her note of reference; it falls in with the dignity of the Spanish character. St. Catherine turns to the Divine Loverhood: "O Christ Love! Christ Love! Come into my heart!" St. Gertrude cries in the mystical terms of the Liturgy to the Spouse of her soul; but to Mother Juliana belongs the privilege of bringing to light the Motherhood of God.

As verilie as God is our Father, so verilie is God our Mother. "I it am, the might and goodness of the Fatherhead; I it am, the wisdom and the kindness of the Motherhead." The mother may lay her child tenderly to her breast; but our tender Mother Jesu he may homely lead us into his blessed breast by his sweet open side and show us there in party of the Godhead and the joyes of heaven. . . . The mother may give her child of her milk, but our precious Mother Jesu may feed us with himself, and doth full courteously and full tenderly in the blessed sacrament.

This characteristic lovingness was not represented only by prose writers. Sanctity and poetry meet and embrace in every age. Juliana is of Chaucer's time, and just as there is the possibility of Chaucerian humor in the recluse, so, here and there, the poet finds expression for a homely piety of his own, akin to hers though on a lower level. Those two tender verses towards the end of Troilus and Cresside: "O younge, freshe folke, he or she," etc., give us a glimpse of the deeper Chaucer. Throughout the devo-

tional poetry of Norman and Plantagenet times, one finds always the same Julian note of caressing, clinging, homely intimacy.

Jesu Lord, my Sweeting,
Hold me ever in Thy keeping;
Make of me Thy darling,
That I love thee over all thing.

Some of these songs of love-longing are no doubt influenced somewhat by St. Bernard's hymn in the great Cistercian period of England. One of them, however, stands quite alone, full of English wistfulness and intensity. QUIA AMORE LANGUEO is of Mother Juliana's spirit.

And also Our good Lord shewed that it is full great pleasure to him that a seelie [simple] soule come to him naked, plainlie, and homelie; for in us is his homeliest home and his endless dwelling.

Deep down in the English heart will always be this sense of the Divine home-coming, the shutting of the door and the delicious secrecy of the mystic supper. Juliana's frequent use of the words "homelie," "courteous," expresses something that came out of that ineffable intercourse to develop and perfect her own human qualities. No one but an English woman of pre-reformation times, could have written the Revelations with their distinct note of *comfort.* She differed from her sisters of Spain, Italy and Germany in that she peered into the problem of sin and pain and thereby ached and suffered. But because of that, the comforting words float soothingly into our own troubled age: "Thou shalt see that all manner of thing shall be well." . . . Wit ye well LOVE IS HIS MEANING.

This anchorite stands before us as the very flower of her century and country; homely, trustworthy, courteous, "buxom," (obedient) and supple: the dear creature who had chosen solitude for herself could not withhold her tender heart from her kind. She cared so wistfully for the poor world from which she hid away.

In what English garden was the little girl of three playing

when the great saint of Siena opened her eyes to Italian sunshine? We know nothing of Juliana's antecedents and possible friends. We have only the internal evidence of a sweet and womanly nature and a clear intellect in spite of her one allusion to herself as "a simple, unlettered creature still living in the deadlie flesh." Of Catherine Benincasa, on the contrary, we know everything that can be known from the cradle to the tomb. Her external life was passed in the midst of local gossip for the Benincasas were many and Italians are talkative; and, in spite of her twenty-six children, good Lapa seems to have had plenty of time to chat with her neighbors.

Catherine was the twenty-fifth child and a twin; but her sister died and poor Lapa fretted for her till a twenty-sixth consoled her by bearing the dead baby's name! Lapa had the courage of her convictions, with no difficulty in expressing them; and one is tempted to imagine the reply that she would be likely to give to a modern inquisitor who might dare to remark upon the prodigious family that she so blithely bestowed on the already teeming population of Siena. There would have been winged words indeed of unforgettable quality, and a possible box on the ear; for Lapa kept up her health and spirits in spite of the absorbing business of her life and had, moreover, a fine temper of her own. When her best-beloved twenty-fifth blossomed out into a most delectable baby and then a bonny little girl, the neighbors took turns in borrowing the treasure for their personal delight, and Catherine was nicknamed Eufrosina. As most of Lapa's family survived and flourished, the good dyer's house must have been overflowing with children; so that the little Joy of Siena lived in the public eye, first in her noisy little home and later in the conspicuousness of her strange mission to the turbulent world of her day. Catherine not only belonged to a notable period of history: she made history even in its political aspect. Her thirty-three years were included in the longer span of Juliana's life, and we can but wonder if the English recluse, whose secret history belongs to a soul as palpitating, loving, and aware as that of her great Southern sister, knew aught of her goings and comings, her words and deeds

which belonged not to Siena but to the universal Church. The English instinct, at least, was sound in choosing the right side in the tortuous puzzle of the Western Schism; and among Catherine's followers we find two Englishmen, the hermit of Lecceto, William Flete, and another of doubtful reputation, indeed, but conspicuous activity, the free lance, Sir John Hawkwood, upon whom, in spite of his lawlessness, Catherine had smiled, and his soul was sunlit. The saint of Siena was Italian to the core, and in her holiness stood as the perfect exponent of that strange mixture of astuteness and simplicity, of passion and sweetness, of something utterly childlike with a capacity for splendid administration; of a sense of the practical and commonplace with the artistic faculty in its highest development. In her time, Tuscany, with its neighboring provinces, was the storm center of Italy; and to the storm she belongs though she is not of it. It was because Catherine so thoroughly understood contemporary character and history that she developed her unique talent for peace-making. Certainly she had ample opportunity for home practice with the outspoken Lapa who adored and tormented her so vehemently.

Her humor is of the playful sort, brave and warm, but piercing enough in the home thrusts of her adroit Tuscan tongue. Womanlike, she scolds most loving-ruthlessly those she loves best. Her melancholy Neri, the sensitive poet, her best beloved but negligent Stefano, the "Caterinato," the obstinate English hermit who stood upon his rights and would not leave his wooded hermitage when she ordered him to Rome; even the devout Raimondo—all come in for her swift-sweet chidings and her arch remarks. Yet, how she loves them—this affectionate woman, whose heart is not her own because it is Another's and so belongs to all the world. The full tide of her tenderness flows out upon the oppressed, the sorrowing, the frightened and broken. Who could resist the aching sweetness of her ministry to the poor, hot-headed youth under his death sentence? It is not strange that he met his end "with cries of victory on his severed breath" while those caressing hands were so near, so felt, in their last sustaining pressure. Catherine is eminently motherly; the natural inheritance from so prolific a

mother, developed into an all-embracing motherliness for mankind. Barduccio calls her "this blessed virgin and mother of countless souls."

If Juliana is of Chaucer's time and Gertrude and Catherine lived in the noontide and aftermath of Dante's glory, Teresa of Spain, although of the time and country of Cervantes, belonged temperamentally and intellectually to the age of Shakspere, whose genius was at the dawn of life while her flaming heart was beating in its twilight. Her debonair high spirits, her swift repartee, the racy quality of her wit, her teasing propensity are truly Shaksperian. The same era had seen both Saint and poet touched into fire and song. The famous "bantering letter" was written in reply to the comments of four of her friends on a certain locution: *Seek thyself in Me.* It should be read in entirety as a sample of the lively Teresian manner. Of Francisco de Salcedo she says:

"I do not now require to conclude that Don Francisco is beside the question when he says that it signifies that God is present in everything. Truly, a grand discovery! But here is something more, and unless Don Francisco does not contradict it, I shall have to denounce him to my neighbor the Inquisition. He is forever saying and repeating in his paper, 'St. Paul says that; the Holy Ghost expresses himself in this way'; and after that, he says by way of conclusion, that his essay is full of follies! He will certainly have to retract as quickly as he can, or he will see what will happen."

In the sudden turn of her sentences, in the merry little side-issues of criticism, in the largeness of her outlook, and the cleverness of her conclusions we are more than once reminded of certain ladies of the immortal dramas, while we can never forget the astonishing facts of her mystical life. This delightful Castilian woman had come from a distinguished and happy home; she was too a genuine convent girl. She lived in its fullness whatever life was hers at the time; and when the world began to encroach upon her simple domestic existence she came very near being drawn into its vortex by the whole-heartedness of her nature. The lure of current romances beset her imagination, but her home and school dissipated the false glamour and freed her mind for that true Ro-

mance of her beautiful soul which was the greatest Love Story of her time. God's work goes on by violent contrasts. This splendid Spanish lady, with gifts to grace a court and genius for a brilliant external life, devoted her talents to the Reform of an ancient Order with a strict rule of silence and enclosure. Fortunately, the two recreations a day, also of Carmelite rule, kept her racy tongue from losing its fine habit of speech; and the orders of directors or implorings of her nuns set her graceful pen going, while her many friends drew from her those warm, natural and witty letters which prove that sanctity fulfills and does not destroy. The Benedictines of Stanbrook have done a great work in publishing the four volumes of St. Teresa's Letters, many hitherto unknown to the general reader. These letters are not learned or pious or in any way conventional; they are above all things entertaining, and make other writings of their kind seem very flat and dull; because one feels that behind the fun or the ordinary details which she lights up with her wit, there is the flaming heart of a Saint. A volume called *Minor Works of St. Teresa* was brought out for the first time in 1912, containing, among other valuable remains, a very beautiful treatise called *Conceptions of the Love of God* on portions of the Canticle of Canticles. This ranks with her greatest work. The manner is grave; the treatment exquisite in its delicacy and penetration. The Inquisition was, at that time, very alert on this particular subject, but Teresa treads her truthful and inspired way between the Scylla of the watchful tribunal and the Charybdis of her own overflowing apprehension. There are passages in it almost identical with parts of Coventry Patmore's *Religio Poetæ;* a fact that would have given him infinite pleasure. If one wished to get a swift impression of St. Teresa's spirit as saint and woman, this short treatise and Volume II or III of the Letters would suffice for an introduction.

Elizabeth Tudor and Mary of Scotland were of Teresa's time. It is interesting to conjecture what might have come of a meeting between this queen of Prayer and those queens across the seas. Elizabeth would have found more than her match in will and

intellect: while that other tragic earthly lover may have owed to the hidden Carmelite nun (in the inscrutable economy of God's dispensations) those graces of her long imprisonment which led her at last to the mountain peaks of love for which her frail but noble heart was destined. But certain it is that the undaunted Daughter of Desires reached seventeenth century England through the soul and song of Richard Crashaw, who thankfully acknowledges her influence in turning his water into wine:

> O pardon, if I dare to say
> Thine own dear books were guilty.

We cannot compare the great Spanish Mother, Teresa of Avila, with her modern child and namesake of Lisieux. The only point of comparison is the object for which each Teresa lived and died. The rest is largely contrast. St. Teresa of Spain had a beautiful natural character, as perfect in its nobility and charm as any can be under the universal blight. She speaks of her faults with a grand humility, but we search for them in vain, unless we count as fault the lofty Spanish pride, so easily dissipated by her glorious sense of humor. And her gifts separate her from the crowd. "After having gazed upon Christ, Our Lord, His wonderful Beauty remained stamped upon my mind, and even to this day it remains living and complete. . . ." Her faith had passed into vision; she had crossed the frontier of our usual life. Nor do we find in the ingenuous record of her marvelous inner experiences the peculiar trials and temptations of the modern soul. She suffered, indeed, intensely, mysteriously, but not in the way of her young namesake, who knew our later case better, and is more our own by intelligent sympathy dearly bought by this personal knowledge.

It is here that the outlook of the French Teresa is extended into vistas of which the daughter of Catholic Spain knew nothing. Teresa of Avila is all that is best and most real in the Renaissance; her Carmel was indeed a rebirth of old treasures. Thérèse of Lisieux is of the Nineteenth Century, a true child of the France of her time. The French mind, the French subtlety of perception, the French acute sense of values, came to her out of her environ-

ment—out of her own temperament. She was a creature of exquisite impressionableness and—may we say it?—of highly strung nerves. She belongs to us: she is of our age. Her life was one of blind faith, faith that went down into crushing temptation and fought its victorious way out of it into perfect confidence and surrender. One has but to read that pathetically heroic chapter in the Autobiography on *The Night of the Soul* to understand the courage of this young heart which could yet cry in its terrible darkness: "Thou hast given me, O Lord, delight in all Thou dost." Apart from this grievous trial of eighteen months, her mature intelligence and artistic nature made her keenly alive to nuances of suffering that a less sensitive soul might easily miss. Amid the endearments of an unusually affectionate and happy home, this child of sunshine, heir to all possible joys and made for life and love as they are generally understood, seems to have penetrated the real meaning of existence as soon as she consciously lived it. Her heart was imperious in its demands on others. One has only to read between the lines to recognize in her the spoilt child of the family, shrinkingly alive to praise and blame. She took this difficult, loving, exacting nature and, subjecting it to a fearless self-control, deliberately set herself to root out every fiber of selfishness, laying the victim of her own ruthless generosity at the Feet of Christ, a victim of love. It is not the way of all sanctity—this detailed and searching generosity;—it is French and modern in its awareness and carefulness, yet never dull or merely scrupulous, but it is what is conveyed by the French *frais*. Her own naïveté makes it curiously attractive. Yet if one takes the Autobiography from the standpoint of northern taste, there is much to offend the English-minded reader. The very name "Little Flower," in spite of its lovable meaning, is not our phrase. The abundance of French symbolism and the frequent repetition of the word "little"—"little ball," "little top," even Pauline, that gracious and dignified presence who is felt throughout Teresa's history, must be her "little mother"—all this in spite of the luminous beauty of the original French, might spoil the effect of the tremendous whole were it not for the personality behind it all. Teresa conquers, not because of

her innocent conceits, but in spite of them: and the appeal has met with its most enthusiastic and enduring response from English-speaking peoples. This is, perhaps, because of her directness and shining truthfulness. The "little" word is, in reality, the veil which she throws over her own great character. It may be a surprise to those who imagine her a dainty little creature that she is described by one who saw her on her entrance to Carmel at fifteen, as a "fine strong girl," the tallest of the sisters. This symbolism which could be teasing or tiresome, has in it nothing exaggerated. Poet as she was, she had the passion for truth which is the very essence of poetry. "From illusions, God, in His mercy has ever preserved me," she writes. And when a novice spoke to her before her death of the choirs of angels that would bear her soul to God she replied: "All these fancies do me no good. I can only be nourished on truth. God and His angels are pure spirits; none can see them with bodily eyes. That is why I have never wished for extraordinary graces. I would rather wait for the eternal vision." But she literally died in an ecstasy of love, at the end of her dark night. The miracles that followed rapidly upon her clean oblation showed that she was at last having her way—that her promised shower of roses had begun; and this hidden child of the cloister was canonized within twenty-five years of her death by the clamor of the whole Catholic world. In the far east and the far west; in the remote islands of the Pacific, in the tropical jungle, in the snowy silences of the north, the name of this young nun has penetrated, carrying with it her "little way" of confidence and surrender. The secret of her magnetism seems to lie in the peculiar quality of *intimacy* by which she endears herself in a personal way to those who call upon her. She seems to care so very much, to understand with such discerning love.

As one of her sisters said to a Lisieux pilgrim: "Le bon Dieu a laissé faire tant de tapage à la petite, pour rappeler au monde son immense miséricorde."

INTROIBO

By Cornelius Clifford

The Introits of the ecclesiastical year may be described as so many expressions of the Church's higher and more lyrical mind. In them, more persuasively than in any other portion of her liturgy, she reveals the attitude of soul, sweetly grave, or sad, or exultant, in which she would have us keep each separate commemoration or festival of her ordering. Made up for the most part of scattered verses from the psalms, or detached fragments from the prophets, these preludings of her sacrificial office embody in rememberable form the special burden of the day's teaching. "Day unto day pours its fountain of speech, night unto night showeth forth knowledge." She is never without her message, for she has the key to all her Master's imparted lore. To make the central Fact of His Mass more clear and shining, to save our sense of it from being dulled by wont or use, she brings forth each morning out of her goodly Treasure House of Tradition and Scripture "things new and old," and bids us listen and fashion out of them a "melody of the heart." What the parode, or first marching song, was to an old Greek tragedy, that is the *Introit* to the more awful drama enacted to the eye of faith each time a Mass is celebrated. It is the key to all that follows; it gives a definite lyrical clew to the Mystery that lies behind. It has always seemed to us a great pity that the faithful should resort to tasteless, or even to unsound books of devotion, when all the materials for a discreet and profitable attention to the *Action* of the great Mystery lie at hand in the Missal itself. For there are intelligent and fervent Catholics of whom it may be said that they do not treat the Sunday Sacrifice as they should. They are not deaf to the essential message of the great rite, it is true. That

still stands to them for what it is—the one immovable and resplendent Fact round which their religious existence as children of the Church must swing in ever-narrowing circles. But if they have not missed the central Thing, they are culpably insensitive to the significance of much that leads up to it. They have no feeling for its ceremonies, for its music, for its incomparable words. The poetry in which the Mystery is enwrapped wakes no response in them. They seem to have no inner ear. The broad divisions of the sacred action have been explained to them from their youth up; but when they come to hear Mass they pay no heed to them. Translations of the Missal abound—some of them not without beauty and appositeness—but they never learn the use of them. They show a preference for forms of prayer instead that have no direct bearing on the solemn business in hand. Is this right? We are exhorted by an Apostle, who was himself a lover of the Blessed Sacrament, and who has warned Christians for all time against the danger of mishandling it, to cultivate, so far as we are able, a habit of sympathy with Our Lord. We are to think His thoughts, acquire His bent of mind. How can we hope to do that, if we persistently ignore the consecrated speech of His authentic intercepter in the one ceremony by which she renews His bodily presence in the world? St. Ignatius of Loyola puts it down as the note of an orthodox spirit to love all the liturgical prayers of the Roman Church, the office and singing of the Mass, the psalmody of the canonical hours, and the rest. Is it not strange that since the Book of the Exercises was written there has been a tendency, growing more and more marked as the times move on, to forget the very things which the man who stayed the Reformation would like us all to remember? Without stopping to enquire into the causes of such neglect, it is sad enough to be obliged to admit that throughout English-speaking Christendom, to mention no other, there is a noticeable tendency on the part of the laity to ignore the separate details of the Eucharistic office, the Introits, the Collects, the Psalm versicles, sometimes even the very Canon itself. The spiritual consequences of this dullness are graver than many of us imagine. It is the Mass,

after all, that gives meaning to our corporate life as Catholics; it is the Mass, too, that is intended in the economy of the New Law to keep the heart of the individual believer fresh and strong in the discipline of an interior life. Surely the very sentences and half phrases of so mysterious an institution ought to be precious to us for their own sakes, even if they had not been taken bodily, as they have been, from the most moving passages of both Testaments, and acquired in consequence a new and mystical meaning for the reflective worshipper. These are the words that should act as goads to our minds, the remembrance of which should be as unshaken as nails well fastened. Were they not taught to our fathers in the faith by the masters of their assemblies in the beginning? Have not Apostles and saintly bishops rehearsed them from of old? Were they not given by our Shepherd, even by the Christ Who has become our Bread?

HUNTING A HAIR SHIRT

By Aline Kilmer

"I clearly see, some one will say, of what profit, and how necessary mortification is, however I cannot at the same time but think of the pain and difficulty found therein; and it is *this* which deters me from it."

—*V. F. Alphonsus Rodriguez.*

Let it be distinctly understood that I do not want a hair shirt. I have no idea that I ever shall want one. But if I should—I say impressively—if I ever should want one, I think the getting of it should be a simpler matter than it is. As the White Knight said of the mouse-trap that he carried on his saddle, you never know when you may need a thing. Think of it! Suppose, in some perfectly unforeseen moment, it was brought home to you that a hair shirt you must have. How on earth would you get it? You would not care to invest in a hair shirt simply because some day the spirit of penitence might seize you. But if, on the other hand, that day should arrive, it would be embarrassing to be forced to ask every one you met where such a garment might be obtained.

For a long time I pondered the subject deeply. I would not ask any one. I was too proud. I supposed every one else knew and that I was in a lonely depth of ignorance. So I was very stealthy about it. I sought secretly and eagerly for signs or advertisements that might read "Spring Novelties in Hair Shirtings" or "Custom-Made Hair Shirts," so that at least I might learn whether you bought them by the yard or had them tailored for you. It even occurred to me that they might be found ready-to-wear in a department store. I pictured myself approaching a haughty saleslady and asking her timidly if she could direct me to the section where they sell hair shirts. I am brave and I might

have brought myself to do this, if I had really wanted that shirt. But, you see, I didn't. And the signs failed me. I never saw a sign that even remotely hinted at hair shirts.

I became discouraged. Life is so unnecessarily complicated and outrageously artificial. If I had wanted a piece of wood painted to represent a basket of flowers and weighted for its homely duty of holding the door open, I should have had no trouble. I could easily have found rubbers for dogs and elaborately upholstered bassinets for cats who prefer to sleep in the cellar by the furnace. But a simple, medieval garment like a hair shirt seemed to be out of reach.

"Can it be," I thought despairingly, "that the demand for them has decreased so that there is no longer any incentive to any one to make them?" But in happier moments I was more sane and put thoughts like that determinedly from me. Penitence must be as sincere as ever, though it may be less general in its severity. The rarity of its severe forms should not stop the manufacture of hair shirts. Carters, I know it to my sorrow, are extremely rare, yet smocks blossom on every hand.

So I decided that more direct methods must be tried. But my spirit quailed at the thought of asking people. It happens that I have had to ask for so much useful information in my life that I am ashamed to do it. I never know where to go to pay taxes or to vote. I don't know the difference between the North River and the Hudson—and that I shall never have the courage to ask. Even simple things like getting a carpenter to mend the lattice under the porch where the children went through after the rabbit are utterly beyond me.

Keeping in mind this failing of mine and the reputation I am fast acquiring of being an idiot, I hoped I might manage it by indirect discourse, so to say. I would be very wily, tactfully lead the conversation in the desired direction and watch the result.

I found it unexpectedly difficult to steer conversation in the direction of hair shirts without using force. You have no idea how hard that is unless you have tried it. But I waited, hungrily watching for an opening. At last it came.

It was at dinner at the house of Amaryllis. Amaryllis lives next door to me. This evening she seemed somewhat distrait. I enquired the reason of this, as she usually keeps up the dinner conversation with a hectic eagerness that speaks volumes for her early training.

"It's my Belgian andirons," she said readily. "I can't get any one to make tails for them. That is," for Amaryllis is very conscientious, "they weren't exactly Belgian andirons. The Belgian refugee who sold them to me said she had bought them in Newark. That is—she wasn't really a Belgian refugee. Her husband was—"

"But you say they are hard to get?" I demanded, switching her back to the main point. Amaryllis is discursive.

Amaryllis said they were. It appeared that she had been looking for a blacksmith to complete the almost-Belgian andirons bought from the almost-Belgian refugee. "But blacksmiths are almost extinct since motors came in," she ended sadly. I took no heed of her sorrow. My chance had come.

"So many things are hard to get," I broke in feverishly. "Now, hair shirts, for instance."

I said it with great earnestness, but everybody seemed to think that I had made a joke. They laughed in a way that would have delighted me if I really had made one. But no one volunteered a suggestion, and I realized that that way wouldn't work.

So, a few days later, I gathered myself together and asked Amaryllis in private. Amaryllis is the sort of person you do ask. In the first place she knows almost everything. In the second and more important place she never jeers at you for your ignorance, nor even seems surprised that you don't know.

"Amaryllis," I said, somewhat timidly, "if you wanted a hair shirt, where would you go to get it?"

"I'd buy an old sofa and cut it down," said Amaryllis just like that. And she would, too. But this seemed to me extreme.

"You know I can't sew," I said crossly, "and besides, I couldn't afford it." But Amaryllis was now hot on the trail.

"I never really thought about it before," she said with deep

and, to me, gratifying interest. "There should be hair shirt emporiums or factories or something. We'll ask every one until we find out."

I consented, as there seemed no other way for me to get one in case of need, unless I sat up nights and wove my own hair, that being the only hair available. There was, I remembered, an old lady in a fairy tale who wove her own hair into cloth. It always grew again by morning. Mine wouldn't, so I did not like this idea. Also, I had no loom.

As time went on our quest assumed almost national proportions. I went travelling and asked people in all walks of life, but received no sensible replies. Then at home the table talk usually drifted automatically into a discussion of ways and means. Sometimes I almost wished I had not started it.

"They are woven in convents," once mused some gentle and dreamy soul, "of the hair of the nuns, which is cut four times a year."

The thought of the nuns I knew engaged in weaving shirts of hair made me giggle.

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed wildly. "The best ones are made of horse hair."

"They are made of camel's hair," said the beardless cousin of Amaryllis with an air of omniscience. Amaryllis upheld me stoutly.

"They aren't. I know they're made of horse hair. Don't you remember?

> 'And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair
> For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear.'

That proves it. Horse hair *is* the roughest and coarsest." Amaryllis proves most things by the Ingoldsby Legends. "But they must be woven on hand looms," she went on thoughtfully.

"Hairlooms," said some flippant person in the background.

But light came at last. Father Agrippa came to dinner at my house. I had not seen him for a long time. He *does* know everything. So I asked him. He beamed.

"You get them from the monasteries of the penitential orders, of course. Franciscans, for instance. Where you get the chains, you know."

"The chains!" we exclaimed in chorus, aghast.

"Yes. The chains with the points turned in that you wear on your arm or waist. I'll be glad to send you one. The simplest thing in the world. But it would never do for it to be opened in the post office. It must be marked 'Private'—yes, 'Private and Penitential' would be better." He smiled happily.

"But, Father Agrippa," I said meekly, but with desperate firmness, "I don't want"— He contemplated me rather sadly.

"No," he admitted. "No, I don't suppose you do. And I'm afraid it wouldn't do you any good, anyhow. But"—he brightened up and turned around hopefully—"I shall send one to Amaryllis to-morrow."

FROM "THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX"

By Henry Harland

The priest sat in an arm-chair—one of those stiff, upright Roman arm-chairs, which no one would ever dream of calling easy-chairs, high-backed, covered with hard leather, studded with steel nails—and watched her, smiling amusement, indulgence.

He was an oldish priest—sixty, sixty-five. He was small, lightly built, lean-faced, with delicate-strong features: a prominent, delicate nose; a well-marked, delicate jaw-bone, ending in a prominent, delicate chin; a large humorous mouth, the full lips delicately chiseled; a high, delicate, perhaps rather narrow brow, rising above humorous gray eyes, rather deep-set. Then he had silky-soft smooth white hair, and, topping the occiput, a tonsure that might have passed for a natural bald spot.

He was decidedly clever-looking; he was aristocratic-looking, distinguished-looking; but he was, above all, pleasant-looking, kindly-looking, sweet-looking.

He wore a plain black cassock, by no means in its first youth—brown along the seams, and, at the salient angles, at the shoulders, at the elbows, shining with the luster of hard service. Even without his cassock, I imagine, you would have divined him for a clergyman—he bore the clerical impress, that odd indefinable air of clericism which every one recognizes, though it might not be altogether easy to tell just where or from what it takes origin. In the garb of an Anglican—there being nothing, at first blush, necessarily Italian, necessarily un-English, in his face—he would have struck you, I think, as a pleasant shrewd old parson of the scholarly-earnest type, mildly donnish, with a fondness for gentle mirth. What, however, you would scarcely have divined—unless

you had a chance to notice, inconspicuous in this sober light, the red sash round his waist, or the amethyst on the third finger of his right hand—was his rank in the Roman hierarchy. I have the honor of presenting his Eminence Egidio Maria Cardinal Udeschini, formerly Bishop of Citareggio, Prefect of the Congregation of Archives and Inscriptions.

That was his title ecclesiastical. He had two other titles. He was a Prince of the Udeschini by accident of birth. But his third title was perhaps his most curious. It had been conferred upon him informally by the populace of the Roman slum in which his titular church St. Mary of the Lilies, was situated: the little Uncle of the Poor.

As Italians measure wealth, Cardinal Udeschini was a wealthy man. What with his private fortune and official stipends, he commanded an income of something like a hundred thousand lire. He allowed himself five thousand lire a year for food, clothing, and personal expenses. Lodging and service he had for nothing in the palace of his family. The remaining ninety-odd thousand lire of his budget . . . Well, we all know that titles can be purchased in Italy; and that was no doubt the price he paid for the title I have mentioned.

However, it was not in money only that Cardinal Udeschini paid. He paid also in labor. I have said that his titular church was in a slum. Rome surely contained no slum more fetid, none more perilous—a region of cut-throat alleys, south of the Ghetto, along the Tiber Bank. Night after night, accompanied by his stout young vicar, Don Giorgio Appolloni, the Cardinal worked there as hard as any hard-working curate: visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, admonishing the knavish, persuading the drunken from their taverns, making peace between the combative. Not infrequently, when he came home, he would add a pair of stilettos to his already large collection of such relics. And his home-comings were apt to be late—oftener than not, after midnight; and sometimes, indeed, in the vague twilight of morning, at the hour, when, as he expressed it to Don Giorgio, "the tired burglar is just lying down to rest." And every Saturday evening

the Cardinal Prefect of Archives and Inscriptions sat for three hours boxed up in his confessional, like any parish priest—in his confessional at St. Mary of the Lilies, where the penitents who breathed their secrets into his ears, and received his fatherly counsels . . . I beg your pardon. One must not, of course, remember his rags or his sores when Lazarus approaches that tribunal.

But I don't pretend that the Cardinal was a saint; I am sure that he was not a prig. For all his works of supererogation, his life was a life of pomp and luxury, compared to the proper saint's life. He wore no hair shirt; I doubt if he knew the taste of the Discipline. He had his weaknesses, his foibles—even, if you will, his vices. I have intimated that he was fond of a jest. "The Sacred College," I heard him remark one day, "has fifty centers of gravity. I sometimes fear that I am its center of levity." He was also fond of music. He was also fond of snuff.

" 'Tis an abominable habit," he admitted. "I can't tolerate it at all—in others. When I was Bishop of Cittareggio, I discountenanced it utterly among my clergy. But for myself—I need not say there are special circumstances. Oddly enough, by the bye, at Cittareggio each separate member of my clergy was able to plead special circumstances for himself. I have tried to give it up, and the effort has spoiled my temper—turned me into a perfect old shrew. For my friends' sake, therefore, I appease myself with an occasional pinch. You see, tobacco is antiseptic. It's an excellent preservative of the milk of human kindness."

The friends in question kept him supplied with sound rappee. Jests and music he was abundantly competent to supply himself. He played the piano and the organ, and he sang—in a clear, sweet, slightly faded tenor. Of secular composers, his favorites were "the lucid Scarlatti, the luminous Bach." But the music that roused him to enthusiasm was Gregorian. He would have none other at St. Mary of the Lilies. He had trained his priests and his people there to sing it admirably—you should have heard them sing Vespers; and he sang it admirably himself—you should have heard him sing a Mass—you should have heard that sweet old tenor voice of his in the Preface and the Pater Noster.

GOODNESS AND GAYETY[1]

By Agnes Repplier

"Can surly Virtue hope to find a friend?"
Dr. Johnson.

Sir Leslie Stephen has recorded his conviction that a sense of humor, being irreconcilable with some cardinal virtues, is lacking in most good men. Father Faber asserted, on the contrary, that a sense of humor is a great help in the religious life, and emphasized this somewhat unusual point of view with the decisive statement: "Perhaps nature does not contribute a greater help to grace than this."

Here are conflicting verdicts to be well considered. Sir Leslie Stephen knew more about humor than did Father Faber; Father Faber knew more about "grace" than did Sir Leslie Stephen; and both disputants were widely acquainted with their fellow men. Sir Leslie Stephen had a pretty wit of his own, but it may have lacked the qualities which make for holiness. There was in it the element of denial. He stood outside, remarks Mr. Birrell cheerily, "with a pail of cold water." Father Faber also possessed a vein of irony which was the outcome of a priestly experience with the cherished foibles of the world. He entered unbidden into the shrine where we worship our illusions in secret, and chilled us with unwelcome truths. I know of no harder experience than this. It takes time and trouble to persuade ourselves that the things we want to do are the things we ought to do. We balance our spiritual accounts with care. We insert glib phrases about duty into all our reckonings. There is nothing, or next to nothing, which cannot, if adroitly catalogued, be considered a

[1] Reprinted from *Americans and Others,* with the permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

duty; and it is this delicate mental adjustment which is disturbed by Father Faber's ridicule. "Self-deceit," he caustically observes, "seems to thrive on prayer, and to grow fat on contemplation."

If a sense of humor forces us to be candid with ourselves, then it can be reconciled, not only with the cardinal virtues—which are but a chilly quartette—but with the flaming charities which have consumed the souls of saints. The true humorist, objects Sir Leslie Stephen, sees the world as a tragi-comedy, a Vanity Fair, in which enthusiasm is out of place. But if the true humorist also sees himself presiding, in the sacred name of duty, over a booth in Vanity Fair, he may yet reach perfection. What Father Faber opposed so strenuously were, not the vanities of the profane, of the openly and cheerfully unregenerate, but the vanities of a devout and fashionable congregation, making especial terms—by virtue of its exalted station—with Providence. These were the people whom he regarded all his priestly life with whimsical dismay. "Their voluntary social arrangements," he wrote in *Spiritual Conferences,* "are the tyranny of circumstances, claiming our tenderest pity, and to be managed like the work of a Xavier, or a Vincent of Paul, which hardly left the saints time to pray. Their sheer worldliness is to be considered as an interior trial, with all manner of cloudy grand things to be said about it. They must avoid uneasiness, for such great graces as theirs can grow only in calmness and tranquillity."

This is irony rather than humor, but it implies a capacity to see the tragi-comedy of the world, without necessarily losing the power of enthusiasm. It also explains why Father Faber regarded an honest sense of the ridiculous as a help to goodness. The man or woman who is impervious to the absurd cannot well be stripped of self-delusion. For him, for her, there is no shaft which wounds. The admirable advice of Thomas à Kempis to keep away from people whom we desire to please, and the quiet perfection of his warning to the censorious, "In judging others, a man toileth in vain; for the most part he is mistaken, and he easily sinneth; but in judging and scrutinizing himself, he always laboreth with profit," can make their just appeal only to the humorous sense.

So, too, the counsel of Saint Francis de Sales to the nuns who wanted to go barefooted, "Keep your shoes and change your brains"; the cautious query of Pope Gregory the First, concerning John the Faster, "Does he abstain even from the truth?" Cardinal Newman's axiom, "It is never worth while to call whity-brown white, for the sake of avoiding scandal"; and Father Faber's own felicitous comment on religious "hedgers," "A moderation which consists in taking immoderate liberties with God is hardly what the Fathers of the Desert meant when they preached their crusade in favor of Discretion";—are all spoken to those hardy and humorous souls who can bear to be honest with themselves.

The ardent reformer, intolerant of the ordinary processes of life, the ardent philanthropist, intolerant of an imperfect civilization, the ardent zealot, intolerant of man's unspiritual nature, are seldom disposed to gayety. A noble impatience of spirit inclines them to anger or to sadness. John Wesley, reformer, philanthropist, zealot, and surpassingly great in all three characters, strangled within his own breast the simple desire to be gay. He was a young man when he formed the resolution, "to labor after continual seriousness, not willingly indulging myself in the least levity of behavior, or in laughter—no, not for a moment"; and for more than fifty years he kept—probably with no great difficulty—this stern resolve. The medieval saying, that laughter has sin for a father and folly for a mother, would have meant to Wesley more than a figure of speech. Nothing could rob him of a dry and bitter humor ("They won't let me go to Bedlam," he wrote, "because they say I make the inmates mad, nor into Newgate, because I make them wicked"); but there was little in his creed or in the scenes of his labors to promote cheerfulness of spirit.

This disciplining of nature, honest, erring human nature, which could, if permitted, make out a fair case for itself, is not an essential element of the evangelist's code. In the hands of men less great than Wesley, it has been known to nullify the work of a lifetime. The Lincolnshire farmer who, after listening to a sermon on Hell, said to his wife, "Noa, Sally, it woant do. Noa

constitootion could stand it," expressed in his own fashion the healthy limit of endurance. Our spiritual constitutions break under a pitiless strain. When we read in the diary of Henry Alline, quoted by Dr. William James in his *Varieties of Religious Experience,* "On Wednesday the twelfth I preached at a wedding, and had the happiness thereby to be the means of excluding carnal mirth," we are not merely sorry for the wedding guests, but beset by doubts as to their moral gain.

Why should Henry Martyn, that fervent young missionary who gave his life for his cause with the straightforward simplicity of a soldier, have regretted so bitterly an occasional lapse into good spirits? He was inhumanly serious, and he prayed by night and day to be saved from his "besetting sin" of levity. He was consumed by the flame of religious zeal, and he bewailed at grievous length, in his diary, his "light, worldly spirit." He toiled unrestingly, taking no heed of his own physical weakness, and he asked himself (when he had a minute to spare) what would become of his soul, should he be struck dead in a "careless mood." We have Mr. Birrell's word for it that once, in an old book about India, he came across an after-dinner jest of Henry Martyn's; but the idea was so incongruous that the startled essayist was disposed to doubt the evidence of his senses. "There must have been a mistake somewhere."

To such a man the world is not and never can be, a tragicomedy, and laughter seems forever out of place. When a Madeira negress, a good Christian after her benighted fashion, asked Martyn if the English were ever baptized, he did not think the innocent question funny, he thought it horrible. He found Saint Basil's writings unsatisfactory, as lacking "evangelical truth"; and, could he have heard this great doctor of the Church fling back a witticism in the court of an angry magistrate, he would probably have felt more doubtful than ever concerning the status of the early Fathers. It is a relief to turn from the letters of Martyn, with their aloofness from the cheerful currents of earth, to the letters of Bishop Heber, who, albeit a missionary and a keen one, had always a laugh for the absurdities which beset his

wandering life. He could even tell with relish the story of the drunken peddler whom he met in Wales, and who confided to him that, having sold all his wares, he was trying to drink up the proceeds before he got home, lest his wife should take the money away from him. Heber, using the argument which he felt would be of most avail, tried to frighten the man into soberness by picturing his wife's wrath; whereupon the adroit scamp replied that he knew what *that* would be, and had taken the precaution to have his hair cut short, so that she could not get a grip on it. Martyn could no more have chuckled over this depravity than he could have chuckled over the fallen angels; but Saint Teresa could have laughed outright, her wonderful, merry, infectious laugh, and have then proceeded to plead, to scold, to threaten, to persuade, until a chastened and repentant peddler, money in hand, and some dim promptings to goodness tugging at his heart, would have tramped bravely and soberly home.

It is so much the custom to obliterate from religious memoirs all vigorous human traits, all incidents which do not tend to edification, and all contemporary criticism which cannot be smoothed into praise, that what is left seems to the disheartened reader only a pale shadow of life. It is hard to make any biography illustrate a theme, or prove an argument; and the process by which such results are obtained is so artificial as to be open to the charge of untruth. Because General Havelock was a good Baptist as well as a good soldier, because he expressed a belief in the efficacy of prayer (like Cromwell's "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry"), and because he wrote to his wife, when sent to the relief of Lucknow, "May God give me wisdom and strength for the work!"—which, after all, was a natural enough thing for any man to say—he was made the subject of a memoir determinedly and depressingly devout, in which his family letters were annotated as though they were the epistles of Saint Paul. Yet this was the man who, when Lucknow *was* relieved, behaved as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened to besiegers or besieged. "He shook hands with me," wrote Lady Inglis in her journal,

"and observed that he feared we had suffered a great deal." That was all. He might have said as much had the little garrison been incommoded by a spell of unusual heat, or by an epidemic of measles.

As a matter of fact, piety is a by no means uncommon attribute of soldiers, and there was no need on the part of the Reverend Mr. Brock, who compiled these shadowy pages, to write as though General Havelock had been a rare species of the genus military. We know that what the English Puritans especially resented in Prince Rupert was his insistence on regimental prayers. They could pardon his raids, his breathless charges, his bewildering habit of appearing where he was least expected or desired; but that he should usurp their own especial prerogative of piety was more than they could bear. It is probable that Rupert's own private petitions resembled the memorable prayer offered by Sir Jacob Astley (a hardy old Cavalier who was both devout and humorous) before the battle of Edgehill: "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me. March on, boys!"

If it were not for a few illuminating anecdotes, and the thrice blessed custom of letter writing, we should never know what manner of thing human goodness, exalted human goodness is; and so acquiesce ignorantly in Sir Leslie Stephen's judgment. The sinners of the world stand out clear and distinct, full of vitality, and of an engaging candor. The saints of Heaven shine dimly through a nebulous haze of hagiology. They are embodiments of inaccessible virtues, as remote from us and from our neighbors as if they had lived on another planet. There is no more use in asking us to imitate these incomprehensible creatures than there would be in asking us to climb by easy stages to the moon. Without some common denominator, sinner and saint are as aloof from each other as sinner and archangel. Without some clew to the saint's spiritual identity, the record of his labors and hardships, fasts, visions, and miracles offers nothing more helpful than bewilderment. We may be edified or we may be skeptical, accord-

ing to our temperament and training; but a profound unconcern devitalizes both skepticism and edification. What have we mortals in common with these perfected prodigies of grace?

It was Cardinal Newman who first entered a protest against "minced" saints, against the pious and popular custom of chopping up human records into lessons for the devout. He took exception to the hagiological license which assigns lofty motives to trivial actions. "The saint from humility made no reply." "The saint was silent out of compassion for the ignorance of the speaker." He invited us to approach the Fathers of the Church in their unguarded moments, in their ordinary avocations, in their moods of gayety and depression and, when we accepted the invitation, these figures, lofty and remote, became imbued with life. It is one thing to know that Saint Chrysostom retired at twenty-three to a monastery near Antioch, and there spent six years in seclusion and study. It is another and more enlightening thing to be made aware, through the medium of his own letters, that he took this step with reasonable doubts and misgivings—doubts which extended to the freshness of the monastery bread, misgivings which concerned themselves with the sweetness of the monastery oil. When we read these candid expressions of anxiety, Saint Chrysostom, by virtue of his healthy young appetite, and his distaste (which any poor sinner can share) for rancid oil, becomes a man and a brother. It is yet more consoling to know that when well advanced in sainthood, when old, austere, exiled, and suffering many privations for conscience's sake, Chrysostom was still disposed to be a trifle fastidious about his bread. He writes from Cæsarea to Theodora that he has at last found clean water to drink, and bread which can be chewed. "Moreover, I no longer wash myself in broken crockery, but have contrived some sort of bath; also I have a bed to which I can confine myself."

If Saint Chrysostom possessed, according to Newman, a cheerful temper, and "a sunniness of mind all his own," Saint Gregory of Nazianzus was a fair humorist, and Saint Basil was a wit. "Pensive playfulness" is Newman's phrase for Basil, but there was a speed about his retorts which did not always savor of pen-

siveness. When the furious governor of Pontus threatened to tear out his liver, Basil, confirmed invalid, replied suavely, "It is a kind intention. My liver, as at present located, has given me nothing but uneasiness."

To Gregory, Basil was not only guide, philosopher, and friend, but also a cherished target for his jests. It has been wisely said that we cannot really love anybody at whom we never laugh. Gregory loved Basil, revered him, and laughed at him. Does Basil complain, not unnaturally, that Tiberias is cold, damp, and muddy, Gregory writes to him unsympathetically that he is a "clean-footed, tip-toeing, capering man." Does Basil promise a visit, Gregory sends word to Amphilochus that he must have some fine pot-herbs, "lest Basil should be hungry and cross." Does Gregory visit Basil in his solitude at Pontus, he expresses in no measured terms his sense of the discomfort he endures. It would be hard to find, in all the annals of correspondence, a letter written with more laudable and well-defined intention of teasing its recipient than the one dispatched to Basil by Gregory after he has made good his escape from the austerities of his friend's housekeeping.

"I have remembrance of the bread and of the broth—so they are named—and shall remember them; how my teeth stuck in your lunches, and lifted and heaved themselves as out of paste. You, indeed, will set it out in tragic style, taking a sublime tone from your own sufferings; but for me, unless that true Lady Bountiful, your mother, had rescued me quickly, showing herself in my need like a haven to the tempest-tossed, I had been dead long ago, getting myself little honor, though much pity, from Pontic hospitality."

This is not precisely the tone in which the lives of the saints (of any saints of any creeds) are written. Therefore is it better to read what the saints say for themselves than what has been said about them. This is not precisely the point of view which is presented unctuously for our consideration, yet it makes all other points of view intelligible. It is contrary to human nature to court privation. We know that the saints did court them, and

valued them as avenues to grace. It is in accord with human nature to meet privations cheerfully, and with a whimsical sense of discomfiture. When we hear the echo of a saint's laughter ringing down the centuries, we have a clew to his identity; not to his whole and heroic self, but to that portion of him which we can best understand, and with which we claim some humble brotherhood. We ourselves are not hunting assiduously for hardships; but which one of us has not summoned up courage enough to laugh in the face of disaster?

There is no reading less conducive to good spirits than the recitals of missionaries, or than such pitiless records as those compiled by Dr. Thomas William Marshall in his two portly volumes on *Christian Missions*. The heathen, as portrayed by Dr. Marshall, does not in the least resemble the heathen made familiar to us by the hymns and tracts of our infancy. So far from calling on us to deliver their land "from error's chain," they mete out prompt and cruel death to their deliverers. So far from thirsting for Gospel truths, they thirst for the blood of the intruders. This is frankly discouraging, and we could never read so many pages of disagreeable happenings were it not for the gayety of the letters which Dr. Marshall quotes, and which deal less in heroics than in pleasantries. Such men as Bishop Berneux, the Abbé Rétord, and Father Féron, missionaries in Cochin China and Korea, all possessed that protective sense of humor which kept up their spirits and their enthusiasms. Father Féron, for example, hidden away in the "Valley of the Pines," six hundred miles from safety, writes to his sister in the autumn of 1858:

I am lodged in one of the finest houses in the village, that of the catechist, an opulent man. It is considered to be worth a pound sterling. Do not laugh; there are some of the value of eightpence. My room has a sheet of paper for a door, the rain filters through my grass-covered roof as fast as it falls outside, and two large kettles barely suffice to receive it. . . . The Prophet Elisha, at the house of the Shunamite, had for furniture a bed, a table, a chair, and a candlestick—four pieces in all. No superfluity there. Now if I search well, I can also find four articles in my room; a wooden candlestick, a trunk, a pair of shoes, and

a pipe. Am I, then, richer or poorer than the Prophet? It is not an easy question to answer, for, granting that his quarters were more comfortable than mine, yet none of the things belonged to him; while in my case, although the candlestick is borrowed from the chapel, and the trunk from Monseigneur Berneux, the shoes (worn only when I say Mass) and the pipe are my very own.

Surely if one chanced to be the sister of a missionary in Korea, and apprehensive, with good cause, of his personal safety, this is the kind of a letter one would be glad to receive. The comfort of finding one's brother disinclined to take what Saint Gregory calls "a sublime tone" would tend—illogically, I own—to ease the burden of anxiety. Even the remote reader, sick of discouraging details, experiences a renewal of confidence, and all because Father Féron's good humor is of the common kind which we can best understand, and with which it befits every one of us to meet the vicissitudes of life.

I have said that the ardent reformer is seldom gay. Small wonder, when his eyes are turned upon the dark places of earth, and his whole strength is consumed in combat. Yet Saint Teresa, the most redoubtable reformer of her day, was gay. No other word expresses the quality of her gladness. She was not only spiritually serene, she was humanly gay, and this in the face of acute ill-health, and many profound discouragements. We have the evidence of all her contemporaries—friends, nuns, patrons, and confessors; and we have the far more enduring testimony of her letters, in proof of this mirthfulness of spirit, which won its way into hearts, and lightened the austerities of her rule. "A very cheerful and gentle disposition, an excellent temper, and absolutely void of melancholy," wrote Ribera. "So merry that when she laughed, every one laughed with her, but very grave when she was serious."

There is a strain of humor, a delicate and somewhat biting wit in the correspondence of Saint Teresa, and in her admonitions to her nuns. There is also an inspired common sense which we hardly expect to find in the writings of a religious and a mystic.

But Teresa was not withdrawn from the world. She traveled incessantly from one end of Spain to the other, establishing new foundations, visiting her convents, and dealing with all classes of men, from the soldier to the priest, from the prince to the peasant. The severity of her discipline was tempered by a tolerant and half-amused insight into the pardonable foibles of humanity. She held back her nuns with one hand from "the frenzy of self-mortification," which is the mainstay of spiritual vanity, and with the other hand from a too solicitous regard for their own comfort and convenience. They were not to consider that the fear of a headache —a non-existent headache threatening the future—was sufficient excuse for absenting themselves from choir; and, if they were too ailing to practice any other austerities, the rule of silence, she reminded them, could do the feeblest no harm. "Do not contend wordily over matters of no consequence," was her counsel of perfection. "Fly a thousand leagues from such observations as 'You see I was right,' or 'They did me an injustice.'"

Small wonder that peace reigned among the discalced Carmelites so long as Teresa ruled. Practical and fearless (save when a lizard ran up her sleeve, on which occasion she confesses she nearly "died of fright"), her much-sought advice was always on the side of reason. Asceticism she prized; dirt she abhorred. "For the love of Heaven," she wrote to the Provincial, Gratian, then occupied with his first foundation of discalced friars, "let your fraternity be careful that they have clean beds and tablecloths, even though it be more expensive, for it is a terrible thing not to be cleanly." No persuasian could induce her to retain a novice whom she believed to be unfitted for her rule: "We women are not so easy to know," was her scornful reply to the Jesuit, Olea, who held his judgment in such matters infallible; but nevertheless her practical soul yearned over a well-dowered nun. When an "excellent novice" with a fortune of six thousand ducats presented herself at the gates of the poverty-stricken convent in Seville, Teresa, then in Avila, was consumed with anxiety lest such an acquisition should, through some blunder, be lost. "For the love of God," wrote the wise old saint to the prioress in Seville,

"if she enters, bear with a few defects, for well does she deserve it."

This is not the type of anecdote which looms large in the volumes of "minced saints" prepared for pious readers, and its absence has accustomed us to dissever humor from sanctity. But a candid soul is, as a rule, a humorous soul, awake to the tragi-comic aspect of life, and immaculately free from self-deception. And to such souls, cast like Teresa's in heroic mold, comes the perception of great moral truths, together with the sturdy strength which supports enthusiasm in the face of human disabilities. They are the lantern-bearers of every age, of every race, of every creed, *les âmes bien nées* whom it behooves us to approach fearlessly out of the darkness, for so only can we hope to understand.

MOLOKAI

By Charles Warren Stoddard

The afternoon was waning in the tropical seaport; already the heat was tempered and the glare softened by the humidity of the slowly approaching dusk. A little while and the sun would sink silently into the immeasurable abyss beyond the waves, and the brief, delicious twilight, bathed for a moment only in the splendor of the afterglow, would adorn itself with clusters of trembling stars.

At such an hour, beguiled with reveries and soothed by the exquisite fragrance that exhales at dew-fall, I was startled by a piercing cry that seemed the last agonizing protest of a riven heart. Not one voice only broke upon the stillness, but another and another, and yet another, until a chorus of despair rang shrilly over the low-roofed cottages in the grove that stood between me and the not far-distant shore. With no little emotion I hurried seaward, and speedily overtook a melancholy procession of weeping women following a few silent people, who were being conducted with decent haste toward the esplanade of Honolulu.

The miserable beings, with a dazed look of lingering death in their fearful countenances, were soon disposed on the deck of a small outward-bound craft; and then, in the few moments that intervened between the casting off of the shore-line and the sudden impulse of the little steamer as she swung about in mid-stream, and made bravely for the mouth of the harbor, the pitiful wail of men, women and children was renewed. Those grouped upon the extreme edge of the wharf were wringing their hands over the water, while rivers of tears coursed down their ashen cheeks. The others, upon the deck of the departing vessel, brooded for a

time as in dull agony, but anon an unearthly cry rang over the tranquil sea: it was their long farewell.

The sun, just touching the horizon, seemed to pause for a moment, while the great deep burst into a sheet of flame; tongues of fire darted and played among the wavelets as they tossed in the evening breeze; and the broad rays shot from cloud to cloud, painting them with glory, and crowning the peaks of the beautiful island with red-gold. Even the palm-trees were gilded, and their plumes glistened as they swayed rythmically to the low melody of the tide that ebbed beneath them.

So faded that ill-starred bark like a mote in the shimmering sea. A few moments only, and the splendor died away—the twilight glow of the tropics is as brief as it is intense—and the sudden coming of night drew a veil over a picture that, though frequent, is nevertheless painful to the least sympathetic observer.

Darkness had come; the silence that came with it was broken only by the splash of ripples under the bow of some passing canoe, or the low moan of the water upon the distant reef. But the mourners were still crouching upon the edge of the dock, whence their eyes had caught the last glimpse of the fading forms of those whom they were never again to behold in the flesh; for those despairing but unresisting souls, swallowed up in the transfiguration of the sunset, were lepers, snatched from the breast of sympathy and from the arms of love, doomed to the hopeless degradation of everlasting banishment, and borne in the night to that dim island whose melancholy shores are the sole refuge of these hostages to death: an island as solitary, as silent, as serene as dreamland—mournful Molokai.

THE CHURCH IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE

By Hilaire Belloc

Four men will be sitting as guests of a fifth in a private house in Carthage in the year 225. They are all men of culture; all possessed of the two languages, Greek and Latin, well-read and interested in the problems and half-solutions of their skeptical time. One will profess himself Materialist, and will find another to agree with him; there is no personal God, certain moral duties must be recognized by men for such and such utilitarian reasons, and so forth. He finds support.

The host is not of that opinion; he has been profoundly influenced by certain "mysteries" into which he has been "initiated": That is, symbolical plays showing the fate of the soul and performed in high seclusion before members of a society sworn to secrecy. He has come to feel a spiritual life as the natural life round him. He has curiously followed, and often paid at high expense, the services of necromancers; he believes that in an "initiation" which he experienced in his youth, and during the secret and most vivid drama or "mystery" in which he then took part, he actually came in contact with the spiritual world. Such men were not uncommon. The declining society of the time was already turning to influences of that type.

The host's conviction, his awed and reticent attitude towards such things, impress his guests. One of the guests, however, a simple, solid kind of man, not drawn to such vagaries, says that he has been reading with great interest the literature of the Christians. He is in admiration of the traditional figure of the Founder of their Church. He quotes certain phrases, especially from the four orthodox Gospels. They move him to eloquence, and their poignancy and illuminative power have an effect upon his friends. He ends by saying: "For my part, I have come to

make it a sort of rule to act as this Man Christ would have had me act. He seems to me to have led the most perfect life I ever read of, and the practical maxims which are attached to His Name seem to me a sufficient guide to life. That," he will conclude simply, "is the groove into which I have fallen, and I do not think I shall ever leave it."

Let us call the man who has so spoken, Ferreolus. Would Ferreolus have been a *Christian?* Would the officials of the Roman Empire have called him a *Christian?* Would he have been in danger of unpopularity where *Christians* were unpopular? Would *Christians* have received him among themselves as part of their strict and still somewhat secret society? Would he have counted with any single man of the whole Empire as one of the *Christian* body?

The answer is most emphatically *No.*

No Christian in the first three centuries would have held such a man as coming within his view. No imperial officer in the most violent crisis of one of those spasmodic persecutions which the Church had to undergo would have troubled him with a single question. No Christian congregation would have regarded him as in any way connected with their body. Opinion of that sort, "Christism," had no relation to the Church. How far it existed we cannot tell, for it was unimportant. In so far as it existed it would have been on all fours with any one of the vague opinions which floated about the cultured Roman world.

Now it is evident that the term "Christianity" used as a point of view, a mere mental attitude, would include such a man, and it is equally evident that we have only to imagine him to see that he had nothing to do with the Christian *religion* of that day. For the Christian religion (then as now) was a thing, not a theory. It was expressed in what I have called an organism, and that organism was the Catholic Church.

The reader may here object: "But surely there was heresy after heresy and thousands of men were at any moment claiming the name of Christian whom the orthodox Church rejected. Nay, some suffered martyrdom rather than relinquish the name."

True; but the very existence of such sects should be enough to prove the point at issue.

These sects arose precisely because within the Catholic Church (1) exact doctrine, (2) unbroken tradition, and (3) absolute unity, were, all three, regarded as the necessary marks of the institution. The heresies arose one after another, from the action of men who were prepared to define yet more punctiliously what the truth might be, and to claim with yet more particular insistence the possession of living tradition and the right to be regarded as the center of unity. No heresy pretended that the truth was vague and indefinite. The whole gist and meaning of a heresy was that it, the heresy, or he, the heresiarch, was prepared to make doctrine yet more sharp, and to assert his own definition.

What you find in these foundational times is not the Catholic Church asserting and defining a thing and then, some time after, the heresiarch denying this definition; no heresy comes within a hundred miles of such a procedure. What happens in the early Church is that some doctrine not yet fully defined is laid down by such and such a man, that his final settlement clashes with the opinion of others, that after debate and counsel, and also authoritative statement on the part of the bishops, this man's solution is rejected and an orthodox solution is defined. From that moment the heresiarch, if he will not fall into line with defined opinion, ceases to be in communion; and his rejection, no less than his own original insistence upon his doctrine, are in themselves proofs that both he and his judges postulate unity and definition as the two necessary marks of Catholic truth.

No early heretic or no early orthodox authority dreams of saying to his opponent: "You may be right! Let us agree to differ. Let us each form his part of 'Christian society' and look at things from his own point of view." The moment a question is raised it must of its nature, the early Church being what it was, be defined one way or the other.

Well, then, what was this body of doctrine held by common tradition and present everywhere in the first years of the third century?

Let me briefly set down what we know, as a matter of historical and documentary evidence, the Church of this period to have held. What we know is a very different matter from what we can guess. We may amplify it from our conceptions of the *probable* according to our knowledge of that society—as, for instance, when we say that there was probably a bishop at Marseilles before the middle of the second century. Or we may amplify it by guesswork, and suppose, in the absence of evidence, some just possible but exceedingly improbable thing: as, that an important canonical Gospel has been lost. There is an infinite range for guesswork, both orthodox and heretical. But the plain and known facts which repose upon historical and documentary evidence, and which have no corresponding documentary evidence against them, are both few and certain.

Let us take such a writer as Tertullian and set down what was certainly true of his time.

Tertullian was a man of about forty in the year 200. The Church then taught as an unbroken tradition that a Man who had been put to death about 170 years before in Palestine—only 130 years before Tertullian's birth—had risen again on the third day. This Man was a known and real person with whom numbers had conversed. In Tertullian's childhood men still lived who had met eye witnesses of the thing asserted.

This man (the Church said) was also the supreme Creator God. There you have an apparent contradiction in terms, at any rate a mystery, fruitful in opportunities for theory, and as a fact destined to lead to three centuries of more and more particular definition.

This Man, Who also was God Himself, had, through chosen companions called Apostles, founded a strict and disciplined society called the Church. The doctrines the Church taught professed to be His doctrines. They included the immortality of the human soul, its redemption, its alternative of salvation and damnation.

Initiation into the Church was by way of baptism with water in the name of The Trinity: Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Before His death this Man Who was also God had instituted

a certain rite and *Mystery* called the Eucharist. He took bread and wine and changed them into His Body and Blood. He ordered this rite to be continued. The central act of worship of the Christian Church was therefore a consecration of bread and wine by priests in the presence of the initiated and baptized Christian body of the locality. The bread and wine so consecrated were certainly called (universally) the Body of the Lord.

The faithful also certainly communicated, that is, ate the Bread and drank the Wine thus changed in the *Mystery*.

It was the central rite of the Church thus to take the Body of the Lord.

There was certainly at the head of each Christian community a bishop: regarded as directly the successor of the Apostles, the chief agent of the ritual and the guardian of doctrine.

The whole increasing body of local communities kept in touch through their bishops, held one doctrine and practiced what was substantially one ritual.

All that is plain history.

The numerical proportion of the Church in the city of Carthage, where Tertullian wrote, was certainly large enough for its general suppression to be impossible. One might argue from one of his phrases that it was a tenth of the population. Equally certainly did the unity of the Christian Church and its bishops teach the institution of the Eucharist, the Resurrection, the authority of the Apostles, and their power of tradition through the bishops. A very large number of converts were to be noted and (to go back to Tertullian) the majority of his time, by his testimony, were recruited by conversion, and were not born Christians.

Such is known to have been, in a very brief outline, the manner of the Catholic Church in these early years of the third century. Such was the undisputed manner of the Church, as a Christian or an inquiring pagan would have been acquainted with it in the years 160-200 and onwards.

I have purposely chosen this moment, because it is the moment in which Christian evidence first emerges upon any considerable

scale. Many of the points I have set down are, of course, *demonstrably* anterior to the third century. I mean by "demonstrably" anterior, proved in earlier documentary testimony. That ritual and doctrine firmly fixed are long anterior to the time in which you find them rooted is obvious to common sense. But there are documents as well.

Thus, we have Justin Martyr. He was no less than sixty years older than Tertullian. He was as near to the Crucifixion as my generation is to the Reform Bill—and he gave us a full description of the Mass.

We have the letters of St. Ignatius. He was a much older man than St. Justin—perhaps forty or fifty years older. He stood to the generations contemporary with Our Lord as I stand to the generation of Gladstone, Bismarck, and, early as he is, he testifies fully to the organization of the Church with its Bishops, the Eucharistic Doctrine, and the Primacy in it of the Roman See.

The literature remaining to us from the early first century and a half after the Crucifixion is very scanty. The writings of what are called "Apostolic" times—that is, documents proceeding immediately from men who could remember the time of Our Lord, form not only in their quantity (and that is sufficiently remarkable), but in their quality, too, a far superior body of evidence to what we possess from the next generation. We have more in the New Testament than we have in the writings of these men who came just after the death of the Apostles. But what does remain is quite convincing. There arose from the date of Our Lord's Ascension into heaven, from, say, A.D. 30 or so, before the death of Tiberius and a long lifetime after the Roman organization of Gaul, a definite, strictly ruled and highly individual *Society,* with fixed doctrines, special mysteries, and a strong discipline of its own. With a most vivid and distinct personality, unmistakable. And this Society was, and is, called "The Church."

I would beg the reader to note with precision both the task upon which we are engaged and the exact dates with which we

are dealing, for there is no matter in which history has been more grievously distorted by religious bias.

The task upon which we are engaged is the judgment of a portion of history as it was. I am not writing here from a brief. I am concerned to set forth a fact. I am acting as a witness or a copier, not as an advocate or lawyer. And I say that the conclusion we can establish with regard to the Christian community on these main lines is the conclusion to which any man must come quite independently of his creed. He will deny these facts only if he has such bias against the Faith as interferes with his reason. A man's belief in the mission of the Catholic Church, his confidence in its divine origin, do not move him to these plain historical conclusions any more than they move him to his conclusions upon the real existence, doctrine and organization of contemporary Mormonism. Whether the Church told the truth is for philosophy to discuss: What the Church in fact *was* is plain history. The Church may have taught nonsense. Its organization may have been a clumsy human thing. That would not affect the historical facts.

By the year 200 the Church was—everywhere, manifestly and in ample evidence throughout the Roman world—what I have described, and taught the doctrines I have just enumerated: but it stretches back one hundred and seventy years before that date and it has evidence to its title throughout that era of youth.

To see that the state of affairs everywhere widely apparent in A.D. 200 was rooted in the very origins of the institution one hundred and seventy years before, to see that all this mass of ritual, doctrine and discipline starts with the first third of the first century, and the Church was from its birth the Church, the reader must consider the dates.

We know that we have in the body of documents contained in the "canon" which the Church has authorized as the "New Testament," documents proceeding from men who were contemporaries with the origin of the Christian religion. Even modern scholarship with all its love of phantasy is now clear upon so obvious a point. The authors of the Gospels, the Acts, and

the Epistles, Clement also, and Ignatius also (who had conversed with the Apostles) may have been deceived, they may have been deceiving. I am not here concerned with that point. The discussion of it belongs to another province of argument altogether. But they were *contemporaries* of the things they said they were contemporaries of. In other words, their writings are what is called "authentic."

If I read in the four Gospels (not only the first three) of such and such a miracle, I believe it or I disbelieve it. But I am reading the account of a man who lived at the time when the miracle is *said* to have happened. If you read (in Ignatius' seven certainly genuine letters) of Episcopacy and of the Eucharist, you may think him a wrong-headed enthusiast. But you know that you are reading the work of a man who *personally* witnessed the beginnings of the Church; you know that the customs, manners, doctrines and institutions he mentions or takes for granted, were certainly those of his time, that is, of the *origin* of Catholicism, though you may think the customs silly and the doctrines nonsense.

St. Ignatius talking about the origin and present character of the Catholic Church is exactly in the position—in the matter of dates—of a man of our time talking about the rise and present character of the Socialists or of the rise and present character of Leopold's Kingdom of Belgium, of United Italy, the modern. He is talking of what is, virtually, his own time.

Well, there comes after this considerable body of *contemporary* documentary evidence (evidence contemporary, that is, with the very spring and rising of the Church and proceeding from its first founders), a gap which is somewhat more than the long lifetime of a man.

This gap is with difficulty bridged. The vast mass of its documentary evidence has, of course, perished, as has the vast mass of all ancient writing. The little preserved is mainly preserved in quotations and fragments. But after this gap, from somewhat before the year 200, we come to the beginning of a regular series, and a series increasing in volume, of documentary

evidence. Not, I repeat, of evidence to the *truth* of supernatural doctrines, but of evidence to what these doctrines and their accompanying ritual and organization were: evidence to the way in which the Church was constituted, to the way in which she regarded her mission, to the things she thought important, to the practice of her rites.

That is why I have taken the early third century as the moment in which we can first take a full historical view of the Catholic Church in being, and this picture is full of evidence to the state of the Church in its origins three generations before.

I say, again, it is all-important for the reader who desires a true historical picture to seize the *sequence of the dates with which we are dealing,* their relation to the length of human life and therefore to the society to which they relate.

It is all-important because the false history which has had its own way for so many years is based upon two false suggestions of the first magnitude. The first is the suggestion that the period between the Crucifixion and the full Church of the third century was one in which vast changes could proceed unobserved, and vast perversions of original ideas be rapidly developed; the second is that the space of time during which those changes are supposed to have taken place was sufficient to account for them.

It is only because those days are remote from ours that such suggestions can be made. If we put ourselves by an effort of the imagination into the surroundings of that period, we can soon discover how false these suggestions are.

The period was not one favorable to the interruption of record. It was one of a very high culture. The proportion of curious, intellectual, and skeptical men which that society contained was perhaps greater than in any other period with which we are acquainted. It was certainly greater than it is to-day. Those times were certainly less susceptible to mere novel assertion than are the crowds of our great cities under the influence of the modern press. It was a period astonishingly alive. Lethargy and decay had not yet touched the world of the Empire. It built,

read, traveled, discussed, and, above all, *criticized,* with an enormous energy.

In general, it was no period during which alien fashions could rise within such a community as the Church without their opponents being immediately able to combat them by an appeal to the evidence of the immediate past. The world in which the Church arose was one; and that world was intensely vivid. Any one in that world who saw such an institution as Episcopacy (for instance) or such a doctrine as the Divinity of Christ to be a novel corruption of originals could have, and would have, protested at once. It was a world of ample record and continual communication.

Granted such a world let us take the second point and see what was the distance in mere time between this early third century of which I speak and what is called the Apostolic period; that is, the generation which could still remember the origins of the Church in Jerusalem and the preaching of the Gospel in Grecian, Italian, and perhaps African cities. We are often told that changes "gradually crept in"; that "the imperceptible effect of time" did this or that. Let us see how these vague phrases stand the test of confrontation with actual dates.

Let us stand in the years 200-210, consider a man then advanced in years, well read and traveled, and present in those first years of the third century at the celebration of the Eucharist. There were many such men who, if they had been able to do so, would have reproved novelties and denounced perverted tradition. That none did so is a sufficient proof that the main lines of Catholic government and practice had developed unbroken and unwarped from at least his own childhood. But an old man who so witnessed the constitution of the Church and its practices as I have described them in the year 200, would correspond to that generation of old people whom we have with us to-day; the old people who were born in the late twenties and thirties of the nineteenth century; the old people who can just remember the English Reform Bill, and who were almost grown up during

the troubles of 1848 and the establishment of the second Empire in Paris: the old people in the United States who can remember as children the election of Van Buren to the office of President: the old people whose birth was not far removed from the death of Thomas Jefferson, and who were grown men and women when gold was first discovered in California.

Well, pursuing that parallel, consider next the persecution under Nero. It was the great event to which the Christians would refer as a date in the early history of the Church. It took place in Apostolic times. It affected men who, though aged, could easily remember Judea in the years connected with Our Lord's mission and His Passion. St. Peter lived to witness, in that persecution, to the Faith. St. John survived it. It came not forty years later than the day of Pentecost. But the persecution under Nero was to an old man such as I have supposed assisting at the Eucharist in the early part of the third century, no further off than the Declaration of Independence is from the old people of our generation. An old man in the year 200 could certainly remember many who had themselves been witnesses of the Apostolic age, just as an old man to-day remembers well men who saw the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. The old people who had surrounded his childhood would be to St. Paul, St. Peter and St. John what the old people who survived, say, to 1845, would have been to Jefferson, to Lafayette, or to the younger Pitt. They could have seen and talked to that first generation of the Church as the corresponding people surviving in the early nineteenth century could have seen and talked with the founders of the United States.

It is quite impossible to imagine that the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Rite of Initiation (Baptism in the name of the Trinity), the establishment of an Episcopacy, the fierce defence of unity and orthodoxy, and all those main lines of Catholicism which we find to be the very essence of the Church in the early third century, could have risen without protest. They cannot have come from an innocent, natural, uncivilized perversion of an original so very recent and so open to every form of examination.

That there should have been discussion as to the definition and meaning of undecided doctrines is natural, and fits in both with the dates and with the atmosphere of the period and with the character of the subject. But that a whole scheme of Christian government and doctrine should have developed in contradiction of Christian origins and yet without protest in a period so brilliantly living, full of such rapid intercommunication, and, *above all, so brief,* is quite impossible.

That is what history has to say of the early Church in the Roman Empire. The Gospels, the Acts, the Canonical Epistles and those of Clement and Ignatius may tell a true or a false story; their authors may have written under an illusion or from a conscious self-deception; or they may have been supremely true and immutably sincere. *But they are contemporary.* A man may respect their divine origin or he may despise their claims to instruct the human race; but that the Christian body from its beginning was not "Christianity" but a Church and that that Church was identically one with what was already called long before the third century [1] the *Catholic* Church, is simply plain history, as plain and straightforward as the history, let us say, of municipal institutions in contemporary Gaul. It is history indefinitely better proved, and therefore indefinitely more certain than, let us say, modern guesswork on imaginary "Teutonic Institutions" before the eighth century or the still more imaginary "Aryan" origins of the European race, or any other of the pseudo-scientific hypotheses which still try to pass for historical truth.

So much for the Catholic Church in the early third century when first we have a mass of evidence upon it. It is a highly disciplined, powerful growing body, intent on unity, ruled by bishops, having for its central doctrine the Incarnation of God in an historical Person, Jesus Christ, and for its central rite a Mystery, the transformation of Bread and Wine by priests into the Body and Blood which the faithful consume.

[1] The Muratorian Fragment is older than the third century, and St. Ignatius, who also uses the word Catholic, was as near to the time of the Gospels as I am to the Crimean War.

This "State within the States" by the year 200 already had affected the Empire: in the next generation it permeated the Empire; it was already transforming European civilization. By the year 200 the thing was done. As the Empire declined the Catholic Church caught and preserved it.

What was the process of that decline?

To answer such a question we have next to observe three developments that followed: (1) The great increase of barbarian hired soldiery within the Empire; (2) The weakening of the central power as compared with the local power of the small and increasingly rich class of great land-owners; (3) The rise of the Catholic Church from an admitted position (and soon a predominating position) to complete mastery over all society.

All these three phenomena developed together; they occupied about two hundred years—roughly from the year 300 to the year 500. When they had run their course the Western Empire was no longer governed as one society from one Imperial center. The chance heads of certain auxiliary forces in the Roman Army, drawn from barbaric recruitment, had established themselves in the various provinces and were calling themselves "Kings." The Catholic Church was everywhere the religion of the great majority; it had everywhere alliance with, and often the use of, the official machinery of government and taxation which continued unbroken. It had become, far beyond all other organisms in the Roman State, the central and typical organism which gave the European world its note. This process is commonly called "The Fall of the Roman Empire"; what was that "fall"? What really happened in this great transformation?

THE STORY OF ST. BEDE[1]

By Cardinal Gasquet

Few documents of ecclesiastical antiquity are at once so simple and so full of pathos as that which tells us of the first abbots of Wearmouth and Jarrow. And among the many pathetic and moving incidents recorded in these precious pages, none stir the heart chords more deeply than the narrative of the setting forth of the aged Abbot Ceolfrid on his last journey Romeward.

It was on Thursday, June 4th, 716—the Thursday before the Feast of Pentecost—that the saint departed from the brethren over whom he had ruled, an ideal superior, for more than thirty years. Advancing age had warned him of the prudence of letting younger hands take the direction of a work for which he no longer felt himself equal; and the thought of the coming night, "when no man can work," had set his heart longing to close his eyes within sight of the tombs of the Apostles in Eternal Rome, where he had knelt as a youth with his first abbot, the sainted Benet Biscop. His design, long conceived and long prepared for, had remained a secret till the last moment; since he feared to face the opposition of his brethren, or to witness for too long a time the outward signs of their genuine sorrow.

On the morning of his setting forth, after having offered Mass in honor of St. Peter, at which he distributed for the last time the Bread of Life to all who would, he spoke to his sons in the oratory of St. Laurence in the dormitory. The theme of his discourse was peace and brotherly love, and of the need there was that each individual should strive to preserve their common home from quarrels and dissensions. Then, as he finished, all went forth to the river-bank, and, like St. Paul's disciples at Ephesus,

[1] An address delivered at St. Bede's College, Manchester, October 29th, 1900.

they, "grieving most of all for the word he had said, that they should see his face no more, brought him on his way to the ship," which lay at the river-bank waiting to convey him over the waters of the Tyne, on the first stage of his journey. As they went they chanted at his bidding the psalmody he loved so much, and in which he had been wont for years to join in their daily service to God; but their voices faltered and failed, and often the rhythm of the Gregorian phrase was broken by sobs and lamentations. Then, again like St. Paul, "kneeling down," Ceolfrid "prayed with them, and there was much weeping among them all; and, falling on his neck, they kissed him"; and before the veil of tears was lifted from their eyes, behold he was already on his way.

With vision dimmed by sorrow, they watched his passage from the shore, looking on him for the last time as he sat in the vessel's prow with the companions of his voyage, whilst a deacon held aloft the golden cross he himself had made as the standard of his monastery. And he, writes the unnamed author of this narrative, "as he looked back on his weeping brethren, and heard the sublime strains of the chant intermingled with the sounds of their sorrow, could no longer keep back his own sobs and tears, but with broken voice he repeated again and again this one prayer: "O Christ, in Thy mercy help this family! O Lord, Almighty God, protect this army of Thy servants! I believe most firmly that none live who are better than they, and I know that there can be none more prompt to obey. Protect them, Christ, who art our God!' "

Among the six hundred monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow who on that morning of June, now well-nigh twelve centuries ago, watched the passing away of their beloved father, there was one who has not only himself given his own account of this scene, but who in his writings has left a trace of the deep sorrow which filled his soul at the time. This was the great saint and master, Venerable Bede. At the time of Abbot Ceolfrid's departure he had just finished his commentary on the third Book of Samuel, and proposed to rest awhile for meditation. "But that rest—if sharp anguish of mind can be called rest—has turned out," he

writes, "much longer than I intended, because of the sudden changes brought about by the departure of my most revered Abbot. After long devotion to the care of his monastery, he, without warning, determined to go to Rome to breathe his last breath in the places sanctified by the bodies of the blessed Apostles and martyrs of Christ; thus causing no little consternation to those committed to his charge, and greater because it was so unexpected."

St. Bede had, indeed, only too much reason to speak of this loss as causing him "anguish of mind"; for, from the early age of ten, for three and thirty years, he had been closely associated with St. Ceolfrid. Nothing can be more simple, more uneventful than the life of St. Bede—as uneventful as that of a scholar of our own day immersed in his books, or of a man of science who spends the quickly passing years absorbed in the experiments of his laboratory.

St. Bede was born in the year 673—a date memorable in the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church. It was, as all know, the year in which Archbishop Theodore held the Council of Hertford, in which the difficulties and disputes between the upholders of Celtic ecclesiastical customs and the maintainers of Roman practices were finally set at rest; and the Church, which during the previous half-century had grown apace, was organized into dioceses and parishes in this first national synod. The name of Theodore is also inseparably connected with the foundation of schools of learning in the north and south of England. In the latter, at Canterbury, he was aided by the Abbot Adrian, the African, and at first by the English monk, Benet Biscop; whilst in the north, Biscop, resigning his charge at Canterbury in 671, after another journey to Rome, founded in 674 the celebrated monastery of Wearmouth on the banks of the Humber, and set to work to make it a not unworthy rival of Canterbury.

To this last, at the time of St. Bede's birth, crowds of students were flocking to study under Adrian and even under Theodore himself. From these two illustrious scholars they learned, we are told, the Scriptures, Latin and Greek, astronomy and arithmetic,

with verse-making and music. The Archbishop also appears to have lectured on medicine; for in after years one of his illustrious scholars, St. John of Beverley, quoted a maxim of his that no patient should be bled when moon and tide were waxing; and Theodore himself, wishing to combat a popular superstition against eating the flesh of hares, recorded his opinion that it was good for dysentery. Canterbury was altogether a wonderful school of learning, and St. Bede says that in his days some of those scholars could speak Latin and Greek fluently, and that in Archbishop Theodore's time all who would could find instructors in Holy Scripture.

Benet Biscop, as I have said, on resigning his charge of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, to Abbot Adrian set out on his third journey to Rome. On his return he made large purchases of books at Rome and at Vienne, and brought them with him to his native country of Northumbria. King Egfrith listened to his account of the monastic life he had seen upon his travels, and in particular at Rome and Lerins; and he finally gave him seventy hides of land to build a monastery just where the river Wear empties its tributary waters into the greater Humber. Thus it came to pass that after the Synod of Hertford, and when our St. Bede was but one year old, Benet Biscop founded the monastery of Wearmouth in honor of St. Peter.

As Bede himself tells us he was born upon the land which King Egfrith had just bestowed upon the monastery; and, his parents dying when he was quite young, he was at the age of seven committed to the care of the Abbot. This would have been in 680, and already Benet Biscop by his energy had done much to build up his first great foundation. To St. Benet Biscop the English people—and so, too, indeed, for that matter, the civilized world generally—owes a debt of gratitude which has hitherto, I believe, not been sufficiently recognized. It was undoubtedly Biscop who was one of the first in Anglo-Saxon England to realize the power of learning in forwarding God's cause, and the civilizing influence of books, of industries and art. From his many journeys abroad he returned laden with manuscript treasures

from Rome, Lerins and elsewhere. He induced teachers of music, scribes and painters and glass-makers to come to his monastery in the far north; he formed there a school of learning, of which St. Bede was but the most brilliant of the scholars and masters.

His influence did not stop there. From Wearmouth and Jarrow came Egbert and the school of York; and from York came Alcuin, the great master-mind which directed the revival of letters under Charlemagne. "Blessed by God indeed is the place," writes Alcuin himself of Wearmouth, "which has deserved to have such teachers, and blessed those who dwelling there strive to carry out their teaching! Remember what noble Fathers you have had, and be not degenerate sons of such ancestors. Look at your treasure of books. Think of the beauty of your churches, the elegance of your monastic buildings. Meditate on the order of regular life which is there established. Happy the man who can pass from that peaceful home into the joys of the heavenly kingdom!" This is what the great Alcuin thought of the school which St. Benet Biscop had set up at Wearmouth; and, in truth, to the latter work there may be traced directly the whole Carlovingian renaissance, and all that this means for the civilization of Europe generally.

For a fourth time Benet Biscop made the long pilgrimage to the Eternal City, and returned with a further store of precious books and many relics of the saints. He brought back also pictures for his church, which had been built by the masons of Gaul in stone, "after the Roman manner." These pictures represented, we are told, the "Ever-virgin Mother of God," the Apostles, and scenes from the Gospel history and the Apocalypse, in order that the most illiterate man who entered might read for himself the lessons of religion. The Pope also permitted the arch-cantor of St. Peters, John the Precentor, to come from Italy to Northumberland to teach the monks of Wearmouth singing and ceremonial.

Seeing the great success of his first foundation, King Egfrith determined to build another monastery for his friend, Benet Biscop, at Jarrow, not far distant from Wearmouth, then re-

garded as the port of the Northumbrian kingdom. Though five miles apart, the two establishments were intended to be under the same abbot; but, as Biscop was so frequently obliged to be absent, either on the business in which the King employed him or on his journeys into foreign countries, he appointed Abbot Easterwine over the community at Wearmouth, and Abbot Ceolfrid to represent him at Jarrow. This was about the year 683; and Bede, then ten years old, removed to Jarrow, with Abbot Ceolfrid, to start the new foundation—or rather the new part of the old foundation—since they remained still so closely connected with the parent-house by every tie of brotherhood that, as St. Bede himself says, Wearmouth and Jarrow "could fittingly be called one monastery in two places."

In 686 the twin monasteries were visited by one of those plagues which at that time frequently devastated Europe. At Jarrow its ravages were little less than appalling; and it was during the time of this great visitation that there took place an incident which is recorded in the anonymous History of the Abbots, and which relates without doubt to St. Bede.

"In the monastery over which Ceolfrid presided," says the writer, "all who could read or preach or recite the antiphons and responsories were swept away, except the Abbot himself and one little lad nourished and taught by him, who is now a priest of the same monastery, and both by word of mouth and by writing commends to all who wish to know them, the Abbot's worthy deeds. And the Abbot, sad of heart because of this visitation, ordained that they should, contrary to their former custom, recite the psalms without antiphons, except at Vespers and Matins. And when this had been done, with many tears and lamentations on his part, for the space of a week, the Abbot could no longer bear it, but ordered that the psalms, with their antiphons, should be restored to the order of the regular course; and, all assisting, by means of himself and the aforesaid boy, he carried out what he had decreed with no little labor, until such time as either he himself could train, or procure from elsewhere, men able to take part in the divine service."

Of the years devoted in this monastic retreat by the youthful saint to study and meditation we know little. Alcuin, indeed, refers to a tradition concerning them in a letter addressed to the Jarrow monks in later years. "Let your youths," he writes, "be taught Holy Scripture, that in maturer years they may be able to instruct others. He who learns not whilst he is young cannot teach when he grows up. Remember that the most illustrious master of our age, the priest Bede, had in his youth that great love of learning for which now he is honored among men, and has received great glory and regard with God. By the thought of his example, then, rouse up your minds if you be inclined to slumber. Listen to your masters; open your books, study what you find therein, and seek to penetrate into its meaning. In this way you will feed your own soul and be able, like him, to give unto others the food of the spiritual life."

St. Bede was ordained deacon at the age of nineteen and at thirty—that is, in the year 703—he was consecrated a priest by his old master and constant friend, St. John of Beverley. The rest of his life in the monastery up to his fifty-ninth year is thus described in the brief biographical note he has appended to his *Ecclesiastical History of the English People.*

"Thus much concerning the ecclesiastical history of Britain, and especially of the race of the English, I, Baeda, a servant of Christ and priest of the Monastery of the Blessed Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, which is at Wearmouth and Jarrow, have with the Lord's help composed, so far as I could gather it either from ancient documents, or from the tradition of elders, or from my own knowledge. . . . I have spent the whole of my life within the monastery, devoting all my energy to the study of the Scriptures; and, amid the observance of monastic discipline and the daily charge of singing in the church, it has ever been my delight to learn or to teach or to write. . . . From the time of my ordination to the priesthood until my present fifty-ninth year, I have endeavored, for my own use and that of my brethren, to make brief notes upon Holy Scripture out of the works of the ancient

Fathers, or to add something in conformity with their meaning and interpretation."

Then, after giving a catalogue of his writings in God's service, he concludes with the following prayer: "I beseech Thee, O good Jesus, that, since Thou hast lovingly given unto me to drink in with delight the words of Thy wisdom, Thou wilt grant me also to attain to Thee, the Fountainhead of all wisdom, and to stand forever before Thy face!"

This is practically all we know and can know about this half-century of daily work. It is all conveyed in the words we use in the Office of the saint: *Semper legit, semper scripsit, semper docuit, semper oravit.*—"He was ever reading, writing, teaching or praying."

But if we have only slight and general records of St. Bede, we know much in detail of the life that was going on around him—of the atmosphere which he breathed and in which he lived and worked; of that fullness of activity to be found at Wearmouth and Jarrow; of the simplicity of spirit and singleness of mind in which all the works carried on there were pursued. The great St. Benet Biscop is the type of its activity. He was the founder of these monasteries, and the true author of the work which these simple monks, who lived far away in the north by the River Tyne, have done for the world at large. Of the spirit of simplicity that pervaded the place, Bede's own account of Easterwine (even if we had not the evidence of our saint himself in their every page) is sufficient testimony.

The life was Arcadian in its picturesque simplicity; and reminds us, as Cardinal Newman says, of those times in the day-spring of the world when Adam delved, and Abel watched the flocks, and Noah tended his vines, and angels visited them. Even of the simplicity of the life there was no pretense and proclamation; there was no program, no plan; no boasting, no consciousness of any mission. It was a simple, placid, even, uneventful life that the monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow led on the banks of the Tyne twelve centuries ago. We may catch a glimpse of the reality in St. Bede's own account of Abbot Easterwine, who

undertook the rule of the monastery in the ninth year from its foundation.

"He was of noble birth," he writes, "being a kinsman of St. Benet Biscop; but this in no wise made any difference in his observance of every rule. And, though, indeed, he had been a minister of King Egfrith, when he resigned secular employments, and, laying aside his arms, had entered the spiritual service, he ever showed himself so truly humble and on a par with every other of his brethren, that his chief delight was when he was employed with them in winnowing or grinding the corn, or in milking the kine, and the ewes. He was ever joyous and prompt at the work of the bakehouse, of the kitchen, garden, and in all the labors of the monastery. Even after he had received the name and rank of an abbot he was still the same in all these things, remembering the admonition of the wise man: 'Have they made thee ruler? Be not therefore puffed up. Be among them as one of themselves: kindly and courteous to all.'"

And so when Abbot Easterwine, "often going hither and thither on the business of the monastery, found the brethren at work, he would join them at their labor, either guiding the plow or wielding the forge-hammer or turning the winnowing-fan, or other such work. He was useful in his great strength and kindly in his speech; he was cheerful in disposition and large-hearted in his kindnesses; honesty was written on his face. He ever used the same food as the rest of the brethren, and after he was Abbot he continued to occupy his old place in the common dormitory. Even when he was seized by his last illness, he continued for two more days to lie in the common sleeping place. He died on March 6th, at night, whilst the brethren were singing their Matins."

Truly St. Bede's was the placid, even, uneventful life of the ideal student, priest and monk. Prayer and work, work and prayer, always and ever in unchanging regularity, day by day and year by year, for fifty years. St. Bede's surroundings—his environment, we should perhaps call it in the language of to-day—seem eminently suitable to a life like his. "It was," says a modern

writer, "a fulfillment in the letter of the glowing imagery of prophets about the evangelical period." As we read, in St. Bede's own language, the description of how Abbot Easterwine passed to his reward, and try to picture the life at Wearmouth, we can imagine that the same words would almost apply to himself; or that, at any rate, they picture truthfully the influences by which he himself was surrounded. His was, indeed, labor of a different kind—that of teaching and writing—but the spirit of Easterwine we recognize in Bede.

That one glimpse we get, too, of the boy-monk keeping choir with his Abbot in the deserted stalls of Jarrow is an indication of the way in which throughout life he clung to the common duties of his state. The *Opus Dei*—God's work—as St. Benedict calls the Office, was to him refreshment and repose, giving him strength to renew his studies and furnishing food for his meditations. He would hear of no relaxation from the daily round of choral duties. "Our master and your patron, the blessed Bede," writes Alcuin to the monks of Jarrow, "is reported to have said: 'I know that angels come to the canonical hours and to the assemblies of the brethren. What if they did not find me among my brothers? Would they not have reason to say, "Where is Bede? Why does he not come with the brethren to the appointed services?" '"

It would be difficult to find, in a few words, a more fitting description of the lifework of St. Bede than that which Cardinal Newman gives of his ideal monk: "To the monk heaven was next door. He formed no plans, he had no cares. He went forth in his youth to his work and his labor until the evening of life; if he lived a day longer, he did a day's more work. He plowed and sowed, he prayed, he meditated, he studied, he wrote, he taught, and then he died and went to heaven."

Bede's love of the monastic choir and of the church is as characteristic of his simplicity of purpose in life as are his studying and teaching—God's appointed work for him. The supernatural world was all round about him at all times, but in a special and wellnigh visible manner to his eye of faith in the

sacred precincts of God's house. "Whenever we enter the church," he says in his commentary on St. Luke, "whenever we enter the church and draw near to the heavenly mysteries, we ought to approach with all humility and fear, as well because of the presence of the angelic powers as of the reverence due to the sacred oblation; for as the angels are said to have stood by the Lord's body when it lay in the tomb, so we must believe that they are present at the celebration of the mysteries of His most sacred body at the time of the Consecration." In the same spirit he writes on St. Mark's Gospel: "So we, when we come to any town or village in which there is a house of prayer dedicated to God, first let us turn aside to this; and when we have commended ourselves to God in prayer, then go about the worldly business for which we came."

It is impossible to read what St. Bede has written without feeling that to him the present and the future life were hardly divided. The supernatural was so natural and so vivid to him that it was hardly *super*-natural at all. As he lived so he died. We all know the word-picture of his end given by Cuthbert, Bede's disciple; but, all the same, let me set it before you again in the English form of the great Cardinal Newman:

"He was exceedingly oppressed with shortness of breathing, though without pain, before Easterday for about a fortnight," writes Cuthbert, the monk, of St. Bede. "But he rallied and was full of joy and gladness, and gave thanks to Almighty God day and night and every hour up to Ascension Day. And he gave us, his scholars, daily lectures, and passed the rest of the day in singing the Psalms, and the night, too, in joy and thanksgiving—except the scanty time which he gave to sleep. And as soon as he woke he was busy in his customary way, and he never ceased with uplifted hands giving thanks to God. I solemnly protest, never have I seen or heard of any one who was so diligent in thanksgiving.

"He sang that sentence of the blessed Apostle Paul, 'It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God'; and many other passages of Scripture, in which he warned us to shake

off the slumber of soul, by anticipating our last hour. And he sang some verses of his own in English also, to the effect that no one could be too well prepared for his end—viz., in calling to mind, before he departs hence, what good or evil he has done and how his judgment will lie. And he sang, too, the antiphons, of which one is: 'O King of glory, Lord of Angels, who this day hast ascended in triumph above all the heavens, leave us not orphans, but send the promise of the Father upon us, the Spirit of Truth!' And when he came to the words, 'leave us not orphans,' he burst into tears and wept much. He said, too, 'God scourgeth every son whom He receiveth'; and, with St. Ambrose, 'I have not so lived as to be ashamed to have been among you; nor do I fear to die, for we have a good Lord.'

"In those days, besides our lectures and the psalmody, he was engaged in two works: he was translating into English the Gospel of St. John, as far as the words, 'But what are these among so many?' and some extracts from the *Notæ* of Isidore. On the Tuesday before Ascension Day he began to suffer still more in his breathing, and his feet were slightly swollen. However, he went through the day dictating cheerfully; and he kept saying from time to time: 'Take down what I say quickly; for I know not how long I am to last, or whether my Maker will not take me soon.' He seemed to us to be quite aware of the time of his going, and he passed that night in giving thanks, without sleeping. As soon as morning broke—that is, on the Wednesday—he urged us to make haste with the writing which we had begun. We did so till nine o'clock, when we walked in procession with the relics of the saints, according to the usage of that day. But one of our party said to him: 'Dearest master, one chapter is still wanting; can you bear our asking you about it?' He answered: 'I can bear it; take your pen and be ready to write quickly.'

"At three o'clock he said to me: 'Run fast and call your priests, that I may divide among them some little gifts that I have in my box.' When I had done this in much agitation, he spoke to each, urging and entreating them all to make a point of saying Masses and prayers for him. Thus he passed the day in joy until

evening, when the above-named youth said to him: 'Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.' He answered: 'Write it quickly.' Presently the youth said: 'Now it is finished.' He replied: 'Good! Thou hast said the truth—*consummatum est!* Take my head into thy hands; for it is very pleasant for me to sit facing my old praying-place, and thus to call upon my Father.' And so on the floor of his cell he sang: 'Glory be to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost!' And just as he said 'Holy Ghost,' he breathed his last and went to the realms above."

This recitation, no doubt, is familiar to all of us, and the words in which Cardinal Newman has clothed it have finally fixed its English form. I know not what you may feel; but whenever I read the story of St. Bede's deathbed, as left us by the monk Cuthbert, one characteristic especially strikes me—that is, its *modernism*. The surroundings of the eighth century are now, of course, past and gone; but the narrative is full of touching details, which are precisely those which would strike the mind at the present day. To some it may seem that stories of men, whom the world to-day in sport calls "the monks of old," belong to a past that is no concern of ours, that does not touch us, that cannot influence or help us; and that the only value they possess is their worth as curiosities of literature, or as indications of ancient manners and customs. Is this true? I say no—a thousand times, no!

I am speaking now, of course, not of the religious side, but of the thoroughness and conscientiousness which has to be put into our work, whatever it may be, if it is to live and fructify. But when we look deeper, and consider what was the character and tone and temper of these men as monks and men of God, and see them ever living, moving, working as if consciously in God's sight, I think they have left in this, for us Catholics, a lesson no less entirely practical and proper for these restless modern days.

Let us take the two points separately: First, what was the work that has been left by the Jarrow school, looked at as mere work? And secondly, what was the quality and character of the men who, in the age in which they lived, could produce such

work? The new historical school has taught us and enabled us to look into the reality of things—that is, to penetrate into the very life of the past; to realize and, if we may use the expression, revivify much that to earlier inquirers into those times appeared to be dead and buried forever beneath the dust of ages. Looked at, then, in the light of all we now know, the work of St. Bede no longer appears as the product of mere individual effort: like the work of a Mabillon, it was the outcome of the labors of many fellow-workers in one great common cause—the service of God and of His Church.

Now when we compare the work done under the inspiration of St. Bede at Wearmouth and Jarrow with the other literary efforts of the seventh and eighth centuries, one characteristic at once strikes us. The work of that northern English school is what may be called "thorough and scholarly." There is no parade of erudition or pretense; it will bear the test of examination; it carries with it evidence of wide reading and full knowledge utilized with judgment and critical tact, and for this it became a model to subsequent generations. Whether we take the History of Bede for chronology and the careful determination of dates, or his treatise on meter (which is really philological), or his Scripture commentaries, and compare them with the efforts of a century or two before, or even with those of a century or two after, we can at once detect the difference.

St. Bede, moreover, knew how to utilize in God's service the labors even of those who were not always orthodox, where they could be useful and where there was no question of the Faith; like those, for example, of the Donatist Tyconius. Nothing, it is true, can be more simple than his notes on the Sacred Scriptures; but when we take his Scripture work as a whole, with his prefaces and the rest, and set this beside similar efforts of later medieval commentators, we can hardly fail to recognize in Bede's work a mastery of all that had before been written, to see that the subject is ever handled according to the principles of, what we to-day should call, sound scholarship, and that the author was fully sensible of the importance of true textual criticism.

Or take his History. "There are scenes in it," says a modern writer, "which live in the hearts of every one of us . . . which will live as long as Englishmen have any care for their country and their Church, as long as the story of saintliness and self-sacrifice can awaken an answering echo in human hearts." Yet reflect how this great record of our country was composed. Remember that its author was a man who lived his whole life within the narrow circuit of a few miles; remember also the difficulty of obtaining information in those days. Still, to acquire knowledge, and accurate knowledge, he went to work precisely as the historian would at the present day, never resting till he had got at the best sources of information attainable, at the cost of whatever time or patience or labor it might involve. It is only now, in this age of minute criticism, that we can realize the full excellency of St. Bede's historical methods.

The chief study of St. Bede and his fellow-monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow was, however, the Holy Scriptures. It was from this monastery that has come to us the best and most correct manuscript of the Vulgate—a scientific achievement of the highest quality. Let us try to realize what this simple fact means. We know in our day, with all our modern aids and processes, the time, labor, and anxious care that are involved in investigating the Sacred Books in order to secure the purest possible text. Only those who have been engaged in such studies can fully understand, or indeed form any idea of, the difficulty and complexity of the task. Now, precisely the same problem presented itself to the monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow at the close of the seventh and the beginning of the eighth century. The old and the new, or Vulgate, version had been long enough in existence together to have permitted the production of manuscripts in which the readings of both versions were mingled in almost hopeless confusion.

The task which St. Bede and his fellow-monks put before themselves, then, was to sift and sort the one from the other, and thus to produce as pure a text as possible of our Authorized Version of the Sacred Scriptures, which we call the Vulgate. This was, indeed, an undertaking proper to task the highest

scientific qualities of any age. How the monks of St. Bede's school succeeded, the still extant manuscript, known as the great Codex Amiatinus, is sufficient evidence. As may rightly be the case with men who do good work, they were themselves not unconscious of the value and importance of what they had achieved for the Church. This is evident from the fact that when the aged Abbot Ceolfrid determined to lay aside his lifelong work and retire to Rome to die, he caused a copy of this Bible to be prepared for him to take as the most fitting present to offer to the successor of St. Peter.

Now, all this is evidence that under St. Bede at Wearmouth and at Jarrow men had learned, as the first condition of sound work, that principle inculcated in Holy Writ, "Whatever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." There was no carelessness, no slovenliness, no shirking of toil and labor, no ignoring of minute details in what they did. The idea that anything but the best was good enough was impossible, where conscience reigned over and regulated every work. These were the qualities which distinguished our saint and the Northumbrian school formed under his guidance; and this is why their labors came to have, through their disciple and inheritor of their methods, Alcuin, so decisive an influence on the development of European culture.

Now, different as is the work to be done in our modern cities, and at a time like this, from what a dozen centuries ago was required at Jarrow, it seems to me that it is precisely the same qualities and the same spirit which will command success now as did then. These are days of the widest competition, and there is little doubt that we have not been sufficiently alive in the past to the qualities and conditions which alone secure success in the struggle. They may all really be summed up in one word—"thoroughness"—thoroughness is everything; and, I would add, a determination to be content with nothing less than the best possible.

And here again, as we read and re-read the pages of St. Bede and compare them with those of his predecessors, contemporaries

and immediate successors, what should strike us so much is the exquisite temper and balance of mind of which they give evidence. In every page there is a transparent simplicity, and running through everything an all-pervading spirit of simple piety. The works show us the man as a thoroughly disciplined soul; and whilst, contemplating his work as a whole, we are surprised at his activity, yet there is no evidence or sign of haste or hurry. His mind seems to have been possessed by two simple ideas, and they are what are perhaps the most needed at the present day: first, the conviction that he was ever walking in the presence of God; and, secondly, that, God being ever with him, all that he did, no matter what, was a work of religion—a part of his reasonable service of God.

Think of the calm of that death scene! The saint was fully possessed of his faculties, knowing all that was going on round about him, and working even to the very end. To him clearly there was so complete a knowledge of the habitual presence of God, which St. Paul would have us realize when he says, "In Him we live and move and have our being," that the passage of a soul from this world to the next was both easy and natural.

One more point, and one of the utmost importance: the whole life of this great English Doctor of the Church was fixed and centered upon what a great man, now dead, has called "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture." It was from the Sacred Books that St. Bede and his followers and disciples nourished their whole lives. Remember, too, what the work was upon which St. Bede was engaged when he was on his deathbed. It was a translation of the Gospels into English—that is, one intended for the poor in spirit, the simple and humble of heart, not for the learned. Here, too, in devotion to the Scripture and in a desire to break the Word to the poor and unlearned, we may all of us take a useful lesson from the life of St. Bede.

Finally, St. Bede shows himself to be the very antithesis of any narrow-minded or exclusive glorification of his own Order or mode of life. It is impossible to read his *Ecclesiastical History* without seeing how he glories in the common work of the Church,

and how he regards the monastic as merely one manifestation of the Christian life in the world. His letter to Archbishop Egbert is a sufficient indication of the wide character of his sympathies. To him the bishop was the appointed overseer of all the flock; and he even blames the excessive multiplication of religious houses, and the bestowal upon them of too many churches and lands, as tending to cripple the divinely appointed work of the episcopate.

Above all other characteristics necessary in a teacher and ruler of men was, our saint strongly indicates, "gentleness and tenderness of heart." Of King Ethelbert, after his conversion by St. Augustine, he says that "he had learned from the teachers and authors of his salvation that men were to be drawn heavenward, not forced"; just as Aldhelm said of the British, that "schismatics were to be convinced, not compelled." And, to take one more point, St. Bede ever insists that it was all-important for a teacher of religion to remember the truth that no man can successfully carry God's message to others who has not already in his own life mastered its meaning.

These are some among the many useful lessons St. Bede has for us to-day. As we think over his life and work we can understand the influence his spirit has exercised at all times in the centuries of change which have separated his day from ours. What a change that has been! Dynasties have risen, have ruled, and have fallen; great men in Church and State have come and gone, and given place to others; the peaceful reaches of the lower Tyne, as Bede knew them, are to-day covered with great ships carrying out to lands unknown to Bede's geography, or bringing in from those distant shores, the merchandise of the greatest commercial empire the world has ever known; the solitude and repose of Wearmouth and Jarrow, in which Bede lived his life of prayer and study, is broken to-day by the constant din of the multitudes gathered together in the busy cities which now cover the river banks and stretch away far inland. Even in religion the England of Bede is changed beyond recognition—a change which he would undoubtedly have regarded as the most disastrous of all things that could have happened in the land he loved so well.

Yet, amidst all the changes that time and man have wrought, is there a name in the whole of the English annals that has been, and is, so universally revered and honored as that of Bede—our Venerable Bede, as his countrymen from the first have loved to call him? To us English-speaking peoples, he has, of course, ever been not alone the brightest ornament of the glorious Saxon Church, but our model, our master, our doctor. Now, after the lapse of the centuries, the world at large recognizes him as we have known him, and they to-day say to him with us: "Thou wast filled as a river with wisdom, and thy soul covered the earth. . . . Thy name went abroad to the islands far off, and thou wast beloved in thy peace."

THE DEATH OF CHARLES II

By Robert Hugh Benson

It was eight o'clock at night; and the priest and I were still waiting in the little room; and no word was come through from the Bedchamber, beyond that Mr. Chiffinch had come through once to bid us be ready.

Once again God had favored us in spite of all our blunders. The Count and I had run together through to Her Majesty's lodging and there we had found, as I knew we should, a priest that knew English. But I had not thought that God's Hand should be so visible in the matter as that we should find none other but Mr. Huddleston himself, the Scotsman, that had saved the King's life after the battle of Worcester. There was a very particular seemliness in this—though I had not much time to think of it then. But our difficulties were not all over.

First, Mr. Huddleston declared that he had never reconciled a convert in his life; and did not know how to set about it. Next he said that he was the worst man in the world to do it, as his face was very well known, and that he would surely be suspected if he were seen: and third that the Most Holy Sacrament was not in Whitehall at all, and that therefore he could not give *Viaticum*. He looked very agitated, in spite of his ruddy face.

I was amazed at the man; but I forced myself to treat him with patience, for he was the only priest we could get.

First, I told him that nothing was needed but to hear the King's confession, give him absolution and anoint him: next, that we would disguise him in a great periwig and a gown, such as the Protestant Divines wore—(for, as I spoke, I actually spied such

a gown hanging on the wall of the chamber in which I was speaking with him). Third, that another priest could go to St. James' and bring the Most Holy Sacrament to him from there.

At that point Father Bento de Lemoz, who was listening to our talk, came forward and interposed. He would get a little Ritual directly, he said (in very poor English)—that had in it all that was necessary: and he would go himself, not to St. James', for that was too far off, but to Somerset House, and get the Holy Sacrament from the royal chapel there. Mr. Huddleston had nothing to say to that; and in five minutes we had him in his periwig and gown, with the book in his pocket, with the holy oils, and away downstairs, and along the passage beneath, and up again by the little winding stair into the chamber beyond the King's bed. I gave him no time to think of any more objections.

That was a very strange vigil that we held for very near, I should think, twenty minutes or half an hour. We both sat there together without speaking. For the most of the time Mr. Huddleston was reading in his Ritual, and I could see his brow furrowed and his lips moving, as he conned over all that he would have to do and say to His Majesty. He was a man, as he had said, completely unaccustomed to such ministrations, though he was a very good man and a good priest too, in other matters. After a while he laid aside his book, and prayed, I think, for he covered his face with his hands.

A minute or two later I could bear the delay no longer. I rose and went up the three or four steps that led to the King's Bedchamber, and listened. There was a low murmur of voices within; so that it seemed to me that the room was not yet cleared. I put my hand upon the door and pushed it a little; and to my satisfaction it was not latched, but opened an inch or two. But someone was standing immediately on the other side of it. I stepped back, and the door opened again just enough for me to see the face of Mr. Chiffinch. He looked past me quickly to see that the priest was there, I suppose, and then nodded at me two or three times. Then he pushed the door almost to, again. A moment

after I heard the Duke's voice within, a little unsteady, but very clear and distinct. He was standing up, I think, on the far side of the bed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the King wishes all to retire excepting the Earls of Bath and Feversham."

(Bath and Feversham! thought I. Why those two, in God's name, that were such a pair of Protestants? But, indeed, it was the one good stroke that the Duke made, for the names reassured, as I heard afterwards, all that had any suspicions, and even the Bishops themselves.)

There was a rustle of footsteps, very plain, that followed the Duke's words. I turned to the room behind me, again, and saw that Mr. Huddleston too had heard what had passed. He was standing up, very pale and agitated, with the book clasped in his hands. I moved down the steps again so as not to block the way; and again there followed a silence, in the midst of which I heard a door latched somewhere in the Bedchamber.

Then, suddenly, the door opened at the head of the stairs; and the Duke stood there, he too as pale as death. He nodded once, very emphatically, and disappeared again. Then the priest went by me without a word, up the steps and so through. The door, as before, remained a crack open. I went up to it, and put my eye to the crack.

On the left was the end of the bed, with the curtains drawn across it; and beyond the bed I could see the whole room down to the end, for the candles were burning everywhere, as well as the fire. I could see the great table before the hearth, the physician's instruments and bottles and cupping-glasses upon it, the chairs about it; the tall furniture against the walls, and at least half a dozen clocks, whose ticking was very plain in the silence. Three figures only were visible there. That nearest, standing very rigid by the table, was Mr. Chiffinch: of the two beyond I could recognize only my Lord Bath whose face looked this way: the other I supposed to be my Lord Feversham. The Duke was not within sight. He was kneeling, I suppose, out of my sight, beyond the bed.

Then I heard His Majesty's voice very plain, though very weak and slow.

"Ah!" said he, "you that saved my body is now come to save my soul."

There was the murmur of the priest's voice in answer. (The two of them were not more than three or four yards away from me, at the most.) Then again I heard the King, very clear and continuous, though still weak, and not so loud as he had first spoken.

"Yes," said he, "I desire to die in the Faith and Communion of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. I am sorry with all my heart that I have deferred it for so long; and for all my sins."

(He said it quite distinctly, as if he had rehearsed it beforehand.)

Then the priest and he spoke together—the King repeating the priest's words sometimes, and sometimes volunteering a word or two of his own.

He said that through Christ's Passion he hoped to be saved; that he was in charity with all the world; that he pardoned his enemies most heartily, and desired pardon of all whom he had offended; that if God would yet spare him, he would amend his life in every particular.

All that I heard with my own ears, and with inexpressible comfort. His Majesty's voice was low, but very distinct, though sometimes he spoke scarce above a whisper; and I do not think that any man who heard him could doubt his sincerity—however late it was to shew it. But he was not altogether too late, thank God!

So soon as His Majesty began his confession, after Mr. Huddleston's moving him to it, I slipped away from the door and began, as softly as I could to walk up and down the little chamber again. I was satisfied beyond measure: yet it seemed to me sometimes near incredible that I should in very truth, be here at such a time, and that I should have been, under God's merciful Providence, the instrument in such an affair. My life was ended, I

knew well enough now, in all matters that the world counts life to consist of; yet was there ever such an ending? I had seen all else go from me—my natural activities of every kind, my ambitions, even the most sacred thing that the world can give, after the Love of God, and that is the love of a woman! Yet the one purely supernatural end that I had set before me—that end to which, four days ago, I had said, as I thought, good-by forever in the Duchess of Portsmouth's gallery—this was the one single thing that was mine after all. I could take that at least with me into the cloister, and could praise God for it all my life long—I mean the conversion of the man that was called King of England, the man who, for all his sins and his treatment of me, I yet loved as I have never loved any other man on earth. I think that in those minutes of sorrow and joy as I paced up and down the little room, my dearest Dolly was not very far away from me and that she knew all that I felt.

Once—in a loud broken voice through the door—I heard these words:

—"Sweet Jesus. Amen. . . . Mercy, Sweet Jesus, Mercy!"

That was the King's voice that I heard: and I kneeled down when I heard them.

It would be about ten minutes later, as I still kneeled, that I heard, upon the outside of the door that led down the winding stairs, a very small tapping.

I ran to the door to open it, wondering who it could be; for I had forgotten all about the Portuguese priest, though I had set the candles ready burning, with a napkin on the table between them, in readiness for his coming. And there he stood, with his eyes cast down, and his hands clasped upon his breast.

I beckoned him forward, pointing to the table, and kneeled down again.

He went past me without a word, kneeled himself before the table and then, unbuttoning his cloak he drew from round his neck the chain and the Pyx from his breast, and laid it all upon the table, continuing himself to kneel.

Presently he turned and looked at me, lifting his brows.

I knew what he wished; rose from my knees and went up the stairs, but very cautiously, lest I should hear anything that I should not. There was but a very faint murmur of the priest's voice, so I took courage and pushed the door a little open so that I could see the King.

It was very dark within the curtains, for they were drawn against the candlelight; but I could see what was passing. His Majesty was lying flat upon his back, with his hands clasped beneath his chin, and Mr. Huddleston was in the very act of arranging the coverlet over him again, after the last Anointing. As I looked the priest turned and caught my eyes, as he put the oil-stock and the wool away again in his cassock-breast. I nodded three times very emphatically—(His Majesty did not see me at all, for his eyes were closed)—and went back again down the stairs and kneeled once more. A few moments later Mr. Huddleston came through.

I have never seen so swift a change in any man's face. He had been terrified as he had gone in—all pale and shaking. Now he was still pale, but his eyes shone, and there was a look of great assurance in his face. He came straight down the steps without speaking, kneeled, rose again, took up the Pyx and the corporal which Father de Lemoz had spread beneath it, and passed up and out again. His priesthood, I suppose, had risen in him like a great tide, and driven out all other emotions.

Again I followed him to the door, and kneeled there where I could see; and then there followed such a scene as I had never dreamed of.

The curtains on the other side of the bed had been drawn back just enough to admit the face of the Duke who now kneeled there, yet not so much that any of the three others at the further end of the chamber could see into the bed. The candlelight streamed in through the opening above the Duke's head; and in it, I saw His Majesty, all weak as he was, striving to rise, with his eyes fixed on That which the priest was holding in his right hand. I

saw the priest's left hand go out to restrain him; but I heard the King's voice distinctly.

"Father," he said very brokenly, "let me receive my Heavenly Saviour in a better posture than lying on my bed."

"Sir," said Mr. Huddleston with great firmness, "lie down again, if you please. God Almighty who sees your heart will accept your good intention."

(But neither of them spoke loud enough to be heard at the further end of the great chamber.)

And so he was persuaded to lie down again.

Then the priest repeated again, still holding the Blessed Sacrament before the King's eyes, the Act of Contrition of which I had heard a word or two a while ago; and His Majesty repeated it after him, word for word, very devoutly.

Then, as the time was short Mr. Huddleston omitted several of the proper prayers, and proceeded at once to the Communion, saying but the *Agnus Dei* three times, and then communicating him immediately. With my own eyes I saw that holy act which sealed all and admitted the dying man to sacramental union with his God. His eyes were closed throughout; and when it was done he lay as still as a stone, his poor wasted face all dark against the white pillows. I caught a glimpse too of the Duke: his face was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping so that his shoulders shook with it.

Presently the priest was reading again as well as he could in a very low whisper the prayers for the Recommendation of a Departing Soul, down to the very end. His Majesty lay motionless throughout. At the end he opened his eyes.

"Father," he whispered, "the Act of Contrition once more, if you please. I have sinned, I have sinned very—" He could speak no more for weeping.

Then, once more, very slowly and tenderly, the priest repeated it; down to *Mercy, Sweet Jesus, Mercy!* My own eyes were all dim with tears, and as fast as I brushed them away, they came again. When at last I could see plainly once more, the priest was

holding up a little crucifix before the King's eyes; and he made him a short address, very Christian and forcible. I remember near every word of it, as he said it.

"Lift up the eyes of your soul, Sir," he said, "and represent to yourself your sweet Savior here crucified, bowing down His Head to kiss you; His Arms stretched out to embrace you; His Body and members all bloody and pale with death to redeem you. Beseech Him, Sir, with all humility that His most Precious Blood may not be shed in vain for you; and that it will please Him, by the merits of His bitter Death and Passion, to pardon and forgive you all your offences; and, finally, to receive your soul into His blessed Hands; and, when it shall please Him to take it out of this transitory world, to grant you a joyful resurrection, and an eternal crown of glory in the next."

He bent lower, making a great sign of the cross with his right hand—(and the King too tried to bless himself in response).

"In the Name," said he, "of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

One more joy and sorrow all in one was yet to be mine before the end. As I opened the door for the priest to come back, His Majesty lifted his eyes and saw me there; and I perceived that he recognized me. The Duke had already risen up and gone down the room to bid them, I suppose, to open the door and let the folks in again. Then, as the King's eyes met my own he made a sign with his head that I should come near. I think that if the chamber had been filled with but one mob of priest-hunters and Protestants, I should have obeyed him then, even though I should have been torn to pieces the next instant.

I went forward without a word, leaving the door open behind me, and flung myself on my knees at the bedside.

His Majesty was too weary to speak, but, as I kneeled there, with my face in my hands on the bedclothes, and my tears raining down, he lifted his right hand and put it on my head, leaving it there for an instant. It was all he could do to thank me; and I

value that blessing from him, a penitent sinner as he was, with the Body of our Savior still in his breast, as much as any blessing I have ever had from any man, priest or bishop or Pope.

As he lifted his hand off again, I caught at it, and kissed it three or four times, careless whether or no my tears poured down upon it.

As I passed back again through the door to where Mr. Huddleston was waiting for me, I heard the doors at the further end of the chamber unlatched and the footsteps of the folks—physicians, courtiers, Bishops and the rest—that poured in to see the end.

THE HERALDS OF THE REVOLUTION

By Lord Acton

The revenue of France was near twenty millions when Louis XVI., finding it inadequate, called upon the nation for supply. In a single lifetime it rose to far more than one hundred millions, while the national income grew still more rapidly; and this increase was wrought by a class to whom the ancient monarchy denied its best rewards, and whom it deprived of power in the country they enriched. As their industry effected change in the distribution of property, and wealth ceased to be the prerogative of a few, the excluded majority perceived that their disabilities rested on no foundation of right and justice, and were unsupported by reasons of State. They proposed that the prizes in the Government, the Army, and the Church should be given to merit among the active and necessary portion of the people, and that no privilege injurious to them should be reserved for the unprofitable minority. Being nearly an hundred to one, they deemed that they were virtually the substance of the nation, and they claimed to govern themselves with a power proportioned to their numbers. They demanded that the State should be reformed, that the ruler should be their agent, not their master.

That is the French Revolution. To see that it is not a meteor from the unknown, but the product of historic influences which by their union were efficient to destroy, and by their division powerless to construct, we must follow for a moment the procession of ideas that went before, and bind it to the law of continuity and the operation of constant forces.

If France failed where other nations have succeeded, and if the passage from the feudal and aristocratic forms of society to the industrial and democratic was attended by convulsions, the cause

was not in the men of that day, but in the ground on which they stood. As long as the despotic kings were victorious abroad, they were accepted at home. The first signals of revolutionary thinking lurk dimly among the oppressed minorities during intervals of disaster. The Jansenists were loyal and patient; but their famous jurist Domat was a philosopher, and is remembered as the writer who restored the supremacy of reason in the chaotic jurisprudence of the time. He had learnt from St. Thomas, a great name in the school he belonged to, that legislation ought to be for the people and by the people, that the cashiering of bad kings may be not only a right but a duty. He insisted that law shall proceed from common-sense, not from custom, and shall draw its precepts from an eternal code. The principle of the higher law signifies Revolution. No government founded on positive enactments only can stand before it, and it points the way to that system of primitive, universal, and indefeasible rights which the lawyers of the Assembly, descending from Domat, prefixed to their constitution.

Under the Edict of Nantes the Protestants were decided royalists; so that, even after the Revocation, Bayle, the apostle of Toleration, retained his loyalty in exile at Rotterdam. His enemy, Jurieu, though intolerant as a divine, was liberal in his politics, and contracted in the neighborhood of William of Orange the temper of a continental Whig. He taught that sovereignty comes from the people and reverts to the people. The Crown forfeits powers it has made ill use of. The rights of the nation cannot be forfeited. The people alone possess an authority which is legitimate without conditions, and their acts are valid even when they are wrong. The most telling of Jurieu's seditious propositions, preserved in the transparent amber of Bossuet's reply, shared the immortality of a classic, and in time contributed to the doctrine that the democracy is irresponsible and must have its way.

Maultrot, the best ecclesiastical lawyer of the day, published three volumes in 1790 on the power of the people over kings, in which, with accurate research among sources very familiar to him and to nobody else, he explained how the Canon Law approves the principles of 1688 and rejects the modern invention of divine

right. His book explains still better the attitude of the clergy in the Revolution, and their brief season of popularity.

The true originator of the opposition in literature was Fénelon. He was neither an innovating reformer nor a discoverer of new truth; but, as a singularly independent and most intelligent witness, he was the first who saw through the majestic hypocrisy of the court, and knew that France was on the road to ruin. The revolt of conscience began with him before the glory of the monarchy was clouded over. His views grew from an extraordinary perspicacity and refinement in the estimate of men. He learnt to refer the problem of government, like the conduct of private life, to the mere standard of morals, and extended further than any one the plain but hazardous practice of deciding all things by the exclusive precepts of enlightened virtue. If he did not know all about policy and international science, he could always tell what would be expected of a hypothetically perfect man. Fénelon feels like a citizen of Christian Europe, but he pursues his thoughts apart from his country or his Church, and his deepest utterances are in the mouth of pagans. He desired to be alike true to his own beliefs, and gracious towards those who dispute them. He approved neither the deposing power nor the punishment of error, and declared that the highest need of the Church was not victory but liberty. Through his friends, Fleury and Chevreuse, he favored the recall of the Protestants, and he advised a general toleration. He would have the secular power kept aloof from ecclesiastical concerns, because protection leads to religious servitude and persecution to religious hypocrisy. There were moments when his steps seemed to approach the border of the undiscovered land where Church and State are parted.

He has written that a historian ought to be neutral between other countries and his own, and he expected the same discipline in politicians, as patriotism cannot absolve a man from his duty to mankind. Therefore no war can be just, unless a war to which we are compelled in the sole cause of freedom. Fénelon wished that France should surrender the ill-gotten conquests of which she was so proud, and especially that she should withdraw from Spain.

He declared that the Spaniards were degenerate and imbecile, but that nothing could make that right which was contrary to the balance of power and the security of nations. Holland seemed to him the hope of Europe, and he thought the allies justified in excluding the French dynasty from Spain for the same reason that no claim of law could have made it right that Philip II. should occupy England. He hoped that his country would be thoroughly humbled, for he dreaded the effects of success on the temperament of the victorious French. He deemed it only fair that Louis should be compelled to dethrone his grandson with his own guilty hand.

In the judgment of Fénelon, power is poison; and as kings are nearly always bad, they ought not to govern, but only to execute the law. For it is the mark of barbarians to obey precedent and custom. Civilized society must be regulated by a solid code. Nothing but a constitution can avert arbitrary power. The despotism of Louis XIV. renders him odious and contemptible, and is the cause of all the evils which the country suffers. If the governing power which rightfully belonged to the nation was restored, it would save itself by its own exertion; but absolute authority irreparably saps its foundations, and is bringing on a revolution by which it will not be moderated, but utterly destroyed. Although Fénelon has no wish to sacrifice either the monarchy or the aristocracy, he betrays sympathy with several tendencies of the movement which he foresaw with so much alarm. He admits the state of nature, and thinks civil society not the primitive condition of man, but a result of the passage from savage life to husbandry. He would transfer the duties of government to local and central assemblies; and he demands entire freedom of trade, and education provided by law, because children belong to the State first and to the family afterwards. He does not resign the hope of making men good by act of parliament, and his belief in public institutions as a means of molding individual character brings him nearly into touch with a distant future.

He is the Platonic founder of revolutionary thinking. Whilst his real views were little known, he became a popular memory;

but some complained that his force was centrifugal, and that a church can no more be preserved by suavity and distinction than a state by liberty and justice. Louis XVI., we are often told, perished in expiation of the sins of his forefathers. He perished, not because the power he inherited from them had been carried to excess, but because it had been discredited and undermined. One author of this discredit was Fénelon. Until he came, the ablest men, Bossuet and even Bayle, revered the monarchy. Fénelon struck it at the zenith, and treated Louis XIV. in all his grandeur more severely than the disciples of Voltaire treated Louis XV. in all his degradation. The season of scorn and shame begins with him. The best of his later contemporaries followed his example, and laid the basis of opposing criticism on motives of religion. They were the men whom Cardinal Dubois describes as dreamers of the same dreams as the chimerical archbishop of Cambray. Their influence fades away before the great change that came over France about the middle of the century.

From that time unbelief so far prevailed that even men who were not professed assailants, as Montesquieu, Condillac, Turgot, were estranged from Christianity. Politically, the consequence was this: men who did not attribute any deep significance to Church questions never acquired definite notions on Church and State, never seriously examined under what conditions religion may be established or disestablished, endowed or disendowed, never even knew whether there exists any general solution or any principle by which problems of that kind are decided. This defect of knowledge became a fact of importance at a turning-point in the Revolution. The theory of the relations between states and churches is bound up with the theory of Toleration, and on that subject the eighteenth century scarcely rose above an intermittent, embarrassed, and unscientific view. For religious liberty is composed of the properties both of religion and of liberty, and one of its factors never became an object of disinterested observation among actual leaders of opinion. They preferred the argument of doubt to the argument of certitude, and sought to defeat intolerance by casting out revelation as they had defeated the persecu-

tion of witches by casting out the devil. There remained a flaw in their liberalism, for liberty apart from belief is liberty with a good deal of the substance taken out of it. The problem is less complicated and the solution less radical and less profound. Already, then, there were writers who held somewhat superficially the conviction, which Tocqueville made a corner-stone, that nations that have not the self-governing force of religion within them are unprepared for freedom.

The early notions of reform moved on French lines, striving to utilize the existing form of society, to employ the parliamentary aristocracy, to revive the States-General and the provincial assemblies. But the scheme of standing on the ancient ways, and raising a new France on the substructure of the old, brought out the fact that whatever growth of institutions there once had been had been stunted and stood still. If the medieval polity had been fitted to prosper, its fruit must be gathered from other countries, where the early notions had been pursued far ahead. The first thing to do was to cultivate the foreign example; and with that what we call the eighteenth century began. The English superiority, proclaimed first by Voltaire, was further demonstrated by Montesquieu. For England had recently created a government which was stronger than the institutions that had stood on antiquity. Founded upon fraud and treason, it had yet established the security of law more firmly than it had ever existed under the system of legitimacy, of prolonged inheritance, and of religious sanction. It flourished on the unaccustomed belief that theological dissensions need not detract from the power of the State, while political dissensions are the very secret of its prosperity. The men of questionable character who accomplished the change, and had governed for the better part of sixty years, had successfully maintained public order, in spite of conspiracy and rebellion; they had built up an enormous system of national credit, and had been victorious in continental war. The Jacobite doctrine, which was the basis of European monarchy, had been backed by the arms of France, and had failed to shake the newly planted throne. A great experiment had been crowned by a great discovery. A nov-

elty that defied the wisdom of centuries had made good its footing, and revolution had become a principle of stability more sure than tradition.

Montesquieu undertook to make the disturbing fact avail in political science. He valued it because it reconciled him with monarchy. He had started with the belief that kings are an evil, and not a necessary evil, and that their time was running short. His visit to Walpolean England taught him a plan by which they might be reprieved. He still confessed that a republic is the reign of virtue; and by virtue he meant love of equality and renunciation of self. But he had seen a monarchy that throve by corruption. He said that the distinctive principle of monarchy is not virtue but honor, which he once described as a contrivance to enable men of the world to commit almost every offence with impunity. The praise of England was made less injurious to French patriotism by the famous theory that explains institutions and character by the barometer and the latitude. Montesquieu looked about him, and abroad, but not far ahead. His admirable skill in supplying reason for every positive fact sometimes confounds the cause which produces with the argument that defends. He knows so many pleas for privilege that he almost overlooks the class that has none; and having no friendship for the clergy, he approves their immunities. He thinks that aristocracy alone can preserve monarchies, and makes England more free than any commonwealth. He lays down the great conservative maxim, that success generally depends on knowing the time it will take; and the most purely Whig maxim in his works, that the duty of a citizen is a crime when it obscures the duty of man, is Fénelon's. His liberty is of a Gothic type, and not insatiable. But the motto of his work, *Prolem sine matre creatam,* was intended to signify that the one thing wanting was liberty; and he had views on taxation, equality, and the division of powers that gave him a momentary influence in 1789. His warning that a legislature may be more dangerous than the executive remained unheard. The *Esprit des lois* had lost ground in 1767, during the ascendancy of Rousseau. The mind of the author moved within the conditions of society

familiar to him, and he did not heed the coming democracy. He assured Hume that there would be no revolution, because the nobles were without civic courage.

There was more divination in d'Argenson, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1745, and knew politics from the inside. Less acquiescent than his brilliant contemporary, he was perpetually contriving schemes of fundamental change, and is the earliest writer from whom we can extract the system of 1789. Others before him had perceived the impending revolution; but d'Argenson foretold that it would open with the slaughter of priests in the streets of Paris. Thirty-eight years later these words came true at the gate of St. Germain's Abbey. As the supporter of the Pretender, he was quite uninfluenced by admiration for England, and imputed, not to the English Deists and Whigs, but to the Church and her divisions and intolerance, the unbelieving spirit that threatened both Church and State. It was conventionally understood on the Continent that 1688 had been an uprising of Nonconformists, and a Whig was assumed to be a Presbyterian down to the death of Anne. It was easy to infer that a more violent theological conflict would lead to a more violent convulsion. As early as 1743 his terrible foresight discerns that the State is going to pieces, and its doom was so certain that he began to think of a refuge under other masters. He would have deposed the noble, the priest, and the lawyer, and given their power to the masses. Although the science of politics was in its infancy, he relied on the dawning enlightenment to establish rational liberty, and the equality between classes and religions which is the perfection of politics. The world ought to be governed not by parchment and vested rights, but by plain reason, which proceeds from the complex to the simple, and will sweep away all that interposes between the State and the democracy, giving to each part of the nation the management of its own affairs. He is eager to change everything, except the monarchy which alone can change all else. A deliberative assembly does not rise above the level of its average members. It is neither very foolish nor very wise. All might be well if the king made himself the irresistible instru-

PROVIDENCE IN THE WEST
BROADWAY and PALM STS.
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

ment of philosophy and justice, and wrought the reform. But his king was Louis XV. D'Argenson saw so little that was worthy to be preserved that he did not shrink from sweeping judgments and abstract propositions. By his rationalism, and his indifference to the prejudice of custom and the claim of possession; by his maxim that every man may be presumed to understand the things in which his own interest and responsibility are involved; by his zeal for democracy, equality, and simplicity, and his dislike of intermediate authorities, he belongs to a generation later than his own. He heralded events without preparing them, for the best of all he wrote only became known in our time.

Whilst Montesquieu, at the height of his fame as the foremost of living writers, was content to contemplate the past, there was a student in the Paris seminary who taught men to fix hope and endeavor on the future, and led the world at twenty-three. Turgot, when he proclaimed that upward growth and progress is the law of human life, was studying to become a priest. To us, in an age of science, it has become difficult to imagine Christianity without the attribute of development and the faculty of improving society as well as souls. But the idea was acquired slowly. Under the burden of sin, men accustomed themselves to the consciousness of degeneracy; each generation confessed that they were unworthy children of their parents, and awaited with impatience the approaching end. From Lucretius and Seneca to Pascal and Leibniz we encounter a few dispersed and unsupported passages, suggesting advance towards perfection, and the flame that brightens as it moves from hand to hand; but they were without mastery or radiance. Turgot at once made the idea habitual and familiar, and it became a pervading force in thoughtful minds, whilst the new sciences arose to confirm it. He imparted a deeper significance to history, giving it unity of tendency and direction, constancy where there had been motion, and development instead of change. The progress he meant was moral as much as intellectual; and as he professed to think that the rogues of his day would have seemed sanctified models to an earlier century, he made his calculations without counting the wickedness of men. His analysis

left unfathomed depths for future explorers, for Lessing and still more for Hegel; but he taught mankind to expect that the future would be unlike the past, that it would be better, and that the experience of ages may instruct and warn, but cannot guide or control. He is eminently a benefactor to historical study; but he forged a weapon charged with power to abolish the product of history and the existing order. By the hypothesis of progress, the new is always gaining on the old; history is the embodiment of imperfection, and escape from history became the watchword of the coming day. Condorcet, the master's pupil, thought that the world might be emancipated by burning its records.

Turgot was too discreet for such an excess, and he looked to history for the demonstration of his law. He had come upon it in his theological studies. He renounced them soon after, saying that he could not wear a mask. When Guizot called Lamennais a malefactor, because he threw off his cassock and became a free-thinker, Scherer, whose course had been some way parallel, observed: "He little knows how much it costs." The abrupt transition seems to have been accomplished by Turgot without a struggle. The *Encyclopædia,* which was the largest undertaking since the invention of printing, came out at that time, and Turgot wrote for it. But he broke off, refusing to be connected with a party professedly hostile to revealed religion; and he rejected the declamatory paradoxes of Diderot and Raynal. He found his home among the Physiocrats, of all the groups the one that possessed the most compact body of consistent views, and who already knew most of the accepted doctrines of political economy, although they ended by making way for Adam Smith. They are of supreme importance to us, because they founded political science on the economic science which was coming into existence. Harrington, a century before, had seen that the art of government can be reduced to system; but the French economists precede all men in this, that holding a vast collection of combined and verified truths on matters contiguous to politics and belonging to their domain, they extended it to the whole, and governed the constitution by the same fixed principles that governed the purse. They said: A

man's most sacred property is his labor. It is anterior even to the right of property, for it is the possession of those who own nothing else. Therefore he must be free to make the best use of it he can. The interference of one man with another, of society with its members, of the state with the subject, must be brought down to the lowest dimension. Power intervenes only to restrict intervention, to guard the individual from oppression—that is, from regulation in an interest not his own. Free labor and its derivative free trade are the first conditions of legitimate government. Let things fall into their natural order, let society govern itself, and the sovereign function of the State will be to protect Nature in the execution of her own law. Government must not be arbitrary, but it must be powerful enough to repress arbitrary action in others. If the supreme power is needlessly limited, the secondary powers will run riot and oppress. Its supremacy will bear no check. The problem is to enlighten the ruler, not to restrain him; and one man is more easily enlightened than many. Government by opposition, by balance and control, is contrary to principle; whereas absolutism might be requisite to the attainment of their higher purpose. Nothing less than concentrated power could overcome the obstacles to such beneficent reforms as they meditated. Men who sought only the general good must wound every distinct and separate interest of class, and would be mad to break up the only force that they could count upon, and thus to throw away the means of preventing the evils that must follow if things were left to the working of opinion and the feeling of masses. They had no love for absolute power in itself, but they computed that, if they had the use of it for five years, France would be free. They distinguished an arbitrary monarch and the irresistible but impersonal state.

It was the era of repentant monarchy. Kings had become the first of public servants, executing, for the good of the people, what the people were unable to do for themselves; and there was a reforming movement on foot which led to many instances of prosperous and intelligent administration. To men who knew what unutterable suffering and wrong were inflicted by bad laws, and

who lived in terror of the uneducated and inorganic masses, the idea of reform from above seemed preferable to parliamentary government managed by Newcastle and North, in the interest of the British landlord. The economists are outwardly and avowedly less liberal than Montesquieu, because they are incomparably more impressed by the evils of the time, and the need of immense and fundamental changes. They prepared to undo the work of absolutism by the hand of absolutism. They were not its opponents, but its advisers, and hoped to convert it by their advice. The indispensable liberties are those which constitute the wealth of nations; the rest will follow. The disease had lasted too long for the sufferer to heal himself: the relief must come from the author of his sufferings. The power that had done the wrong was still efficient to undo the wrong. Transformation, infinitely more difficult in itself than preservation, was not more formidable to the economists because it consisted mainly in revoking the godless work of a darker age. They deemed it their mission not to devise new laws, for that is a task which God has not committed to man, but only to declare the inherent laws of the existence of society and enable them to prevail.

The defects of the social and political organization were as distinctly pointed out by the economists as by the electors of the National Assembly, twenty years later, and in nearly all things they proposed the remedy. But they were persuaded that the only thing to regenerate France was a convulsion which the national character would make a dreadful one. They desired a large scheme of popular education, because commands take no root in soil that is not prepared. Political truths can be made so evident that the opinion of an instructed public will be invincible, and will banish the abuse of power. To resist oppression is to make a league with heaven, and all things are oppressive that resist the natural order of freedom. For society secures rights; it neither bestows nor restricts them. They are the direct consequence of duties. As truth can only convince by the exposure of errors and the defeat of objections, liberty is the essential guard of truth. Society is founded, not on the will of man, but on the nature of

man and the will of God; and conformity to the divinely appointed order is followed by inevitable reward. Relief of those who suffer is the duty of all men, and the affair of all.

Such was the spirit of that remarkable group of men, especially of Mercier de la Rivière, of whom Diderot said that he alone possessed the true and everlasting secret of the security and the happiness of empires. Turgot indeed had failed in office; but his reputation was not diminished, and the power of his name exceeded all others at the outbreak of the Revolution. His policy of employing the Crown to reform the State was at once rejected in favor of other counsels; but his influence may be traced in many acts of the Assembly, and on two very memorable occasions it was not auspicious. It was a central dogma of the party that land is the true source of wealth, or, as Asgill said, that man deals in nothing but earth. When a great part of France became national property, men were the more easily persuaded that land can serve as the basis of public credit and of unlimited *assignats*. According to a weighty opinion which we shall have to consider before long, the parting of the ways in the Revolution was on the day when, rejecting the example both of England and America, the French resolved to institute a single undivided legislature. It was the Pennsylvanian model; and Voltaire had pronounced Pennsylvania the best government in the world. Franklin gave the sanction of an oracle to the constitution of his state, and Turgot was its vehement protagonist in Europe.

A king ruling over a level democracy, and a democracy ruling itself through the agency of a king, were long contending notions in the first Assembly. One was monarchy according to Turgot, the other was monarchy adapted to Rousseau; and the latter, for a time, prevailed. Rousseau was the citizen of a small republic, consisting of a single town, and he professed to have applied its example to the government of the world. It was Geneva, not as he saw it, but as he extracted its essential principle, and as it has since become, Geneva illustrated by the Forest Cantons and the Landesgemeinde more than by its own charters. The idea was that the grown men met in the market-place, like the peasants of

Glarus under their trees, to manage their affairs, making and unmaking officials, conferring and revoking powers. They were equal, because every man had exactly the same right to defend his interest by the guarantee of his vote. The welfare of all was safe in the hands of all, for they had not the separate interests that are bred by the egotism of wealth, nor the exclusive views that come from a distorted education. All being equal in power and similar in purpose, there can be no just cause why some should move apart and break into minorities. There is an implied contract that no part shall ever be preferred to the whole, and minorities shall always obey. Clever men are not wanted for the making of laws, because clever men and their laws are at the root of all mischief. Nature is a better guide than civilization, because nature comes from God, and His works are good; culture from man, whose works are bad in proportion as he is remoter from natural innocence, as his desires increase upon him, as he seeks more refined pleasures, and stores up more superfluity. It promotes inequality, selfishness, and the ruin of public spirit.

By plausible and easy stages the social ideas latent in parts of Switzerland produced the theory that men come innocent from the hands of the Creator, that they are originally equal, that progress from equality to civilization is the passage from virtue to vice and from freedom to tyranny, that the people are sovereign, and govern by powers given and taken away; that an individual or a class may be mistaken and may desert the common cause and the general interest, but the people, necessarily sincere, and true, and incorrupt, cannot go wrong; that there is a right of resistance to all governments that are fallible, because they are partial, but none against government of the people by the people, because it has no master and no judge, and decides in the last instance and alone; that insurrection is the law of all unpopular societies founded on a false principle and a broken contract, and submission that of the only legitimate societies, based on the popular will; that there is no privilege against the law of nature, and no right against the power of all. By this chain of reasoning, with little infusion of

other ingredients, Rousseau applied the sequence of the ideas of pure democracy to the government of nations.

Now the most glaring and familiar fact in history shows that the direct self-government of a town cannot be extended over an empire. It is a plan that scarcely reaches beyond the next parish. Either one district will be governed by another, or both by somebody else chosen for the purpose. Either plan contradicts first principles. Subjection is the direct negation of democracy; representation is the indirect. So that an Englishman underwent bondage to parliament as much as Lausanne to Berne or as America to England if it had submitted to taxation, and by law recovered his liberty but once in seven years. Consequently Rousseau, still faithful to Swiss precedent as well as to the logic of his own theory, was a federalist. In Switzerland, when one-half of a canton disagrees with the other, or the country with the town, it is deemed natural that they should break into two, that the general will may not oppress minorities. This multiplication of self-governing communities was admitted by Rousseau as a preservative of unanimity on one hand, and of liberty on the other. Helvétius came to his support with the idea that men are not only equal by nature but alike, and that society is the cause of variation; from which it would follow that everything may be done by laws and by education.

Rousseau is the author of the strongest political theory that had appeared amongst men. We cannot say that he reasons well, but he knew how to make his argument seem convincing, satisfying, inevitable, and he wrote with an eloquence and a fervor that had never been seen in prose, even in Bolingbroke or Milton. His books gave the first signal of a universal subversion, and were as fatal to the Republic as to the Monarchy. Although he lives by the social contract and the law of resistance, and owes his influence to what was extreme and systematic, his later writings are loaded with sound political wisdom. He owes nothing to the novelty or the originality of his thoughts. Taken jointly or severally, they are old friends, and you will find them in the school of Wolf that

just preceded, in the dogmatists of the Great Rebellion and the Jesuit casuists who were dear to Algernon Sidney, in their Protestant opponents, Duplessis Mornay, and the Scots who had heard the last of our schoolmen, Major of St. Andrews, renew the speculations of the time of schism, which decomposed and dissected the Church and rebuilt it on a model very propitious to political revolution, and even in the early interpreters of the Aristotelian Politics which appeared just at the era of the first parliament.

Rousseau's most advanced point was the doctrine that the people are infallible. Jurieu had taught that they can do no wrong; Rousseau added that they are positively in the right. The idea, like most others, was not new, and goes back to the Middle Ages. When the question arose what security there is for the preservation of traditional truth if the episcopate was divided and the papacy vacant, it was answered that the faith would be safely retained by the masses. The maxim that the voice of the people is the voice of God is as old as Alcuin; it was renewed by some of the greatest writers anterior to democracy, by Hooker and Bossuet, and it was employed in our day by Newman to prop his theory of development. Rousseau applied it to the State.

The sovereignty of public opinion was just then coming in through the rise of national debts and the increasing importance of the public creditor. It meant more than the noble savage and the blameless South Sea islander, and distinguished the instinct that guides large masses of men from the calculating wisdom of the few. It was destined to prove the most serious of all obstacles to representative government. Equality of power readily suggests equality of property; but the movement of Socialism began earlier, and was not assisted by Rousseau. There were solemn theorists, such as Mably and Morelly, who were sometimes quoted in the Revolution, but the change in the distribution of property was independent of them.

A more effective influence was imported from Italy; for the Italians, through Vico, Giannone, Genovesi, had an eighteenth century of their own. Sardinia preceded France in solving the problem of feudalism. Arthur Young affirms that the measures

of the Grand Duke Leopold had, in ten years, doubled the produce of Tuscany; at Milan, Count Firmian was accounted one of the best administrators in Europe. It was a Milanese, Beccaria, who, by his reform of criminal law, became a leader of French opinion. Continental jurisprudence had long been overshadowed by two ideas: that torture is the surest method of discovering truth, and that punishment deters not by its justice, its celerity, or its certainty, but in proportion to its severity. Even in the eighteenth century the penal system of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. was barbarous. Therefore no attack was more surely aimed at the heart of established usage than that which dealt with courts of justice. It forced men to conclude that authority was odiously stupid and still more odiously ferocious, that existing governments were accursed, that the guardians and ministers of law, divine and human, were more guilty than their culprits. The past was branded as the reign of infernal powers, and charged with long arrears of unpunished wrong. As there was no sanctity left in law, there was no mercy for its merciless defenders; and if they fell into avenging hands, their doom would not exceed their desert. Men afterwards conspicuous by their violence, Brissot and Marat, were engaged in this campaign of humanity, which raised a demand for authorities that were not vitiated by the accumulation of infamy, for new laws, new powers, a new dynasty.

As religion was associated with cruelty, it is at this point that the movement of new ideas became a crusade against Christianity. A book by the Curé Meslier, partially known at that time, but first printed by Strauss in 1864, is the clarion of vindictive unbelief; and another abbé, Raynal, hoped that the clergy would be crushed beneath the ruins of their altars.

Thus the movement which began, in Fénelon's time, with warnings and remonstrance and the zealous endeavor to preserve, which produced one great scheme of change by the Crown and another at the expense of the Crown, ended in the wild cry for vengeance and a passionate appeal to fire and sword. So many lines of thought converging on destruction explain the agreement that existed when the States-General began, and the explosion that

followed the reforms of '89 and the ruins of '93. No conflict can be more irreconcilable than that between a constitution and an enlightened absolutism, between abrogation of old laws and multiplication of new, between representation and direct democracy, the people controlling and the people governing, kings by contract and kings by mandate.

Yet all these fractions of opinion were called Liberal: Montesquieu, because he was an intelligent Tory; Voltaire, because he attacked the clergy; Turgot, as a reformer; Rousseau, as a democrat; Diderot, as a freethinker. The one thing common to them all is the disregard for liberty.

THE ANGLO-SAXON MYTH

By Henry J. Ford

I

Nothing could be farther from the thought of the sort of people who are so fond of talking about our glorious Anglo-Saxon heritage than the fact that they are responding to a papal suggestion, but so it is. The starting point of it all was the mission which Pope Gregory I. sent to the Angles, prompted by an incident famous in ecclesiastical history, although the record of it is remote in time and place from where it is said to have occurred. The story is told by Bede, a British monk, writing in the year 731, much over a century after Gregory's time. Familiar as it may be to some readers, the story must be told again here, for it has particulars bearing on the case now under consideration.

The story goes that Gregory, then abbot of St. Andrew's monastery at Rome, noticed some singularly handsome slaves offered for sale in the Forum, and inquired their nationality. "Angles," was the reply. "Good," said the abbot, "they have the faces of angels and should be co-heirs with the angels in heaven. From what province do they come?" "From Deira." "Deira! Yea, verily, they shall be saved from God's ire (*de ira*), and shall be called to the mercy of Christ! How is the king of that country named?" "Aella." Then must Alleluia be sung in Aella's land."

This string of puns looks more like an artistic embroidery of pious narrative than veritable history, but it is certain that something happened to Abbot Gregory which moved him so strongly to set about the conversion of the Angles that he went on the mission himself. But he was overtaken by messengers recalling him to Rome and in the year 590 he was elected pope. For some years he was too busy to do anything for the Angles but he did

not forget them, and in 596 he put the business in charge of one of the brothers of St. Andrew's monastery. Such was the inception of the famous mission of St. Augustine, which landed in Kent, was favorably received by its Saxon king, and settled in Canterbury, which thus became the metropolitan see of the Church of England.

Now, observe that Deira, from which province came the Angles noticed by Gregory, is in the northeast of England, the modern Yorkshire, whereas Canterbury is in the southeast, not far from the Strait of Dover. At the time of Augustine's landing it was known as the Saxon shore. His contact was thus with the Saxons, not with the Angles, and he restored Christianity in Britain by Saxon aid alone. None of the peoples who invaded Britain as the Roman power declined were less entitled, indeed, to give their name to the country than the Angles. The settlements ascribed to them were on the far northeast coast, and even there they had only a transient supremacy. They joined with later invaders in raiding the Saxon districts, and soon disappeared as a distinct tribe. There is nothing to show that Augustine had any dealings with the Angles as such, but the initial impression that his mission was to the Angles persisted at Rome, and so the country got the name Angle-land throughout Christendom. The name has stuck just as the name Indian has stuck to the American aborigines, although it originated in the mistaken notion that a round-about way to India had been discovered by Columbus.

II

The first mention of the Angles was made by Tacitus in his "Germania," at the end of the First Century, but he gave no indication of their habitat further than to say that, with six other tribes, they worshiped a goddess named Nerthus, whose sanctuary was on "an island in the ocean." The geographer, Ptolemy, half a century later, speaks of them as a tribe in the interior of Germany, occupying the region between the Ems and the Elbe. But it is not likely that these Angles were the same as those that invaded Britain, for the invasion of Britain was the game, not of

tribes in the interior, but of the maritime tribes on the coasts of the North Sea. The track of invasion for tribes living in the interior of Germany was toward Gaul or Italy.

Bede says that the Angles arriving in Britain came from a land called Angulus, and in the time of King Alfred, over a century after Bede's time, that place was identified with a district called Angel in Schleswig. According to Bede, the Angles set up their rule in Mercia, Northumbria and other northern regions, the Saxons in Essex, Sussex and Wessex, the Jutes in Kent and southern Hampshire. But when Augustine landed in Kent the ruling people there were known as Saxons. According to Ptolemy, the original home of the Saxons was in the neck of the Cimbric peninsula—modern Denmark, but later chroniclers designate as Saxons certain tribes in northwest Germany, with whom the Franks were in frequent conflict, and who were eventually subdued by Charlemagne. It seems improbable that those interior tribes could have been identical with the Saxons whom Augustine found settled in Kent, and indeed specialists on this subject hold that the original home of these Saxons must have been in Schleswig, which agrees with Ptolemy's account. The original home of the Jutes, as their name implies, is held to have been Jutland, the northernmost province of Denmark.

According to these speculations, all the tribes whom Bede mentions as having made settlements in Britain came from regions included in modern Denmark. The term Anglo-Saxon, as a designation for them, first came into use on the Continent. It appears in the writings of the Lombard historian, Paul the Deacon (720-800), and perhaps originated as a combination of the known fact of Saxon rule in Britain with the customary designation of Augustine's mission. When King Alfred, nearly a century later, described himself as *rex Anglorum Saxonum,* he was using a term that had already become traditional.

III

These facts show that such names as England and Anglo-Saxon have no real descriptive value. A much more accurate designation

for the invaders was the term that became current in the Eighth and Ninth Centuries for the North Sea raiders, who were called vikings or creek-men, in allusion to their lairs. Attempts to trace racial antecedents by means of tribal names supplied by ancient chroniclers soon land one in a hopeless muddle. Data so vague and fluctuating can have but little scientific value. The actual situation among the barbarians was as Gibbon described it:

The same territory often changed its inhabitants in the tide of conquest and emigration. The same communities, uniting in a plan of defense or invasion, bestowed a new title on their new confederacy. The dissolution of an ancient confederacy restored to the independent tribes their peculiar but long-forgotten appellation. A victorious state communicated its own name to a vanquished people. Sometimes crowds of volunteers flocked from all parts to the standards of a favorite leader; his camp became their country, and some circumstance of the enterprise soon gave a common denomination to the mixed multitude. The distinctions of the ferocious invaders were perpetually varied by themselves and confounded the astonished subjects of the Roman empire.

A glance at the map gives a better understanding of the case than the study of history. In ages of rapine an island so situated as Britain would be the natural prey of raiders across the North Sea, and the invasions recorded by history are probably but a few of those which took place. The only way of stopping them was by the erection of an authority too strong for them to cope with. Such an authority was provided by Roman rule for about 367 years—from A.D. 43 to 410, when the legions were withdrawn. That is to say, Britain was a Roman province for half a century longer than the time that has elapsed since the first English settlement in our country at Jamestown. Britain, during this period, became as highly civilized as any other province of the Roman empire, but when the Romans left the country again became the prey of invaders and remained so for about six centuries, or until the Norman conquest (A.D. 1066) put an end to tribal conflicts and again brought it under one strong, capable rule.

With such history as it has had,—swept by wave after wave of invasion,—a reasonable inference would be that there should be

a great mixture of peoples in Britain; and that is what the ethnologists have always held. In an essay published in 1871, when the vogue of the Anglo-Saxon myth was at its height, T. H. Huxley pointed out that when Britain first became known to the Romans both blond and brunette strains were found among its people, and since then prehistoric burial places have yielded evidence that both long heads and broad heads figured among them. The same variety has been observed in the skulls of the ancient Gauls; and furthermore, the Gauls and the Germans did not differ in any important physical character.

Upon a survey of all the evidence Huxley reached the conclusion that "the people of Europe owe their national names, not to their physical characteristics, but to their languages, or to their political relations." As regards the bearing of the language of a people on their racial descent, Huxley laid down the principle that "community of language testifies to close contact between the peoples who speak the language and to nothing else." The fact that the British people have a speech that belongs to the Teutonic family of languages "affords not the slightest justification for the common practice of speaking of the present inhabitants of Britain as an 'Anglo-Saxon' race."

IV

The position taken by Huxley was backed up by abundant data collected by antiquarian research as well as by ethnological investigation. The works of Thomas Wright, Thomas Nicholas, and Charles I. Elton, based on the study of British relics of every description, produced solid evidence that for the mass of the people the Anglo-Saxon invasions brought merely a change of rulers. Obviously, the invaders acted in their own interest, and that surely did not prompt them to inflict death and destruction beyond the overcoming of resistance to their will. In an able historical treatise published in 1861, C. H. Pearson pointed out that "the object of the races who broke up the Roman empire was not to settle in a desert, but to live at ease, as an aristocracy of soldiers, drawing rent from a peaceful population of tenants."

Indeed, when one considers all the circumstances it seems reasonable to infer that there was a smaller infusion of Teutonic blood in Britain than in other provinces of the western Roman empire. Ancient writers mention many more tribes as invaders of Gaul, Italy and Spain than figured in the invasions of Britain. The incompleteness of historical records in those times may be appealed to as lessening the significance of that fact, but here is a circumstance which it is impossible to explain away. The invasions of Britain were filibustering expeditions made in narrow skiffs. Such invasions were necessarily restricted in volume. But a barbarian invasion of Gaul or Italy might be the trek of a whole people—men, women, children and household goods.

There is plenty of historical evidence that emigrations of just that character took place on the Continent. Speaking of the Ostrogothic invasion of Italy led by Theodoric, Gibbon remarks that "his march must be considered as the emigration of an entire people; the wives and children of the Goths, their aged parents, and most precious effects were carefully transported." The Lombard invasion, which took place at a later period, was of the same character, and it was joined by a mixed host of barbarian allies, among whom there is a mention of the Saxons. A name so apt to pop up anywhere from the North Sea to the Adriatic can scarcely have had a fixed significance. Gibbon reckons that the Teutonic tribesmen who settled in Italy with their slaves and cattle amounted to two hundred thousand, enough to imply an emigrant population of about a million. No such extensive migration could take place to Britain. It follows that while Britain received a spatter of Teutonic blood, Gaul and Italy received a drench. If there is any distinctive virtue in Teutonic heredity, or any special aptitude in it for representative government, the scene of its development would more probably have been in France or Italy than in Britain.

V

But the facts brought forward by antiquaries, ethnologists and matter-of-fact historians were unavailing to stay the victorious

march of the Anglo-Saxon myth. Under the assiduous manipulation of Professor E. A. Freeman, who devoted his life to propagating it, it received embellishments that made it much more attractive than it was when it was grounded on the known facts of Anglo-Saxon history. German scholarship, meanwhile, elaborated the doctrine of the Mark as a characteristic Teutonic institution. Here is the account of it given by Bishop Stubbs in his *Constitutional History of England:*

The Mark has been formed by a primitive settlement of a family or kindred in one of the great plains or forests of the ancient world; and it is accordingly, like any other clearing, surrounded by a thick border of wood or waste, which supplies the place or increases the strength of a more effective natural boundary. In the center of the clearing the primitive village is placed; each of the mark-men has there his homestead, his house, courtyard, and farm-buildings. This possession, the exponent, as we may call it, of his character as a fully qualified freeman, entitles him to a share in the land of the community. . . . For every such mark becomes a political unit, every free mark-man has his place in the assembly of the Mark, which regulates all the internal business of the partnership and of the relations that arise from it.

This picture certainly does not fit very well into the known circumstances of the coast tribes or creek-men who harried Britain and the northern coast of Gaul. It is noticeable, indeed, that as the literary expansions of the Anglo-Saxon myth went on, the origin of the political institutions that it took in was shifted from the North Sea coasts to the interior forests of Germany. Professor Freeman declared:

In the Germany of Tacitus we have the picture of the institutions of the Teutonic race before our branch of the race sailed from the mouths of the Elbe and Weser to seek new homes by the Humber and the Thames. There, in the picture of our fathers and brethren, seventeen hundred years back, the free Teutonic assembly of the whole people is set before us.

This assembly was held by Freeman to contain "the germs out of which every free institution in the world has grown." Historical literature until recently has resounded with this

opinion. Representative government was said to have originated in the delegation of the right of every freeman to attend the Mark assembly in person. The reader may get a grand view of the vast political consequences flowing from this Teutonic practice by consulting John Fiske's *Beginnings of New England.* He traced the New England town-meeting, the British Parliament, the American Congress, and indeed, "all modern legislative bodies," to the primitive Teutonic assembly.

VI

A fact which gave trouble for Freeman and his adherents was that there is not the slightest evidence, either in historical record or popular tradition, that the Mark ever existed in England. Freeman had to admit this, but he contended that it was a fair presumption that the Anglo-Saxons brought it with them and implanted it in their new home. He went so far as to say that the land was cleared of the Celts and "the intruding nation altogether supplanted the elder nation." This was too steep to be accepted even by historians of his own school, and he was subjected to a fire of criticism that caused him to admit that he had used "a hard word" in speaking of the Britons as having been "extirpated." In the end he rested his case mainly on the linguistic argument, saying:

Here, then, is the great fact of all. The man of France still speaks the tongue which the Gaul learned from the Roman. The man of England still speaks the tongue which he learned from no man, the tongue which his fathers brought with them from their elder home.

But as Huxley pointed out, language is not a test of race. If it is, then the Negro who said that "we Anglo-Saxons will win the war," was right in the racial claim he made for himself. The way in which a Teutonic dialect fastened itself upon Britain, although the mass of the people remained Celts, is not hard to discern. When the barbarians settled in the fold of the church, as in Gaul, Italy and Spain, they experienced a change of speech in receiving Christianity, and the Romance languages thus arose

on the basis of Latin. Whatever the language of parents may be, children adopt the language which presents itself as the organ of culture and the evidence of social respectability. After the Normans settled in the province which has ever since borne their name, linguistic change went on so rapidly that the second duke had to send his son away to learn Norse, for it was no longer spoken at Rouen, his capital city.

But the case was altogether different when the church had to send out missions to reach the barbarians. Then the barbarian speech had to be mastered and employed. Exactly the same process goes on in the missionary enterprises of our own times. The decisive circumstance in the case of Britain was that the ancient Celtic church had retreated before the invaders. Christianity had to make an entirely new start on the basis of the favor extended to it by Anglo-Saxon rulers. Hence the spread of Anglo-Saxon speech accompanied the spread of Christianity among the people. But at the same time a large infusion of Latin took place, a fact which etymological inquiry promptly discloses. Considered as an instrument of thought, Anglo-Saxon in its developed form was almost as much a Latin product as the Romance languages.

VII

As soon as one begins to check the facts one sees how slight is the evidence on which the Anglo-Saxon myth was built up. Big bubbles may be blown from little suds, and they get their brilliancy not from what they contain but from what they mirror. That was the way with the Anglo-Saxon myth; there was nothing in it, but it reflected in brilliant hues the pet ideas of the doctrinaire liberalism of the times. The theory that representative government was derived from Anglo-Saxon institutions held its ground against all historical criticism, and was brought down at last only by minute research into the origin of serfdom and villeinage.

Checking of the data on which German scholarship had founded the doctrine of the Mark showed that either they had been misinterpreted or they were merely fanciful conjectures.

The Mark, as a community of freemen, never actually existed. The constitution of barbarian society was not at all democratic. The common people were servile in their status, and authority was the possession of the military caste. Speaking of conditions in Gaul, Julius Cæsar observed that "the commonalty is held almost in the condition of slaves, and dares to undertake nothing of itself and is admitted to no deliberation." Research has shown that a like situation existed generally among the barbarians, whether classed as Celts or Teutons. The writings of specialists, such as P. G. Vinogradoff, F. Seebohm, and H. M. Chadwick, supply overwhelming evidence that servitude and not freedom was the condition of the mass of the people.

Freedom, whenever it exists, is a late acquirement and not a primitive possession. It is not a racial inheritance, but is a product of law and order, and those conditions appear only as they are imposed by competent authority. Representative institutions made their first appearance as an incident of monarchical rule in England because the Norman conquest made monarchical rule stronger there than elsewhere. The conversion of Parliament from an organ of the king's will into an organ of control over the king's will, and eventually into an instrument of democratic rule, is a result of political evolution in England, due to special circumstances. The subject is too big to be dealt with here, but it may be remarked that the result is attributable to historical accidents and not at all to racial antecedents or to national characteristics.

It has been only since the English have had the good fortune to arrive at orderly politics that they have obtained credit for having an orderly nature. During the Seventeenth Century, English politics were so proverbial for turbulence and changefulness as to suggest that there was something in the climate that generated such characteristics. Milton took this theory so seriously that in a treatise published in 1660, he referred to "the fickleness which is attributed to us as islanders," and he remarked that "good education and acquisite wisdom ought to correct the fluxible fault, if any there be, of our watery situation." A some-

what similar argument is heard in these times from school teachers seeking to reach into the national treasury. They urge more schooling as the grand cure for corrupt politics, although it is obvious that mere schooling may only enlarge the means of roguery.

VIII

Huxley held that the Anglo-Saxon myth had worked great "scientific and practical mischief." If so, then riddance of it ought to be a decided gain both for ethnology and for political science, but it is not at all clear wherein this gain will accrue. Nothing much is learned when it is found that the English stock which has set up its rule in so many parts of the world is really Celtic. As a racial designation the term has little value. In its Greek form, Keltoi, it was used by Herodotus for the inhabitants of the region between the Danube and the Western ocean. The barbarian neighbors of the Greek colony on the site of modern Marseilles were also designated as Keltoi. In its Latinized form, Celtae, the name was applied to tribes later known as German or Teutonic.

The fact that ancient writers found Keltoi or Celtae both in the east and in the west of Europe has been utilized as evidence that an extensive Celtic empire once existed, but it yields no more proof of this than encounters with Indian tribes in widely separated places would supply of the existence of an extensive empire among the American aborigines. In fact, as it was used by ancient writers, Keltoi or Celtae appears to have been as vague a term as our word Indians. As a term of modern philology, however, the name is quite precise. It designates a group of languages found on the northwestern rim of Europe and the near-by islands. Although the Celtic group differs from the Teutonic family of languages, yet it has affinities which indicate that it belongs to the same linguistic stock. So then, about all that the difference implies is that Celtic speech and Teutonic speech originated in distinct culture areas, the two groups of peoples meanwhile remaining pretty much the same in race—which agrees with what Huxley says about their identity in physical character.

Certainly the difference occasioned by the facts that the Franks adopted a Latin language while the tribes who remained east of the Rhine retained their Teutonic speech, is a fact of immensely greater historical importance than any physical difference between the peoples of France and Germany. The rise of nationality is simply a political phenomenon resulting from the break-up of the Roman empire and the Protestant Reformation.

The positive effects on political science of the bursting of the Anglo-Saxon myth are yet difficult to compute. The news will be slow in reaching klansmen and congressmen, and it will take a long time before the deep stain made upon popular history fades away. But the effect in academic circles is already marked. The Anglo-Saxon myth no longer forms a part of the Ph.D.'s luggage. In all the schools of political science good government is now described in terms of organization and discipline, and not in terms of race. The realism that thus governs political science may be reasonably expected to have some practical results. Still, it must be owned that the taste for mythology is so active in politics, and the "peepul" are so fond of the shamans who practice on their credulity that it is extremely doubtful whether reason and choice will ever prevail over accident and force in giving shape to political arrangements. The hope of political improvement lies less in the education of the people than in the education of those who become their masters, especially the military dictators whom democratic corruption always throws up.

THE SECESSION OF THE SOUTH

By Cecil Chesterton

It is a significant fact that the news of Lincoln's election which caused so much dismay and searching of heart throughout the Southern and Border States was received with defiant cheers in Charleston, the chief port of South Carolina. Those cheers meant that there was one Southern State that was ready to answer on the instant the whispered question which was troubling the North, and to answer it by no means in a whisper.

South Carolina occupied a position not exactly parallel to that of any other State. Her peculiarity was not merely that her citizens held the dogma of State Sovereignty. All the States from Virginia southward, at any rate, held that dogma in one form or another. But South Carolina held it in an extreme form, and habitually acted on it in an extreme fashion. It is not historically true to say that she learnt her political creed from Calhoun. It would be truer to say that he learnt it from her. But it may be that the leadership of a man of genius, who could codify and expound her thought, and whose bold intellect shrank from no conclusion to which his principles led, helped to give a peculiar simplicity and completeness to her interpretation of the dogma in question. The peculiarity of her attitude must be expressed by saying that most Americans had two loyalties, while the South Carolinian had only one. Whether in the last resort a citizen should prefer loyalty to his State or loyalty to the Union was a question concerning which man differed from man and State from State. There were men, and indeed whole States, for whom the conflict was a torturing, personal tragedy, and a tearing of the heart in two. But practically all Americans believed that some measure of loyalty was due to both connec-

tions. The South Carolinian did not. All his loyalty was to his State. He scarcely pretended to anything like national feeling. The Union was at best a useful treaty of alliance with foreigners to be preserved only so far as the interests of the Palmetto State were advantaged thereby. His representatives in House and Senate, the men he sent to take part as electors in the choosing of a President, had rather the air of ambassadors than of legislators. They were in Congress to fight the battles of their State, and avowed quite frankly that if it should ever appear that "the Treaty called the Constitution of the United States" (as South Carolina afterwards designated it in her Declaration of Independence) were working to its disadvantage, they would denounce it with as little scruple or heart-burning as the Washington Government might denounce a commercial treaty with England or Spain.

South Carolina had been talking freely of secession for thirty years. As I have said, she regarded the Union simply as a diplomatic arrangement to be maintained while it was advantageous, and again and again doubts had been expressed as to whether in fact it was advantageous. The fiscal question which had been the ostensible cause of the Nullification movement in the 'thirties was still considered a matter of grievance. As an independent nation, it was pointed out, South Carolina would be free to meet England on the basis of reciprocal Free Trade, to market her cotton in Lancashire to the best advantage, and to receive in return a cheap and plentiful supply of British manufactures. At any moment since 1832 a good opportunity might have led her to attempt to break away. The election of Lincoln was to her not so much a grievance as a signal—and not altogether an unwelcome one. No time was lost in discussion, for the State was unanimous. The legislature had been in session choosing Presidential electors—for in South Carolina these were chosen by the legislature and not by the people. When the results of the voting in Pennsylvania and Indiana made it probable that the Republicans would have a majority, the Governor intimated that it should continue to sit in order to consider the probable

necessity of taking action to save the State. The news of Lincoln's election reached Charleston on the 7th of November. On the 10th of November the legislature unanimously voted for the holding of a specific Convention to consider the relations of South Carolina with the United States. The Convention met early in December, and before the month was out South Carolina had in her own view taken her place in the world as an independent nation. The Stars and Stripes was hauled down, and the new "Palmetto Flag"—a palm tree and a single star—raised over the public buildings throughout the State.

Many Southerners, including not a few who were inclined to Secession as the only course in the face of the Republican victory, considered the precipitancy of South Carolina unwise and unjustifiable. She should, they thought, rather have awaited a conference with the other Southern States and the determination of a common policy. But in fact there can be little doubt that the audacity of her action was a distinct spur to the Secessionist movement. It gave it a focus, a point round which to rally. The idea of a Southern Confederacy was undoubtedly already in the air. But it might have remained long and perhaps permanently in the air if no State had been ready at once to take the first definite and material step. It was now no longer a mere abstract conception or inspiration. The nucleus of the thing actually existed in the Republic of South Carolina, which every believer in State Sovereignty was bound to recognize as a present independent State. It acted, so to speak, as a magnet to draw other alarmed and discontented States out of the Union.

The energy of the South Carolinian Secessionists might have produced less effect had anything like a corresponding energy been displayed by the Government of the United States. But when men impatiently looked to Washington for counsel and decision they found neither. The conduct of President Buchanan moved men at the time to contemptuous impatience, and history has echoed the contemporary verdict. Just one fact may perhaps be urged in extenuation: if he was a weak man he was also in a weak position. A real and very practical defect, as it seems to me,

in the Constitution of the United States is the four months' interval between the election of a President and his installation. The origin of the practice is obvious enough: it is a relic of the fiction of the Electoral College, which is supposed to be spending those months in searching America for the fittest man to be chief magistrate. But now that every one knows on the morrow of the election of the College who is to be President, the effect may easily be to leave the immense power and responsibility of the American Executive during a critical period in the hands of a man who has no longer the moral authority of a popular mandate—whose policy the people have perhaps just rejected. So it was in this case. Buchanan was called upon to face a crisis produced by the defeat of his own party, followed by the threatened rebellion of the men to whom he largely owed his election, and with it what moral authority he might be supposed to possess. Had Lincoln been able to take command in November he might, by a combination of firmness and conciliation, have checked the Secessionist movement. Buchanan, perhaps, could do little; but that little he did not do.

When all fair allowance has been made for the real difficulties of his position it must be owned that the President cut a pitiable figure. What was wanted was a strong lead for the Union sentiment of all the States to rally to. What Buchanan gave was the most self-confessedly futile manifesto that any American President has ever penned. His message to the Congress began by lecturing the North for having voted Republican. It went on to lecture the people of South Carolina for seceding, and to develop in a lawyer-like manner the thesis that they had no constitutional right to do so. This was not likely to produce much effect in any case, but any effect that it might have produced was nullified by the conclusion which appeared to be intended to show, in the same legal fashion, that, though South Carolina had no constitutional right to secede, no one had any constitutional right to prevent her from seceding. The whole wound up with a tearful demonstration of the President's own

innocence of any responsibility for the troubles with which he was surrounded.

It was not surprising if throughout the nation there stirred a name and memory, and to many thousands of lips sprang instinctively and simultaneously a single sentence: "Oh, for one hour of Jackson!"

General Scott, who was in supreme command of the armed forces of the Union, had, as a young man, received Jackson's instructions for "the execution of the laws" in South Carolina. He sent a detailed specification of them to Buchanan; but it was of no avail. The great engine of democratic personal power which Jackson had created and bequeathed to his successors was in trembling and incapable hands. With a divided Cabinet—for his Secretary of State, Cass, was for vigorous action against the rebellious State, while his Secretary for War, Floyd, was an almost avowed sympathizer with secession—and with a President apparently unable to make up his own mind, or to keep to one policy from hour to hour, it was clear that South Carolina was not to be dealt with in Jackson's fashion. Clay's alternative method remained to be tried.

It was a disciple of Clay's, Senator Crittenden, who made the attempt, a Whig and a Kentuckian like his master. He proposed a compromise very much in Clay's manner, made up for the most part of carefully balanced concessions to either section. But its essence lay in its proposed settlement of the territorial problem, which consisted of a Constitutional Amendment whereby territories lying south of latitude 36°30′ should be open to Slavery, and those north of that line closed against it. This was virtually the extension of the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific, save that California, already accepted as a Free State, was not affected. Crittenden, though strenuously supported by Douglas, did not meet with Clay's measure of success. The Senate appointed a committee to consider the relations of the two sections, and to that committee, on which he had a seat, he submitted his plan. But its most important clause was negatived by a combination of extremes, Davis and the other Southerners

from the Cotton States combining with the Republicans to reject it. There is, however, some reason to believe that the Southerners would have accepted the plan if the Republicans had done so. The extreme Republicans, whose representative on the committee was Wade of Ohio, would certainly have refused it in any case, but the moderates on that side might probably have accepted and carried it had not Lincoln, who had been privately consulted, pronounced decidedly against it. This fixes upon Lincoln a considerable responsibility before history, for it seems probable that if the Crittenden Compromise had been carried the Cotton States would not have seceded, and South Carolina would have stood alone. The refusal, however, is very characteristic of his mind. No one, as his whole public conduct showed, was more moderate in counsel and more ready to compromise on practical matters than he. Nor does it seem that he would have objected strongly to the Crittenden plan—though he certainly feared that it would lead to filibustering in Mexico and Cuba for the purpose of obtaining more slave territory—if it could have been carried out by Congressional action alone. But the Dred Scott judgment made it necessary to give it the form of a Constitutional Amendment, and a Constitutional Amendment on the lines proposed would do what the Fathers of the Republic had so carefully refrained from doing—make Slavery specifically and in so many words part of the American system. This was a price which his intellectual temper, so elastic in regard to details, but so firm in its insistence on sound first principles, was not prepared to pay.

The rejection of the Crittenden Compromise gave the signal for the new and much more formidable secession which marked the New Year. Before January was spent Alabama, Florida, and Mississippi were, in their own view, out of the Union. Louisiana and Texas soon followed their example. In Georgia the Unionists put up a much stronger fight, led by Alexander Stephens, afterwards Vice-President of the Confederacy. But even there they were defeated, and the Cotton States now formed a solid phalanx openly defying the Government at Washington.

But, even if Lincoln's fairness of mind and his conciliatory disposition towards the South had been fully appreciated, it is not clear that the logic of the Secessionist case would have been greatly weakened. The essential point was that the North, by virtue of its numerical superiority, had elected a purely Northern candidate on a purely Northern program. Though both candidate and program were in fact moderate, there was no longer any security save the will of the North that such moderation would continue. If the conditions remained unaltered, there was nothing to prevent the North at a subsequent election from making Charles Sumner President with a program conceived in the spirit of John Brown's raid. It must be admitted that the policy adopted by the dominant North after the Civil War might well appear to afford a measure of posthumous justification for these fears.

In the North at first all seemed panic and confusion of voices. To many—and among them were some of those who had been keenest in prosecuting the sectional quarrel of which Secession was the outcome—it appeared the wisest course to accept the situation and acquiesce in the peaceable withdrawal of the seceding States. This was the position adopted almost unanimously by the Abolitionists, and it must be owned that they at least were strictly consistent in taking it. "When I called the Union 'a League with Death and an Agreement with Hell,'" said Garrison, "I did not expect to see Death and Hell secede from the Union." Garrison's disciple, Wendell Phillips, pronounced the matter one for the Gulf States themselves to decide, and declared that you could not raise troops in Boston to coerce South Carolina or Florida. The same line was taken by men who carried greater weight than did the Abolitionists. No writer had rendered more vigorous service to the Republican cause in 1860 than Horace Greeley of the *New York Tribune*. His pronouncement in that journal on the Southern secessions was embodied in the phrase: "Let our erring sisters go."

But while some of the strongest opponents of the South and of Slavery were disposed to accept the dismemberment of the Union

almost complacently, there were men of a very different type to whom it seemed an outrage to be consummated only over their dead bodies. During the wretched months of Buchanan's incurable hesitancy the name of Jackson had been in every mouth. And at the mere sound of that name there was a rally to the Union of all who had served under the old warrior in the days when he had laid his hand of steel upon the Nullifiers. Some of them, moved by that sound and by the memory of the dead, broke through the political ties of a quarter of a century. Among those in whom that memory overrode every other passion were Holt, a Southerner and of late the close ally of Davis; Cass, whom Lowell had pilloried as the typical weak-kneed Northener who suffered himself to be made the lackey of the South; and Taney, who had denied that, in the contemplation of the American Constitution, the Negro was a man. It was Black, an old Jacksonian, who in the moment of peril held the nerveless hands of the President firm to the tiller. It was Dix, another such, who sent to New Orleans the very Jacksonian order: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him at sight."

War is always the result of a conflict of wills.

The conflict of wills which produced the American Civil War had nothing directly to do with Slavery. It was the conflict between the will of certain Southern States to secede rather than accept the position of a permanent minority and the will expressed in Jackson's celebrated toast: "Our Union, it must be preserved." It is the Unionist position which clearly stands in need of special defense, since it proposed the coercion of a recalcitrant population. Can such a defense be framed in view of the acceptance by most of us of the general principle which has of late been called "the self-determination of peoples"?

I think it can. One may at once dismiss the common illusion—for it is often in such cases a genuine illusion, though sometimes a piece of hypocrisy—which undoubtedly had possession of many Northern minds at the time, that the Southern people did not really want to secede, but were in some mysterious fashion "in-

timidated" by a disloyal minority. How, in the absence of any special means of coercion, one man can "intimidate" two was never explained any more than it is explained when the same absurd hypothesis is brought forward in relation to Irish agrarian and English labor troubles. At any rate in this case there is not, and never has been, the slightest justification for doubting that Secessionism was from the first a genuine popular movement, that it was enthusiastically embraced by hundreds of thousands who no more expected ever to own a slave than an English laborer expects to own a carriage and pair; that in this matter the political leaders of the States, and Davis in particular, rather lagged behind than outran the general movement of opinion; that the Secessionists were in the Cotton States a great majority from the first; that they became later as decided a majority in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee; and that by the time the sword was drawn there was behind the Confederate Government a unanimity very rare in the history of revolutions—certainly much greater than existed in the colonies at the time of the Declaration of Independence. To oppose so formidable a mass of local opinion and to enforce opposition by the sword was for a democracy a grave responsibility.

Yet it was a responsibility which had to be accepted if America was to justify her claim to be a nation. To understand this certain further propositions must be grasped.

First, the resistance of the South, though so nearly universal, was not strictly national. You cannot compare the case with that of Ireland or Poland. The Confederacy was never a nation, though, had the war had a different conclusion, it might perhaps have become one. It is important to remember that the extreme Southern view did not profess to regard the South as a nationality. It professed to regard South Carolina as one nationality, Florida as another, Virginia as another. But this view, though it had a strong hold on very noble minds, was at bottom a legalism out of touch with reality. It may be doubted whether any man felt it in his bones as men feel a genuine national sentiment.

On the other hand *American* national sentiment was a reality.

It had been baptized in blood. It was a reality for Southerners as well as for Northerners, for Secessionists as well as for Union men. There was probably no American, outside South Carolina, who did not feel it as a reality, though it might be temporarily obscured and overborne by local loyalties, angers, and fears. The President of the Confederacy had himself fought under the Stars and Stripes, and loved it so well that he could not bear to part with it and wished to retain it as the flag of the South. Had one generation of excited men, without any cognate and definable grievance, moved only by anger at a political reverse and the dread of unrealized and dubious evils, the right to undo the mighty work of consolidation now so nearly accomplished, to throw away at once the inheritance of their fathers and the birthright of their children? Nor would they and their children be the only losers: it was the great principles on which the American Commonwealth was built that seemed to many to be on trial for their life. If the Union were broken up, what could men say but that Democracy had failed? The ghost of Hamilton might grin from his grave; though his rival had won the laurel, it was he who would seem to have proved his case. For the first successful secession would not necessarily have been the last. The thesis of State Sovereignty established by victory in arms—which always does in practice establish any thesis for good or evil—meant the break-up of the free and proud American nation into smaller and smaller fragments as new disputes arose, until the whole fabric planned by the Fathers of the Republic had disappeared. It is impossible to put this argument better than in the words of Lincoln himself. "Must a government, of necessity, be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?" That was the issue as he saw it, an issue which he was determined should be decided in the negative, even at the cost of a long and bloody Civil War.

I have endeavored to state fairly the nature of the conflict of wills which was to produce Civil War, and to explain how each side justified morally its appeal to arms. Further than that I do not think it necessary to go. But I will add just this one

historical fact which, I think, supplies some degree of further justification for the attitude of the North—that concerning this matter of the Union, which was the real question in debate, the South was ultimately not only conquered but persuaded. There are among the millions of Southerners alive to-day few who will admit that their fathers fought in an unjust cause, but there are probably still fewer, if any at all, who would still wish to secede if they had the power. Jefferson Davis himself could, at the last, close his record of his own defeat and of the triumph of the Union with the words *Esto Perpetua.*

NATIONALISM AS A RELIGION

By Carlton J. H. Hayes

The most impressive fact about the present age is the universality of the religious aspects of nationalism. Not only in the United States does the religious sense of the whole people find expression in nationalism, but also, in slightly different form, but perhaps to an even greater degree, in France, England, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Russia, the Scandinavian and Baltic countries, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, the Balkans, Greece, and the Latin-American republics. Nor does the religion of nationalism thrive only on traditional Christian soil; it now flourishes in Japan, Turkey, Egypt, India, Korea, and is rearing its altars in China. Nationalism has a large number of quarrelsome sects, but it is the nearest approach to a world-religion.

However, this is not to say that older religions have been obliterated by nationalism. Buddhism and Hinduism still exist. So does Mohammedanism. So does Christianity—Catholic, Orthodox, and Protestant. What actually is occurring is a new religious syncretism, by virtue of which very many persons continue nominally to adhere to the faith of their ancestors and even to practice its cult, whilst they adapt it to the exigencies of nationalist worship and discipline. Some extreme (and, let us grant, logical) nationalists abandon and assail other religions. Some devotees of other religions criticize and condemn nationalism. But the bulk of nationalists, and a growing number of Christians, Mohammedans, and Buddhists, proceed unreflectively to effect a compromise, increasingly favorable to nationalism, between the old faith and the new.

Judaism is still a potent force in the lives of many Jews, but

there can be little doubt that in recent times, with the development of skepticism about the divine inspiration of the Hebrew scriptures and the rise of "reform movements" and the consequently less strict observance of the Mosaic law and of the ceremonial of the orthodox synagogue, an ever augmenting number of Jews are expressing their religious sense in nationalism, either in devotion to the nationalism of the people among whom they live or in service and sacrifice in behalf of their own peculiar Zionism. Ancient Judaism was a religion which centered the hopes and aspirations of a "chosen people" upon a supernatural god, the god Yahweh, and anyone who believed in Yahweh and abided by his commandments was "chosen." Modern Zionism is a religion which transfers the object of worship from Yahweh to the chosen people, and none is chosen who is wilfully ignorant of the Hebrew language.

Buddhism is still a powerful factor in the lives of myriad Orientals, and in the quaint forms of theosophy it is exerting a little direct influence upon the Occident, but in Japan, at any rate, it latterly has been subordinated to nationalist Shinto, and in China certain intellectuals are attempting an amalgam of it with Confucianism and Christianity in order to produce a Chinese national religion. Mohammedanism is still a great and aggressive religion, with far-flung missionary enterprises in the East Indies and in central Africa, but the followers of Mustapha Kemal Pasha have proved themselves Turkish nationalists first and Moslems afterwards, and Mohammedan Arabs are fraternizing with Christian Arabs in a common supreme devotion to Arab nationalism against the threats of established Zionism. In India both Mohammedanism and Hinduism are ebbing before a rising Indian nationalism.

Christianity has more nominal followers to-day than ever before in its history, and possibly there are more sincere and devout Christians—Catholic, Orthodox, and Protestant—in the twentieth century than in any earlier century. But it is manifest to us who live in the West that Christianity for enormous numbers of people has become an adjunct to nationalism. The

Orthodox churches of the East, the Armenian church, the Coptic church, the remnant of the Nestorian church, are auxiliaries to nationalist fervor and nationalist endeavor. Westminster Abbey is a holy fane of the Church of England and, much more so, of British nationalism—and the Protestant cathedrals of England and Scotland and Ireland, and of Prussia too, are adorned not so plentifully nor so conspicuously with statues and relics of Christian saints as with images of national heroes, military or naval, and with national battle-flags. In France, the sacred remains of Napoleon Bonaparte lie close to a Catholic altar, and the magnificent Christian church of Sainte Geneviève has been transformed into the National Panthéon.

Christianity in the United States is becoming more and more nationalist—and naturally so. The Protestant majority, in holding its own and seeking the conversion of divers immigrants, constantly affirms that America is Protestant and that Protestantism is American. The Catholic minority, not to be outdone by such an attractive plea, is bent on "Americanizing" itself and its immigrants. All this promotes the religion of Americanism, not quite as a substitute for Christianity, but rather as a most impressive supplement to it. The process is fostered, moreover, by the very fact that American Protestantism is divided into numerous sects and denominations. No Protestant sect is strong enough—and certainly the Catholic Church (even if it were so minded)—is not strong enough—to establish itself as the official church of the United States. Hence, there can be in a common Christianity, no oneness of faith and worship for the whole American people. Consequently, the spiritual unity, which almost every one deems desirable, must be sought in nationalism.

American Protestants may differ about the literal interpretation of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis or about the manner of administering baptism, or about the orders of the ministry and the number of sacraments, but they do not differ essentially in their homage to the national state. In most Protestant churches in the United States, a big American flag hangs resplendent over the pulpit or communion-table, and in

most localities Protestant clergy and their faithful hold "union services" at least on Thanksgiving day, on Decoration day, on Washington's birthday, and on the Fourth of July. Is there not some justification for the prophecy of Mr. Israel Zangwill that "America doubtless will be the first to fuse its 186 denominations and its crank creeds into a single American religion"?

A good deal has been said and written of late by agnostically inclined gentlemen, about the decay of Protestantism in America, and it has been pointed out that only about 30 per cent of the American people attend church. This, in my opinion, is a most superficial estimate of the situation. Protestantism of the sixteenth-century Lutheran or Calvinistic type may be decaying—I don't know and I am reluctant to guess—but Protestantism as a vehement protest against historic Catholic Christianity and as an important element in the contemporary syncretic religion of nationalism is certainly alive and thriving. In this sense far more than 30 per cent of the American people are Protestants—and Nationalists. And undoubtedly it is true that many Catholic Americans would resent any imputation that they are less devout in the worship of nationalism than are their Protestant countrymen.

Although it is likely to be a long time before the new religion completely ousts the old, the syncretism now proceeding is far more favorable, in my opinion, to nationalism than to Christianity, Mohammedanism, or any other supernatural world-religion.

I would not have any one gather from what I have said that I condemn nationalism because it is an expression of man's "religious sense." I am too convinced a believer in the inherently religious character of man to make light of religion; and to condemn nationalism because it depends on religious emotion would seem to me as futile as to condemn vegetation because it thrives on sunlight. I would suggest, however, that there are many, many ways in which man may express his religious sense, and that religious emotion, like any other instinctive emotion, always is susceptible and often needful of conscious direction and control. Some forms of religion are superior to others, and when we

recognize the religious nature of modern nationalism we still have to ask ourselves whether it is the best form of religion for human betterment.

Most great religious systems of the past have been unifying, rather than disintegrating, forces in the history of the human race. Buddhism gave rise to a common type of constructive civilization among the teeming millions of Burma, Siam, China, and Japan. Mohammedanism drew together in a common bond and inspired with a common zeal the most diverse tribesmen of Arabia, India, Persia, Turkey, the Malay archipelago, and Africa. Christianity bound together in a cultural community all kinds of European peoples, regardless of their habitat, breed, and native language. And especially in the case of Christianity, the forms and ceremonies which attended the expression of man's religious sense were constant symbols of a universal striving for a kingdom that was not of this world—for the sacrifice of self and the assurance of peace on earth to men of good will.

Modern nationalism, while evolving customs and ceremonies which externally are very reminiscent of rites and practices of Christianity, has developed quite a different spirit and set itself quite a different goal. Despite the universality of the general concept of nationalism, its cult is based on a tribal idea and is, therefore, in its practical manifestations, peculiar to circumscribed areas and to persons of the same language. The good at which it aims is a good for one's own nation only, not for all mankind.

Nationalism as a religion represents a reaction against historic Christianity, against the universal mission of Christ; it re-enshrines the earlier tribal mission of a chosen people. The ancient reflective Roman imagined that one chosen people—the Hebrew nation—was one too many for general comfort and safety; the thoughtful modern Christian may be pardoned for being a bit pessimistic about a world devoid of a Roman empire and replete with dozens of chosen peoples.

Nationalism as a religion inculcates neither charity nor justice—it is proud, not humble—and it signally fails to universalize human aims. It repudiates the revolutionary message of St. Paul

and proclaims anew the primitive doctrine that there shall be Jew and Greek, only that now there shall be Jew and Greek more quintessentially than ever. Nationalism's kingdom is frankly of this world, and its attainment involves tribal selfishness and vainglory, a particularly ignorant and tyrannical intolerance—and war.

THE CHURCH AND THE REPUBLIC

By Cardinal Gibbons

Sixteen millions of Catholics live their lives in our land with undisturbed belief in the perfect harmony existing between their religion and their duties as American citizens. It never occurs to their minds to question the truth of a belief which all their experience confirms. Love of religion and love of country burn together in their hearts.

They love their Church as the divine spiritual society set up by Jesus Christ, through which they are brought into a closer communion with God, learn His revealed truth and His holy law, receive the help they need to lead Christian lives, and are inspired with the hope of eternal happiness. They love their country with the spontaneous and ardent love of all patriots, because it is their country, and the source to them of untold blessings. They prefer its form of government before any other. They admire its institutions and the spirit of its laws. They accept the Constitution without reserve, with no desire, as Catholics, to see it changed in any feature. They can, with a clear conscience, swear to uphold it.

With an appreciation, the greater because their fathers, or they themselves have known persecution—in the British Isles, in Germany, in Poland and elsewhere—they prize both the liberty they enjoy as citizens, and the liberty assured to the Church. The separation of Church and State in this country seems to them the natural, inevitable, and best conceivable plan, the one that would work best among us, both for the good of religion and of the State. Any change in their relations they would contemplate with dread. They are well aware, indeed, that the Church here enjoys a larger liberty and a more secure position than in any

country to-day where Church and State are united. They have a deep distrust and a strong dislike of the intermeddling of the State with the concerns of religion; and such a restriction as the Church was obliged to endure in France, binding the Pope to choose Catholic Bishops only from among the candidates presented to him by unbelieving government officials, seems to them—not fully appreciating the difficulties of the situation—a scandal and a shame. They most assuredly desire never to see a like system introduced into the government of the Church in America. No establishment of religion is being dreamed of here, of course, by any one; but, were it to be attempted, it would meet with united opposition from the Catholic people, priests and prelates.

Catholics feel at home among their countrymen. They are conscious of an unstained record of loyalty, of patriotic self-sacrifice, and of law-abiding behavior. Their dearest ambition is to live in peace with all, to antagonize no class; they are conscious of no barrier separating them more than any other element of the population into a class apart. Strong in the knowledge that an overwhelming majority of their fellow-citizens understand and appreciate them, they usually ignore the occasional insults directed to them by a small and rapidly decreasing section of the community, not yet emancipated from ancestral misconceptions and prejudices, and still wedded to the conviction that the Gospel is to be propagated by slander and the fomentation of religious strife.

This form of religious propaganda Catholics know to be abhorrent to the spirit of every true American; and on that spirit they rely to nullify the spasmodic efforts of bigotry; for, though a large proportion of the non-Catholics do not sympathize with Catholic doctrines, this dissent is not carried over into political or social life. Men have learned in this country to disagree profoundly without rancor or bitterness. With no compromise of principle on either side, moral worth, sterling character, kindly qualities of mind and heart bind together in good-will, admiration and friendship the lives of those who do not worship at the same altar. The non-Catholic American would receive with a contemptuous smile or an indignant gesture any suggestion that his

Catholic friend, or business associate, carried hidden in his heart some sinister tenet that gave the lie to his life, and might at any moment oblige him to turn traitor to the Republic.

The Catholic himself feels, as he has learned from the lips of his own revered and trusted teachers of religion, that the more faithful he is to his religion, the better and nobler citizen will he be. That religion and patriotism should ever come into conflict in his bosom, seems to him an utter impossibility; and in the religious principles which he has received in common with his fellow-Catholics, he sees the surest defense of the state against the forces of disorder and lawlessness, and the insidious influences that work for the overthrow of our Christian moral standards in private and public life.

Such are the conditions that exist, in themselves admirable, and gratifying to the statesmen, to the churchmen, to the lover of religion and country; to all who rejoice in the spread of good-will and peace among men. Who would dare to introduce religious strife among us, to disturb this peace, and set the torch to the Temple of Concord?

Of this body of American Citizens living such a life and imbued with such sentiments (of which there are almost as many proofs as there are Catholics), two synods of Protestant ministers have deemed it just and wise to proclaim to the country that Catholics cannot be trusted with political office; that they cannot sincerely subscribe to the Federal Constitution; that their loyalty is illogical, being contrary to the teaching of the Church; that their religion is opposed to American liberties; and that they themselves, kept in the dark by their religious guides, are ignorant of the true nature of their Church's doctrines. In sounding forth these charges to American Catholics, and to the country in general, they declare themselves inspired, not by religious antagonism or the desire to profit by a good opportunity, but solely by patriotic solicitude for the permanence of American institutions.

The Catholic religion, as they understand it, is in conflict with the Federal Constitution, and with the object of our institutions;

Catholics, then, ought not to be trusted with political office. Accordingly, Americans should seek to exclude Catholics from the chair of the President, who is called upon to enforce the Constitution; from the Supreme Bench, whose duty it is to interpret it; from the Senate and the House of Representatives, which have the power to change it. And as the chief evil dreaded from Catholics is a modification of the existing relations between Church and State, a power theoretically reserved to our State Governments, no Catholic should be chosen Governor, State legislator or judge of a supreme State Court. This is the scope of their meaning, though not all explicitly avowed. It would logically be desirable to deny the Catholics the right to vote, and with men in the frame of mind their attitude suggests, the realization of this desire in the statute books, and of their complete program, would only be a matter of their possessing sufficient power and judging the act politically expedient.

Now this proposal to exclude Catholics from office—for it is no mere theory, but a practical program earnestly recommended to the American public by two solemn assemblies—is advocated expressly in the interest of religious liberty and for the sake of preserving the Federal Constitution. That document says: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." Just understand here, however, remark these Lutheran and Baptist synods, an amendment, or rather let us say, a little clause which brings out the sense with admirable clearness: "Provided, of course, that this provision be not understood to apply to Roman Catholics."

The distinction between the civil and the ecclesiastical powers is very firmly established in Catholic teaching. "The Almighty," says Pope Leo XIII, "has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil; the one being set over divine, the other over human things. Each in its kind is supreme, each has fixed limits within which it is contained, limits which are defined by the nature and special object of the province of each."

Pius IX approved a pastoral of the Swiss Bishops which

teaches the same doctrine, that civil magistrates are "invested in their own domain with a full sovereignty," and that to them "we owe obedience and respect in all things morally permitted and belonging to the domain of civil society." This is but common Catholic doctrine.

The Church then holds that the Civil government has divine authority, just as has the ecclesiastical; that the limits of each are fixed by the nature of its purposes; that within these limits each power is supreme; consequently, that the Church cannot intermeddle in affairs purely civil, nor the state in affairs purely ecclesiastical; and that members of the Church are bound to obey the State, within its own domain, in all things that do not contravene the moral law.

This distinction of the two spheres or zones of authority, as I may call them, lying in the very nature of their object, remains even if all the members of the State be Catholics. Cardinal Tarquini, a Jesuit writer of authority, states this clearly. "Civil society," he says, "even though every member of it be a Catholic, is not subject to the Church, but plainly independent in temporal things which regard its temporal end. . . . This is proved by reason. For, whatsoever is done in temporal matters, having in view a temporal end, is outside the domain of the Church. Now, it is a general rule that no society has power beyond its own scope. . . . Hence it follows that the State, although it be composed of Catholics, yet in temporal matters, is by no means subordinate to the Church, but quite independent of her."

The establishment and the maintenance of this distinction is one of the greatest contributions of the Catholic Church to civilization. To us, in the twentieth century, the distinction seems obvious, almost self-evident; but in the ancient world, religion was a mere function of the State. To the long struggle of the Papacy during the Middle Ages it is due that Christianity has not sunk into Byzantine servitude. Guizot, the Protestant historian and statesman, gives to the Popes the credit for having "proclaimed and maintained the difference between Church and State,

the distinction of the two societies of the two powers, of their respective domains and rights."

That in waging this Titanic war the Popes always kept strictly within their legitimate domain, and even used their spiritual powers with the gentleness of pastors, Catholic historians are not concerned to maintain; Popes are human, and it is plain from history that some of them did not always act moderately, wisely, and in the spirit of Christ. But they had to do with a crude, brutal power which would have enslaved religion; and in such a fierce struggle for the life of the Church such mistakes, humanly speaking, were inevitable. Only in defining doctrines for universal belief are the Popes infallible. They have been unflinching in maintaining the independence of a spiritual realm upon earth; and those who are so ready to pardon the mistakes of the great men of history whose work has uplifted humanity ought to be able to find some condonation for the occasional excessive claims of Popes, when it is realized that their efforts alone saved Europe from spiritual bondage.

When the Reformers rejected the authority of the Church, the distinction between the two powers was lost to them. The Church of England became subjected to the despotism of Henry VIII. The latest of the long series of humiliations which this connection has thrown on the Church of England is very recent. After maintaining for generations that the law of God forbids a man to marry his deceased wife's sister, and prohibiting her ministers from celebrating such a marriage, she is obliged to retract her ancient discipline because it has pleased Parliament, in which sit Atheists and Agnostics, to declare such marriages lawful. The State rules the Church. Lutheranism, so bold in its first outburst, became the creature of the civil powers before Luther's death; it remains so to this day. Zwingli handed over religion to the care of the civil powers. Calvin went to the other extreme. He attempted a theocracy, failed, and his religion was likewise committed to the keeping of the State. Every National Protestant Church has been the creature of the State, subject to it in doctrine, ritual, discipline, and government. Only the dis-

senting sects have been able to maintain a certain independence, and none of them were averse to union with the State, which, with Protestantism, has always meant the subjection of the Church to the State.

The history of the Schismatical Churches of the East repeats the same story. The Patriarchate of Constantinople was first the creature of the Byzantine Emperors, and then of the Mohammedan Sultan. The Church of Russia was the servant of the Tsar. The churches of the Balkan states, each in turn, broke away from the Patriarchs of Constantinople with the cry, "No head but Christ," only to fall under the despotism of the State.

If history points a lesson, then, it shows that the subjection of the religious to the secular authority has ever followed separation from the Church of Rome. Now it will be objected that if Protestantism leans too much towards subservience to the State, the Catholic Church, on the other hand, has often acted strongly against the State, especially in the Middle Ages. I grant it, but I hold it was justified by the consent of nations, and the public law of that day. Take England of that period, for example: "As regards national feeling," says Gairdner, the latest and most scientific Protestant historian of the English Reformation, "the people evidently regarded the cause of the Church as the cause of liberty. That their freedom suffered gravely by the abolition of Papal jurisdiction under Henry VIII there can be no manner of doubt." Again: "That Rome exercised her spiritual power by the willing obedience of Englishmen in general, and that they regarded it as a really wholesome power, even for the control it exercised over secular tyranny, is a fact which it requires no very intimate knowledge of early English literature to bring home to us." And he adds that the separation was brought about by the power of a "despotic king" against the will of the people. In other countries, too, as the same writer says, the Popes were on the side of liberty and the people, against the despotism of the crown. The Papacy was then universally considered the embodiment of justice and liberty upon earth. The Hague Tribunal to-day is a very faint image of the political function and power of

the medieval Papacy; and it is but a voice, while the Pope was a living power, restraining and civilizing society. "It is impossible," says the Anglican Dean Milman, "to conceive what had been the confusion, the lawlessness, the chaotic state of the Middle Ages without the Medieval Papacy." In an age of democracy and liberty, some gratitude might be expected for the most powerful defender of the people and of liberty; yet the very success of the Papacy in their defence is the ground of the prejudice that exists against it.

But an objection is repeatedly cast up to Catholics which, repugnant though it is to my inmost feelings of loyalty and reverence towards the Holy Father, I must take into consideration; for, utterly impracticable and absurd as it is in our eyes, it seems to haunt the minds of many outside the Church. Suppose, it is said, the Pope were to issue commands in purely civil matters, should not Catholics be bound to yield him obedience? The Pope will take no such act, we know, even though it is a part of the Catholic faith that he is infallible in the exercise of his authority; but were he to do so he would stand self-condemned, a transgressor of the law he himself promulgates. He would be offending not only against civil society, but against God, and violating an authority as truly from God as his own. Any Catholic who clearly recognized this, would not be bound to obey the Pope; or rather his conscience would bind him absolutely to disobey, because with Catholics, conscience is the supreme law which under no circumstances can we ever lawfully disobey.

The Jesuit Cardinal Bellarmine says: "In order to resist and defend one's self, no authority is required. . . . Therefore, as it is lawful to resist the Pope if he assaulted a man's person, so it is lawful to resist him if he assaulted souls, or troubled the State, and much more if he strove to destroy the Church. It is lawful, I say, to resist him by not doing what he commands and hindering the execution of his will."

We may put aside then as an absurdity the injurious supposition that the Pope would ever interfere in purely civil affairs. But is there not a twilight zone over which both Church and

State put forth claims? True; and I grant that here a collision of authorities comes more within the horizon of possibility. But the American concept of government and of liberty puts this hypothesis outside of the range of practical affairs. That concept, as I understand it, is that the Government should leave as large a liberty as possible to individuals and to bodies within the State, only intervening in the interests of morality, justice and the common weal. There are forces at work in this country, I know, that tend to paternalism and Cæsarism in government; but true Americanism recognizes that these forces would bring disaster on American liberties. So long as these liberties, under which we have prospered, are preserved in their fullness there is, I assert, no danger of a collision between the State and the Catholic Church.

The admission, however, of the merely theoretical possibility of such a collision keeps alive the apprehension of timid Protestants, and is sufficient to determine some of them to deprive Catholics forever of the honor of the Presidency. But if no man were to be considered eligible for the Presidency unless we were certain that under no conceivable circumstances would his conscience come into conflict with any possible legislation, then the first consideration to qualify a man as candidate for the office would be that he should have no conscience at all.

"But," many Protestants say, "we obey our conscience; you obey the Pope." Yes; we obey the Pope, for our consciences tell us that we ought to obey the spiritual authority of the Pope in everything except what is sinful. "But," they reply, "we do not believe that any human power should come between the human conscience and duty." Neither do we; but while you believe in private judgment, we believe in a religion of authority which our conscience tells us is our lawful guide and teacher in its own sphere. You say that you believe in religious freedom. Do you, however, interpret this freedom to apply only to yourselves; or are you willing to conceive that to others likewise is to be left the freedom to follow their consciences? You can conceive a State passing laws that would violate your conscientious convictions.

Would you accept these laws, or would you resist them as your fellow-religionists in England recently resisted an education law of which they did not approve? I think you would not prove false to your religious convictions.

Were the State to attempt to compel the Orthodox Jews to accept the Sunday for the Sabbath, or to abandon certain Levitical observances which are sacred in their eyes, they would not be worth their salt if they did not resist this encroachment on their rights. Similarly, for example, if the State should forbid us Catholics to continue our parochial schools, we should resist to the uttermost; for we hold that, while the State has the undoubted right to compel her future citizens to receive a certain degree of education, she has no right to deprive them of the daily religious influence which we deem necessary for their spiritual and eternal welfare, as well as for their proper training in the duties of citizenship. In any such essay by the State to establish Cæsarism, Catholics would behave precisely as any other conscientious body would behave. They would not think it necessary to await instructions from any source. We believe in the sacredness of and supremacy of conscience; and rulers of the world, from Nero to Clemenceau, have found the Catholic conscience to be a wall of adamant.

It cannot be regarded as strange that Protestants should feel free to assail the Catholic Church regarding her position on the Union of Church and State. Wherever in Europe the opportunity presented itself, the various Protestant churches united with the State; nay, rather, they threw themselves at the feet of the State and said: "Rule thou over us. Be thou our King and our Prophet." But the Catholic Church has always retained her spiritual independence; her union with the State has always been an alliance of independent powers, not the subjection of a vassal to her liege lord. Her doctrine on the subject has been this; in a country wholly or predominantly Catholic, the most desirable relation is the friendly union and coöperation of Church and State, neither power sacrificing its liberty and each acknowledging the other. That this is the ideal relation, provided liberty be as-

sured to those not of the Established Church, no sensible man can deny. The Catholic Church states in form of doctrine what all history shows to be inevitable—that where the Church and State are practically two names for the nation, viewed as a body of worshippers and as a political entity, it is impossible to prevent any intimate union. If my Protestant friends will show me a free nation that really believes in one religion and has no union of religion with the State, I will believe the Catholic doctrine unwarranted.

But while the nation is ideally best, history assuredly does not prove that it is always practically best. There is a union that is inimical to the interests of religion, and consequently to the State; and there is a separation that is inimical to the interests of religion, and consequently to the State; and there is a separation that is for the best interests of both. In our country separation is a necessity, and it is a separation that works best for the interests of religion, as Mr. Taft recently stated, as well as for the good of the State. I fully agree with him, and I can understand, too, and sympathize with the great Catholic leader of France, the Count de Mun, who recently exclaimed: "In America separation means the reign of liberty; in France the reign of impiety."

American Catholics rejoice in our separation of Church and State; and I can conceive no combination of circumstances likely to arise which should make such a union desirable either to Church or State. We know the blessings of our present arrangement; it gives us liberty and binds together priests and people in a union far better than that of Church and State. Other countries, other manners; we do not believe our system is adapted to all conditions; we leave it to Church and State in other lands to solve their problems for their own best interests. For ourselves, we thank God we live in America, "in this happy land of ours," to quote Mr. Roosevelt, where "religion and liberty are natural allies."

CATHOLIC AND PATRIOT[1]

By Governor Smith

Charles C. Marshall, Esq.
Dear Sir:

In your open letter to me in the April *Atlantic Monthly* you "impute" to American Catholics views which, if held by them, would leave open to question the loyalty and devotion to this country and its Constitution of more than twenty million American Catholic citizens. I am grateful to you for defining this issue in the open and for your courteous expression of the satisfaction it will bring to my fellow citizens for me to give "a disclaimer of the convictions" thus imputed. Without mental reservation I can and do make that disclaimer. These convictions are held neither by me nor by any other American Catholic, as far as I know. Before answering the argument of your letter, however, I must dispose of one of its implications. You put your questions to me in connection with my candidacy for the office of President of the United States. My attitude with respect to that candidacy was fully stated in my last inaugural address as Governor when, on January 1, 1927, I said:

"I have no idea what the future has in store for me. Every one else in the United States has some notion about it except myself. No man could stand before this intelligent gathering and say that he was not receptive to the greatest position the world has to give any one. But I can say this, that I will do nothing to

[1] In the *Atlantic Monthly* for April 1927, Mr. Charles C. Marshall wrote an open letter to Governor Smith asking him, as a putative candidate for the Democratic nomination for the presidency, how he could reconcile his loyalty to the Catholic Church with his loyalty to the United States. The following month Governor Smith's reply appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

achieve it except to give to the people of the State the kind and character of service that will make me deserve it."

I should be a poor American and a poor Catholic alike if I injected religious discussion into a political campaign. Therefore I would ask you to accept this answer from me not as a candidate for any public office but as an American citizen, honored with high elective office, meeting a challenge to his patriotism and his intellectual integrity. Moreover, I call your attention to the fact that I am only a layman. The *Atlantic Monthly* describes you as "an experienced attorney" who "has made himself an authority upon canon law." I am neither a lawyer nor a theologian. What knowledge of law I have was gained in the course of my long experience in the Legislature and as Chief Executive of New York State. I had no such opportunity to study theology.

My first thought was to answer you with just the faith that is in me. But I knew instinctively that your conclusions could be logically proved false. It seemed right, therefore, to take counsel with some one schooled in the Church law, from whom I learned whatever is hereafter set forth in definite answer to the theological questions you raise. I selected one whose patriotism neither you nor any other man will question. He wears upon his breast the Distinguished Service Cross of our country, its Distinguished Service Medal, the Ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and the Croix de Guerre with Palm of the French Republic. He was the Catholic Chaplain of the almost wholly Catholic 165th Regiment in the World War—Father Francis P. Duffy, now in the military service of my own State.

Taking your letter as a whole and reducing it to commonplace English, you imply that there is conflict between religious loyalty to the Catholic faith and patriotic loyalty to the United States. Everything that has actually happened to me during my long public career leads me to know that no such thing as that is true. I have taken an oath of office in this State nineteen times. Each time I swore to defend and maintain the Constitution of the United States. All of this represents a period of public service in elective office almost continuous since 1903. I have never

known any conflict between my official duties and my religious belief. No such conflict could exist. Certainly the people of this State recognize no such conflict. They have testified to my devotion to public duty by electing me to the highest office within their gift four times. You yourself do me the honor, in addressing me, to refer to "your fidelity to the morality you have advocated in public and private life and to the religion you have revered; your great record of public trusts successfully and honestly discharged." During the years I have discharged these trusts I have been a communicant of the Roman Catholic Church. If there were conflict, I, of all men, could not have escaped it, because I have not been a silent man, but a battler for social and political reform. These battles would in their very nature disclose this conflict if there were any.

I regard public education as one of the foremost functions of government and I have supported to the last degree the State Department of Education in every effort to promote our public-school system. The largest single item of increased appropriations under my administration appears in the educational group for the support of common schools. Since 1919, when I first became Governor, this item has grown from $9,000,000 to $82,500,000. My aim—and I may say I have succeeded in achieving it—has been legislation for child welfare, the protection of working men, women, and children, the modernization of the State's institutions for the care of helpless or unfortunate wards, the preservation of freedom of speech and opinion against the attack of war-time hysteria, and the complete reorganization of the structure of the government of the State.

I did not struggle for these things for any single element, but in the interest of all of the eleven million people who make up the State. In all of this work I had the support of churches of all denominations. I probably know as many ecclesiastics of my Church as any other layman. During my long and active public career I never received from any of them anything except coöperation and encouragement in the full and complete discharge of my duty to the State. Moreover, I am unable to understand how

anything that I was taught to believe as a Catholic could possibly be in conflict with what is good citizenship. The essence of my faith is built upon the Commandments of God. The law of the land is built upon the Commandments of God. There can be no conflict between them.

Instead of quarreling among ourselves over dogmatic principles, it would be infinitely better if we joined together in inculcating obedience to these Commandments in the hearts and minds of the youth of the country as the surest and best road to happiness on this earth and to peace in the world to come. This is the common ideal of all religions. What we need is more religion for our young people, not less; and the way to get more religion is to stop the bickering among our sects which can only have for its effect the creation of doubt in the minds of our youth as to whether or not it is necessary to pay attention to religion at all.

Then I know your imputations are false when I recall the long list of other public servants of my faith who have loyally served the State. You as a lawyer will probably agree that the office of Chief Justice of the United States is second not even to that of the President in its influence on the national development and policy. That court by its interpretation of the Federal Constitution is a check not only upon the President himself but upon Congress as well. During one-fourth of its history it has been presided over by two Catholics, Roger Brooke Taney and Edward Douglass White. No one has suggested that the official conduct of either of these men was affected by any unwarranted religious influence or that religion played with them any part other than it should play in the life of every God-fearing man.

And I know your imputations are false when I recall the tens of thousands of young Catholics who have risked and sacrificed their lives in defense of our country. These fundamentals of life could not be true unless your imputations were false.

But, wishing to meet you on your own ground, I address myself to your definite questions, against which I have thus far made only general statements. I must first call attention to the fact that you often divorce sentences from their context in such a way

as to give them something other than their real meaning. I will specify. You refer to the Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII as "declaring to the world that the orders of the Church of England were void, her priests not priests," and so forth. You say that this was the "strange fruit" of the toleration of England to the Catholics. You imply that the Pope gratuitously issued an affront to the Anglican Church. In fact, this Apostolic Letter was an answer to a request made at the instance of priests of the Anglican Church for recognition by the Roman Catholic Church of the validity of their priestly orders. The request was based on the ground that they had been ordained in succession from the Roman Catholic priests who became the first priests of the Anglican Church. The Apostolic Letter was a mere adverse answer to this request, ruling that Anglican priests were not Roman Catholic priests, and was in no sense the gratuitous insult which you suggest it to be. It was not directed against England or citizens of that Empire.

Again, you quote from the *Catholic Encyclopedia* that my Church "regards dogmatic intolerance, not alone as her incontestable right, but as her sacred duty." And you say that these words show that Catholics are taught to be politically, socially, and intellectually intolerant of all other people. If you had read the whole of that article in the *Catholic Encyclopedia,* you would know that the real meaning of these words is that for Catholics alone the Church recognizes no deviation from complete acceptance of its dogma. These words are used in a chapter dealing with that subject only. The very same article in another chapter dealing with toleration toward non-Catholics contains these words: "The intolerant man is avoided as much as possible by every high-minded person. . . . The man who is tolerant in every emergency is alone lovable." The phrase "dogmatic intolerance" does not mean that Catholics are to be dogmatically intolerant of other people, but merely that inside the Catholic Church they are to be intolerant of any variance from the dogma of the Church.

Similar criticism can be made of many of your quotations. But, beyond this, by what right do you ask me to assume responsibility

for every statement that may be made in any encyclical letter? As you will find in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (Vol. V, p. 414), these encyclicals are not articles of our faith. The Syllabus of Pope Pius IX, which you quote on the possible conflict between Church and State, is declared by Cardinal Newman to have "no dogmatic force." You seem to think that Catholics must be all alike in mind and in heart, as though they had been poured into and taken out of the same mold. You have no more right to ask me to defend as part of my faith every statement coming from a prelate than I should have to ask you to accept as an article of your religious faith every statement of an Episcopal bishop, or of your political faith every statement of a President of the United States. So little are these matters of the essence of my faith that I, a devout Catholic since childhood, never heard of them until I read your letter. Nor can you quote from the canons of our faith a syllable that would make us less good citizens than non-Catholics. In fact and in truth, I have been taught the spirit of tolerance, and when you, Mr. Marshall, as a Protestant Episcopalian, join with me in saying the Lord's Prayer, we both pray, not to "My Father," but to "Our Father."

But I go further to demonstrate that the true construction of your quotations by the leaders of Catholic thought is diametrically the opposite of what you suggest it to be.

I

Your first proposition is that Catholics believe that other religions should, in the United States, be tolerated only as a matter of favor and that there should be an established church. You may find some dream of an ideal of a Catholic State, having no relation whatever to actuality, somewhere described. But, voicing the best Catholic thought on this subject, Dr. John A. Ryan, Professor of Moral Theology at the Catholic University of America, writes in *The State and the Church* of the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, quoted by you:

"In practice, however, the foregoing propositions have full application only to the completely Catholic State. . . . 'The propo-

sitions of Pope Pius IX condemning the toleration of non-Catholic sects do not now,' says Father Pohle, 'apply even to Spain or the South American republics, to say nothing of countries possessing a greatly mixed population.' He lays down the following general rule: 'When several religions have firmly established themselves and taken root in the same territory, nothing else remains for the State than to exercise tolerance towards them all, or, as conditions exist to-day, to make complete religious liberty for individual and religious bodies a principle of government.' "

That is good Americanism and good Catholicism. And Father Pohle, one of the great writers of the Catholic Church, says further:

"If religious freedom has been accepted and sworn to as a fundamental law in a constitution, the obligation to show this tolerance is binding in conscience."

The American prelates of our Church stoutly defend our constitutional declaration of equality of all religions before the law. Cardinal O'Connell has said: "Thus to every American citizen has come the blessed inheritance of civil, political, and religious liberty safeguarded by the American Constitution . . . the right to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience."

Archbishop Ireland has said: "The Constitution of the United States reads: 'Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' It was a great leap forward on the part of the new nation towards personal liberty and the consecration of the rights of conscience."

Archbishop Dowling, referring to any conceivable union of Church and State, says: "So many conditions for its accomplishment are lacking in every government of the world that the thesis may well be relegated to the limbo of defunct controversies."

I think you have taken your thesis from this limbo of defunct controversies.

Archbishop Ireland again said: "Religious freedom is the basic life of America, the cement running through all its walls and battlements, the safeguard of its peace and prosperity. Violate religious freedom against Catholics, our swords are at once un-

sheathed. Violate it in favor of Catholics, against non-Catholics, no less readily do they leap from the scabbard."

Cardinal Gibbons has said: "American Catholics rejoice in our separation of Church and State, and I can conceive no combination of circumstances likely to arise which would make a union desirable to either Church or State. . . . For ourselves we thank God that we live in America, 'in this happy country of ours,' to quote Mr. Roosevelt, where 'religion and liberty are natural allies.'"

And referring particularly to your quotation from Pope Pius IX, Dr. Ryan, in *The State and the Church,* says: "Pope Pius IX did not intend to declare that separation is always unadvisable, for he had more than once expressed his satisfaction with the arrangement obtaining in the United States."

With these great Catholics I stand squarely in support of the provisions of the Constitution which guarantee religious freedom and equality.

II

I come now to the speculation with which theorists have played for generations as to the respective functions of Church and State. You claim that the Roman Catholic Church holds that, if conflict arises, the Church must prevail over the State. You write as though there were some Catholic authority or tribunal to decide with respect to such conflict. Of course there is no such thing. As Dr. Ryan writes: "The Catholic doctrine concedes, nay, maintains, that the State is coördinate with the Church and equally independent and supreme in its own distinct sphere."

What is the Protestant position? The Articles of Religion of your Protestant Episcopal Church (XXXVII) declare: "The Power of the Civil Magistrate extendeth to all men, as well Clergy as Laity, in all things temporal; but hath no authority in things purely spiritual."

Your Church, just as mine, is voicing the injunction of our common Saviour to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.

What is this conflict about which you talk? It may exist in

some lands which do not guarantee religious freedom. But in the wildest dreams of your imagination you cannot conjure up a possible conflict between religious principle and political duty in the United States, except on the unthinkable hypothesis that some law were to be passed which violated the common morality of all God-fearing men. And if you can conjure up such a conflict, how would a Protestant resolve it? Obviously by the dictates of his conscience. That is exactly what a Catholic would do. There is no ecclesiastical tribunal which would have the slightest claim upon the obedience of Catholic communicants in the resolution of such a conflict. As Cardinal Gibbons said of the supposition that "the Pope were to issue commands in purely civil matters":

"He would be offending not only against civil society, but against God, and violating an authority as truly from God as his own. Any Catholic who clearly recognized this would not be bound to obey the Pope; or rather his conscience would bind him absolutely to disobey, because with Catholics conscience is the supreme law which under no circumstances can we ever lawfully disobey."

Archbishop Ireland said: "To priest, to Bishop, or to Pope (I am willing to consider the hypothesis) who should attempt to rule in matters civil and political, to influence the citizen beyond the range of their own orbit of jurisdiction that are the things of God, the answer is quickly made: 'Back to your own sphere of rights and duties, back to the things of God.'"

Bishop England, referring to our Constitution, said: "Let the Pope and the Cardinals and all the powers of the Catholic world united make the least encroachment on that Constitution, we will protect it with our lives. Summon a General Council—let that Council interfere in the mode of our electing but an assistant to a turnkey of a prison—we deny the right, we reject the usurpation."

Our Supreme Court has marked out the spheres of influence of Church and State in a case from which you quote copiously, *Watson* v. *Jones,* 13 Wall. 729; but you refrain from quoting this statement:

"The right to organize voluntary religious associations, to assist in the expression and dissemination of any religious doctrine, and to create tribunals for the decision of controverted questions of faith within the association, and for the ecclesiastical government of all of the individual members, the congregation and officers within the general association, is unquestioned. . . . It is of the essence of these religious unions and of their right to establish tribunals for the decision of questions arising among themselves that those decisions could be binding in all cases of ecclesiastical cognizance, subject only to such appeal as the organism itself provides for."

That is the State's attitude toward the Church. Archbishop Ireland thus puts the Church's attitude toward the State:

"To the Catholic obedience to law is a religious obligation, binding in God's name the conscience of the citizen. . . . Both Americanism and Catholicism bow to the sway of personal conscience."

Under our system of government the electorate entrusts to its officers of every faith the solemn duty of action according to the dictates of conscience. I may fairly refer once more to my own record to support these truths. No man, cleric or lay, has ever directly or indirectly attempted to exercise Church influence on my administration of any office I have ever held, nor asked me to show special favor to Catholics or exercise discrimination against non-Catholics.

It is a well-known fact that I have made all of my appointments to public office on the basis of merit and have never asked any man about his religious belief. In the first month of this year there gathered in the Capitol at Albany the first Governor's cabinet that ever sat in this State. It was composed, under my appointment, of two Catholics, thirteen Protestants, and one Jew. The man closest to me in the administration of the government of the State of New York is he who bears the title of Assistant to the Governor. He had been connected with the Governor's office for thirty years, in subordinate capacities, until I promoted him to the position which makes him the sharer with me of my

every thought and hope and ambition in the administration of the State. He is a Protestant, a Republican, and a thirty-second-degree Mason. In my public life I have exemplified that complete separation of Church from State which is the faith of American Catholics to-day.

III

I next come to education. You admit that the Supreme Court guaranteed to Catholics the right to maintain their parochial schools; and you ask me whether they would have so ruled if it had been shown that children in parochial schools were taught that the State should show discrimination between religions, that Protestants should be recognized only as a matter of favor, that they should be intolerant to non-Catholics, and that the laws of the State could be flouted on the ground of the imaginary conflict. My summary answer is: I and all my children went to a parochial school. I never heard of any such stuff being taught or of anybody who claimed that it was. That any group of Catholics would teach it is unthinkable.

IV

You next challenge the action of the Rota in annulling the Marlborough marriage. You suggest that the Rota by annulling the marriage (where the civil courts recognized it, but granted only a divorce) is interfering with the civil jurisdiction. That might be so if anybody claimed that the decree of the Rota had any effect under the laws of America, or any other nation of the world. But you must know that it has no such effect and that nobody claims it has. The decree merely defined the status of the parties as communicants of the Church. Your Church refuses to recognize the ecclesiastical validity of divorces granted by the civil tribunals. Your Church has its tribunals to administer its laws for the government of its members as communicants of your Church. But their decrees have no bearing upon the status of your members as citizens of the United States. There is no difference in that respect between your tribunals and the Rota.

V

Finally you come to Mexico. By inference from the brief of a distinguished lawyer you intimate that it is the purpose of organized Catholics to seek intervention by the United States. Now I never read Mr. Guthrie's brief. I do not have to read it to reply to you, because the Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate of the United States in unmistakable words disclaimed any such intention. I do not see how, with complete candor, you could write to me about Mexico without quoting the following from that Pastoral Letter:

"What, therefore, we have written is no call on the faithful here or elsewhere to purely human action. It is no interposition of our influence either as Bishops or as citizens to reach those who possess political power anywhere on earth, and least of all in our own country, to the end that they should intervene with armed force in the internal affairs of Mexico for the protection of the Church. Our duty is done when, by telling the story, we sound a warning to Christian civilization that its foundations are again being attacked and undermined. For the rest, God will bring His will to pass in His own good time and in His own good way."

My personal attitude, wholly consistent with that of my Church, is that I believe in peace on earth, good will to men, and that no country has a right to interfere in the internal affairs of any other country. I recognize the right of no church to ask armed intervention by this country in the affairs of another, merely for the defense of the rights of a church. But I do recognize the propriety of Church action to request the good offices of this country to help the oppressed of any land, as those good offices have been so often used for the protection of Protestant missionaries in the Orient and the persecuted Jews of eastern Europe.

VI

I summarize my creed as an American Catholic. I believe in the worship of God according to the faith and practice of the

Roman Catholic Church. I recognize no power in the institutions of my Church to interfere with the operations of the Constitution of the United States or the enforcement of the law of the land. I believe in absolute freedom of conscience for all men and in equality of all churches, all sects, and all beliefs before the law as a matter of right and not as a matter of favor. I believe in the absolute separation of Church and State and in the strict enforcement of the provisions of the Constitution that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. I believe that no tribunal of any church has any power to make any decree of any force in the law of the land, other than to establish the status of its own communicants within its own church. I believe in the support of the public school as one of the corner stones of American liberty. I believe in the right of every parent to choose whether his child shall be educated in the public school or in a religious school supported by those of his own faith. I believe in the principle of noninterference by this country in the internal affairs of other nations and that we should stand steadfastly against any such interference by whomsoever it may be urged. And I believe in the common brotherhood of man under the common fatherhood of God.

In this spirit I join with fellow Americans of all creeds in a fervent prayer that never again in this land will any public servant be challenged because of the faith in which he has tried to walk humbly with his God.

Very truly yours,

Alfred E. Smith.

DEMOCRATIZING INDUSTRY

By John A. Ryan

One of the traditional assumptions of American industrial life is that almost all, if not all, of the workers may confidently hope to become business men. When we speak of America as the "land of opportunity," we mean not merely that our country offers to the masses greater opportunities than do other lands, but also that our industrial conditions are such that the great majority may rise from the lower social and industrial levels and become in some measure directors of industry. The theory is that almost all men who work hard and save their money have a genuine opportunity of becoming economically independent, as factory owners, storekeepers, farmers, bankers, or as the owners and directors of some other kind of business. Until quite recently, most of us have assumed that very few working men need remain wage-earners all their lives.

When the late John Mitchell declared a few years ago that 90 per cent. of American wage-earners had no expectation of ever becoming anything else, his statement was denounced by many of our newspapers as un-American. Yet all who know the facts of our industrial system, and who are willing to look the facts in the face, are aware that he spoke the simple truth. We know that in urban industries the overwhelming majority of the workers must remain wage-earners all their working days. The first reason is that the industrial unit, the single business enterprise, has become so large that the total number of business concerns is far too small to permit the majority of the working population to become individual owners. A complementary reason is found in the fact that the typical industrial unit is too costly to be owned by a single individual. Therefore, the supply of business concerns is

far too small to go around, and the amount of capital required for the larger business enterprises is so great that only an insignificant fraction of the wage-earners can ever hope to accumulate that amount of capital. Even in rural life substantially the same condition exists. Although the typical farm has not grown in size, as is the case with the typical industrial concern in the city, the cost of acquiring a farm has vastly increased. There are no more farms to be had merely by preëmpting them, or by paying for them at the rate of $1.25 an acre. Even the difficulty of becoming a tenant-farmer has increased, owing to the greater amount of capital, especially in the form of machinery, which is required to operate a farm. On the one hand, it is becoming more and more difficult for a tenant-farmer to become a farm-owner; on the other hand, for a farm-laborer to become even a tenant-farmer is almost impossible.

The general situation, therefore, is that the vast majority of men who begin life as employees must resign themselves to dependence upon wages or salaries for their livelihood until the end of their working days. And the complement of this situation is that, so far at least as urban industry is concerned, the functions of ownership and direction are performed by a small minority. The users of the tools of production form one class; the owners of the tools of production form another class.

This is industrial autocracy, or, at best, industrial feudalism. Nevertheless it is frankly and cheerfully accepted by the majority of our great captains of industry. Indeed, a large proportion of men in the professions and of our newspapers seem to see in this industrial system nothing abnormal or undesirable. It is true that the autocratic element in the system varies to some extent in the minds of the great employers. The more despotic of them would like to fix wages and all other conditions of employment according to their own pleasure. These do not believe that employees should enjoy even that modicum of control which is exercised by a strong labor union. They would have their industrial reign unmodified and unlimited. A less autocratic and more benevolent group of employers would permit labor unions to exist and to carry on the

process of collective bargaining. Moreover, they would admit that the workers should enjoy a minimum of decent and humane conditions of labor and of living. Nevertheless both these classes of capitalists reject the theory that the wage-earners should have any share in the management of industry, in its surplus profits, or in ownership of the tools of production. Both varieties of the doctrine of industrial autocracy assume that the functions of management, profit-taking and ownership belong to the few, and that the mass of the wage-earners should have the status of a dependent and directed class. In other words, the great majority of the captains of industry accept and welcome the Servile State.

The fundamental defect of such an industrial condition is that the diversity of interests between capital and labor is too strongly emphasized, while their community of interests is minimized or ignored. In this condition the workers have no adequate incentive to turn out a reasonable amount of product. Indeed, large groups of them may find it profitable to reduce their industrial output. This situation is un-American, inefficient, opposed to the social good and directly conducive to agitation for Socialism.

It is un-American, because it is contrary to the American industrial tradition, to the Democratic genius of America, and because it means a denial of that distribution of opportunity which has always been associated with the history of America.

It is inefficient, because it keeps the two great industrial classes in a state of continual conflict. The interests of capital and those of labor are in part common, and in part mutually opposed. They are common, inasmuch as both factors should desire the largest possible product in order that the share of each may be increased to the highest degree. Their interests are mutually opposed as regards the division of the product, the length of the working day, and the provision of safe, sanitary and pleasant conditions in the workshop. As our industrial system is now operated, the attention of the workers is concentrated almost entirely upon the division of the product rather than upon its maximum amount. At any given time and place the amount of wages that labor is able to secure depends only slightly and remotely upon the size of the

product. Practically, it depends almost entirely upon the share of the product that labor can secure by means of a bargain made at the present moment. In a word, the attitude of the workers toward the size of the product is exactly opposite to that of the employers. The share of the latter is directly determined by, and dependent upon the amount of product that will be finally turned out, while the share of the workers is directly determined (except where the piecework system prevails) on the basis of time, without any reference to the product out of which wages are to come. When he makes a bargain for wages on this basis, the worker assumes that somehow the product will be large enough to provide the stipulated compensation. He has no serious fear that his wages will not be forthcoming if he fails to perform a reasonable amount of daily labor. His demands for shorter hours and better working conditions are likewise unaffected by any apprehension concerning the bad effect which the satisfaction of these demands might have upon the total amount of product.

It is not the fact of opposition between the interests of the two classes that is of importance; for there is opposition between the interests of many other economic classes, and yet these are able to coöperate without undue friction for their common benefit. The diversity of interests between the housewife and the corner grocer is outweighed by their community of interests. Therefore, neither of them desires the removal of the other. The evil feature of the present relation between capital and labor is that their mutual diversity of interests occupies the attention of both almost exclusively, or at any rate to the great detriment of those interests which they have in common. It is quite easy, indeed, to prove that this disregard of a sufficient product must prove harmful to labor in general, and in "the long run." Such proof, however, leaves the laborer unmoved and practically unconvinced. Like the rest of us, he is not deeply concerned about "the long run." His vision takes in only the present and the immediate future, and he knows that during this "short-run" period the size of the product will have very little influence in determining either the rate of his wages or the other conditions of his employment. The sum

of the matter, then, is that the attention of the laborer is directed almost entirely to his portion of the product, and only slightly, if at all, to the size of the total product. Therefore, he places practically all the emphasis upon that part of his interests which are opposed to the interests of capital. And capital naturally fights back and in turn stresses the diversity of interests between itself and labor.

The present arrangement is injurious to the social good because it tends directly to a diminished product and to industrial friction which interferes with the satisfaction of social wants. It is futile for well-meaning members of the public, the so-called third class or third element in the industrial community, to strive to remedy the situation by moral exhortation. To urge upon the worker the duty of performing a fair day's labor in return for a fair day's pay, will have only feeble efficacy. Even the more conscientious wage-earners believe at present that a diminished daily output constitutes a fair day's work in view of the enormous profits obtained by the employer.

The emphasis now laid upon the opposing interests of capital and labor, and the very general conviction among the wage-earners that they must constantly and continuously fight the employer in order to obtain what they regard as a fair share of the product, tends directly to promote the doctrines and spirit of Socialism; for it keeps in the foreground what is perhaps the most powerful of all the theories of Socialism, namely, the doctrine of class conflict. Thousands and thousands of workers who are not yet Socialists are drawn insensibly toward the Socialist philosophy and the Socialist movement by their conviction that the capitalist is a constant obstacle to their endeavor to obtain what they regard as the full product of their labor. Gradually the capitalist appears in the minds of such men as an unnecessary factor in the industrial system. From this position to the position of Socialism the transition is easy.

It is evident that there can be only one fundamental remedy for this evil situation. The remedy must be such that it will exactly apply to the evil. As we have just seen, the great evil of present

industrial relations is the fact that the diversity of interests of capital and labor are magnified in the minds of both parties, while their common interests are minimized or ignored. Therefore, some way must be found to enable and compel both labor and capital to place greater stress upon their common interests. The direct and obvious way is to put labor in such a position that it will participate in the benefits of ownership. After all, the traditional American philosophy is fundamentally sound. The majority of men should be given the opportunity to become directors of industry. It is true that each cannot hope to become the sole owner and manager of a business, inasmuch as the number of business concerns is too small, and the cost of purchasing them too great. That feature of the traditional theory must be abandoned, at least with reference to urban industries. Nevertheless the essential elements of the theory are still practicable. It is still possible for the majority to become business men. The method by which this can be achieved is industrial coöperation. And the process will necessarily be gradual.

When we analyze the position and functions of the business man, we find that it includes three fairly distinct and very important advantages. The first is the direction of industrial operations; the second is the possibility of obtaining indefinitely large gains as the reward of hard work and industrial efficiency; the third is the consciousness of independence, security and self-respect, and the possession of a degree of social and political power which the propertyless man, other things being equal, can never hope to obtain.

Now it is still possible for the majority of wage-earners to secure for themselves by gradual processes all three of these advantages. The first, namely, direction of industrial operations, can be obtained through the method of labor participation in management. It is not necessary here to describe in detail the full meaning and implications of this phrase. We have heard a great deal about it during the last ten years, enough to enable us to grasp its main outlines. In general, it means that through their representatives the workers in an establishment should have some-

thing to say about the industrial side of the management; for example, concerning wages, hours, shop conditions, shop discipline, disposition of the employees, application of shop rules, working agreements, welfare activity, shortage of work, installing of new machinery, improvement of industrial processes and organization, apprentices, industrial experiments and scientific management. The general principle is, that the workers should take part in all those phases of industrial management which concern them directly, and about which they have some knowledge to contribute. By these means the wage-earners will be enabled to exercise to some degree the desire which they share with all other human beings, the desire to exercise some control over the material conditions in which they live and work. They will obtain the opportunity to exercise their directive faculties, as well as their obedient faculties, and to become something more than instruments of production. It is not a good thing, either for the workers or for society, to permit these directive faculties to become atrophied.

In a word, participation in management will introduce the worker to the first of the advantages of the business man, will make him vastly more interested both in his task and in the establishment in which he works, will convince him that he has more in common with the employer than he had previously thought, and therefore will induce him to turn out a larger product.

The second element in the position of the employer, namely, the hope of obtaining indefinitely large gains as the reward of efficiency and success, can be brought within the reach of the wage-earners through profit-sharing. In a sense this second advantage of the business man may be regarded as the most vital element in the system of private capital and industry. The business man is not restricted, at least in competitive industries, to any fixed per cent. or amount of profit. The theory is that when men enter into intensive competition with one another, attracted by the lure of indefinite gains, their energy and inventiveness will be aroused to such an extent that they will find and apply new methods of production and of labor organization, with the result that the cost of production will be constantly lowered. In this way the whole

community will be benefited. Until competition became so widely supplanted by combination, this theory was verified in practice. To the extent that competition prevails, and will continue to prevail in industry, the theory is sound. Now the method of profit-sharing by the employees simply extends this general principle of indefinite gains to the wage-earning classes. If it is desirable to permit the directors of industry to obtain indefinitely large gains as a result of hard work and efficiency, why is it not equally desirable to hold out this hope to the rank and file of the workers. So far as the principle of the thing is concerned, its wisdom seems to be beyond controversy.

Profit-sharing gives to the workers, in addition to their wages, a part of the *surplus* profits. So long as the régime of private capital obtains, the owners of capital will have to be assured the prevailing rate of interest. Therefore, it is not feasible to give any part of the profits of a concern to the workers until the owners of capital have obtained this prevailing rate. If 6 per cent., for example, is the rate of interest that can generally be obtained on investments of normal security, then the owners of the capital in a concern should be guaranteed that amount before the process of profit-sharing is put into operation. After that, and after all other expenses of the business have been paid, including wages, what remains, the surplus profits, should be divided among the wage earners, the management and the owners of capital in some definite proportion.

Most of the profit-sharing schemes in the United States have either failed entirely or accomplished very little. The principal reason was that they were not undertaken in good faith. Some of them were designed to keep the workers out of labor unions; others to serve as a substitute for reasonable wages, while most of those that were honestly undertaken gave to the workers such insignificant sums that they did not stimulate either efficiency or goodwill. Any profit-sharing plan that is to be a success must not antagonize labor unions, nor be a substitute for standard wages. On the other hand, it must provide for complete frankness and publicity as regards the amount of profits actually avail-

able, and must give to the workers a larger share of the surplus than has been customary in the great majority of profit-sharing schemes heretofore.

It has been stated above that a part of the surplus profits should go to the owners of capital. Undoubtedly that will be the only possible arrangement for many years to come. Nevertheless, it is not ideal and it is not scientific. The owners of capital who perform no work in the operation of a business, as the vast majority of the stock-holders in a corporation, ought to be restricted to the prevailing rate of interest on their capital. Why should they receive any part of a surplus, to the production of which they have contributed neither time nor thought nor labor? No one proposes that the bond-holders of a corporation should share in the surplus profits. With the exception of the board of directors, executive officers, and a few others, the stock-holders are in substantially the same position as the bond-holders. If matters are so arranged that they are certain to receive the prevailing rate of interest each year, and if a sufficient reserve is set aside to protect them against losses through the failure of the concern, they are receiving all that seems to be fair and all that is necessary to induce men to invest their money in a concern of this sort. Therefore, the surplus profits should all be distributed among those who perform any function in the industry, from the president of the company down to the office-boy. And the distribution should be in proportion to their respective salaries and wages.

The advantages of this arrangement would be to give to the workers that interest in the industry which is created by the hope of profits dependent upon their own efficiency, and to provide the community with a larger product.

The third element in the position of the business man is the possession of personal security and social power. These are derived from ownership itself. As we have already seen, it is no longer possible for the majority of workers in urban industries to become each the owner of an individual business. But they can become individual owners through coöperation. The history and experience of the coöperative movement throughout the world,

especially in Europe, shows that the workers are capable of coöperatively owning and managing stores, banks, factories, and a great variety of other business concerns. While they have been less successful in the field of production than in that of merchandizing and banking, there is no inherent reason why they should not carry on productive concerns. The difficulties are greater in the latter province, but they are not insuperable.

Coöperative ownership and management would end the unnatural divorce that now exists between the owners of capital on the one hand and the users of it on the other. It would be the most effective obstacle to and preventive of Socialism. The instinct which urges men into the Socialist movement is entirely natural, for it is based upon the fundamental fact that in a democratic society men will not be content to be mere executers of the orders issued by feudal lords of industry. This instinct can be satisfied to a greater degree and in a much more beneficial way for society through coöperation than through Socialism. In coöperative ownership each person is the owner of a definite amount of property which he holds exclusively, and not merely as a member of society. The difference between the two forms of ownership is the difference between a man's proprietorship of his front lawn and his interest in a public park. Through coöperative ownership and production the workers would be compelled to develop their own powers of self-control and management, instead of trusting to a mere social and industrial mechanism. They individually and collectively would have to bear the responsibility for the success or failure of a coöperative enterprise. The influence of this condition in contributing to the development of the individual is obvious. A society in which the majority of the workers were owners of capital, as well as wage-earners, would be an infinitely more progressive and more enlightened society than either Socialism or modern capitalism.

The problem of bringing to the landless agricultural workers the advantages of ownership has two principal aspects. One concerns the tenant-farmers, the other the rural wage-earners. Even now the former class occupy the position of business men; for they

own a certain amount of capital and direct its operations. The only thing wanting to make them business men in the complete sense of that phrase as it applies to agriculture is ownership of land. During the last quarter of a century tenant-farmers have increased so much more rapidly than farm proprietors, that tenancy is universally recognized as one of the gravest of our social problems. The solution of it will require many different methods. Chief among these are land banks and other credit institutions which will enable the tenants to borrow money for the purchase of land on much more easy terms than are now available; and probably certain drastic changes in our laws of taxation, such as an extra heavy tax on agricultural land which is operated by others than the owners or their near relatives. The problem of enabling the agricultural laborer to become a business man is even more difficult. However, it is not insoluble. One means is to provide him with a house and a small plot of ground, so that he will have a fixed interest in the community, and be in a position to marry and lead a normal human life. Through the land banks and credit institutions mentioned above, the transition from this position to that of tenant-farmer, and even to that of farm-owner, would not be excessively difficult for those who possess a fair amount of energy and willingness to work.

From the viewpoint of transforming the wage-earner into a business man, the situation in agriculture is much more satisfactory than in urban industry. In the former the economic unit of business operation is still small and probably will always remain small. Therefore, it is possible for the individual to own and manage a farming business by himself, or at any rate with only slight coöperation with other farmers. The problem of coöperation in ownership does not exist, but coöperation in marketing and in purchasing is, of course, desirable and very beneficial.

Our industrial system as now constituted is well nigh bankrupt. It is fast becoming an industrial feudalism, and the day of feudalism, whether in politics or in industry, has gone by forever. There are only two conceivable alternatives: one is Socialism; the other is coöperative control and ownership by the workers of the

greater part of industry. Reforms which will merely better the conditions of life and labor of the wage earner, leaving him in his present position of entire industrial dependence, with no participation either in management, profits or ownership, will have no permanent value. What the worker needs is a change of status. In the days of slavery there were many masters who gave to their slaves all the advantages of humane living except economic freedom. Yet that status was not normal, and was not satisfactory. The status of industrial dependence cannot endure permanently no matter how well off the worker may be in the material conditions of existence.

The modifications in our industrial system which have been described and defended in this paper are in thorough harmony with the traditional social doctrines and social practice of the Catholic Church. When the Church exercised her greatest social power, the majority of the workers, both in the towns and in the rural regions, were owners of the instruments of production, and to a great extent of the land. This is the goal toward which the Catholic doctrine of private property points, and always has pointed. Capitalism as we now have it is not the fruit of Catholic social doctrine or practice, but of contrary doctrines which came into vogue only after the Protestant Reformation. One of the most discouraging facts of our time is the widespread acceptance of the present industrial system as the only possible arrangement, and the refusal to believe that the masses of the workers are capable of becoming anything else than hewers of wood and drawers of water—animated instruments of production. For this deplorable assumption, this pessimistic social outlook, the Catholic Church is nowise responsible.

Undoubtedly the changes called for in the foregoing pages must be brought about gradually. The element of time is not important. What is important is to recognize that some such changes are indispensable and inevitable. When our society recognizes this fact and becomes permeated with this spirit, the problem of ways and means of effecting the change will become comparatively simple.

There was a time when men believed that only a few persons, the supermen of that day, were capable of managing political government. That belief no longer survives. Its counterpart in the world of industry, the theory that the functions of owning and directing economic institutions must be performed by a few supermen, is equally false and equally doomed to disappear.

THE END OF THE TEMPORAL POWER

By William Barry

A convention between France and the King of Italy was signed in September, 1864, binding the latter to respect what was left of the Papal territories, and the French to withdraw their garrison by degrees from Rome. But Napoleon required that a new capital should be definitely chosen, as some guarantee of peace. The Government, accordingly, moved down to Florence. By the end of December, 1866, all the French troops had left Roman soil. No stir was made. The people of the Eternal City were little disposed to embark on a revolution; they felt a sincere attachment to Pius IX., who treated them kindly, whatever his officials might do; and, as Napoleon III. believed, they would never rise of themselves. Neither did they. Garibaldi formed committees of insurrection, and openly undertook the liberation of Rome, while Rattazzi, the new premier, looked on. The general was interned September 24, 1867, in his island of Caprera; but his son Menotti crossed the Papal frontier, and there was fighting at Monte Libretti. While Napoleon was hesitating Garibaldi escaped, traversed Tuscany, and captured Monte Rotondo, less than twenty miles from the gates of Rome. The French Catholics, the Empress, the leader of the bishops, Dupanloup, insisted on sending help to the Holy Father. Napoleon's lieutenant, Rouher, declared in the Chamber amid applause that the Italians should "never" enter Rome. This "jamais" was not forgotten when Napoleon sought for an ally at Florence in 1870. The expedition sailed. Garibaldi had drawn close to the Porta Salara, but Rome would not rise; the free companies which he brought were drifting in all directions; and, as he was retiring upon Tivoli, November 3, 1867, a detachment of French, coming to aid the

Papal troops, defeated him at Mentana. His army broke and fled. The September Convention was no more.

That insignificant skirmish at Mentana had world-wide consequences. It brought back the French to Castel Sant' Angelo, where they proved a fatal hindrance to Italian unity as it was now conceived. It gave time for the assembling of the Vatican Council, and the passing of those decrees by which Gallican principles were stricken to death and the Pope was proclaimed infallible *ex cathedra,* in St. Peter's Chair. Like the affair of Bouvines, it was fought with a handful of soldiers, but has proved to be one of the decisive battles of the world. For the French empire and dynasty Mentana was a disaster, coming after its moral defeats in the Danish, Mexican, and Austrian wars, every one of which had darkened its fame and lessened its influence. Italian opinion would not suffer a single regiment of Bersaglieri to make common cause with French generals in 1870, who had boasted in 1867 that the chassepots had gone off of themselves on the approach of Garibaldi's volunteers. Austria, now, as well as Italy, demanded that Rome should be left open to the Sardinian advance. Napoleon could not agree; and his efforts to create alliances against Prussia were broken upon this denial. Mentana was the prelude to Sedan.

But if the Temporal Power from this day was visibly doomed to disappear, a movement parallel but in the contrary direction had been proceeding, which would exalt beyond measure the cause of Papal Rome. Since the return from Gaeta pilgrims had thronged to the Holy City as never before. Three great meetings of bishops, in 1854, 1862, and 1867, had assured Pius IX. of his unbounded influence over the Catholic world. His reply to the September Convention had been the Encyclical "Quanta Cura," and the Syllabus or Index of propositions condemned during his pontificate, which, though chiefly a conservative document in accordance with principles of authority received everywhere, was cleverly turned by the revolutionaries, whom it struck hard, into an attack upon civilization. Bishop Dupanloup showed its true meaning, and three hundred and sixty bishops wrote to sig-

nify their agreement with the Bishop of Orleans. French prelates led the Church at this time, somewhat as their cavalry ride into battle, *à pas de charge*. But in views they were not of one mind. Some Gallicans were left; the ambiguous party called Liberal Catholics had a policy of their own. Among Germans, and especially at Munich, there was a school which had never been, or had ceased to be, ultramontane, controlled by the historian Döllinger. Moderate men asked for a Council in the hope of certain reforms. On prelates like Manning, Martin, Bonnechose, Deschamps; on laymen such as Veuillot and Ward, it was borne in by the course of events that to save society spiritual authority must be concentrated in the hands of the Pope, whom all acknowledged as the highest representative of Christian principles in the world. These writers had their own way of reasoning, no doubt; their moving impulse, however, was quite as much a social necessity as a deduction from grounds of doctrine; and its perfect expression was given by Joseph de Maistre when he published his treatise "Du Pape" after Napoleon's downfall. The Vatican Council was intended to protect Catholic interests from anarchy, by completing the work begun at Florence and left unfinished at Trent, of defining "St. Peter's privileges" in his successor.

This was done, amid conflicts into which we need not enter, between December 8, 1869, and July 18, 1870. No larger Council of Ecclesiastics has ever met. All continents were represented. The extraordinary growth of Catholicism in free countries was evidenced by new hierarchies in England, Canada, the United States, the British Empire at large. Its persistence under suffering was a jewel on the foreheads of Irish, South American, and missionary bishops, who saw one another face to face in what seemed to devout onlookers the full assembly of the Saints. A young American Bishop of Richmond, Virginia, who has lived to be Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, could tell us lately that the Church, neither persecuted nor favored by civil power, in those United States now reckons twenty-two millions, and is on the way to become the largest as well as the strongest of religious associations in the Western world.

Against these mighty currents what could the Gallican or the Regalist achieve with his worn-out traditions? One of the wisest observations ever made on the whole subject is that of Count von Moltke—"The future of Rome does not depend on Rome itself, but on the direction that religious development will take in other countries." And Lord Acton has written, "Pius IX. knew that in all that procession of seven hundred and fifty bishops one idea prevailed. Men whose word is powerful in the centers of civilization, men who three months before were confronting martyrdom amongst barbarians, preachers at Notre Dame, professors from Germany, Republicans from Western America, men with every sort of training and every sort of experience, had come together as confident and eager as the prelates of Rome, to hail the Pope infallible." But with his doctrinal authority went an ordinary supreme jurisdiction, which not only shattered in pieces the Articles of 1682, but enabled the Pope to govern local Churches as the Bishop of bishops. Moreover, in the presence of a universal dissolving movement, anti-social no less than anti-Christian, a perpetual dictator was needed, and who could it be save the Pontifex Maximus? These measures were taken as by foreboding of the crisis that came suddenly upon Europe. The last session of the Vatican Council was held in St. Peter's amid thunder and lightning on a July day, while France and Germany rushed to arms. The war which was to decide the temporal fate of Rome had been declared three days previously (July 15, 1870). On the morrow it broke out.

In that burning summer-time, we who were staying in Rome saw the French bishops depart, and knew that the French soldiers would soon follow them from the Aventine. They went, those heroic young men, to be defeated in the battles of August; and the Papal Zouaves, who were faithful to the last, were destined to win the field of Patay. But no one was acquainted with the mind of Germany; and on that mind we waited, while the Empire was falling to pieces. Thirty thousand Italian troops kept a watch on the frontier, ready to break in if the Romans would seize Rome. But, as ever, the Romans did no more than buy flags which might

be hung out according to fortune, the Pope's colors so long as they were needed, the tricolor invented long ago by Republican Bologna when King Victor's regiments should come marching in. The King himself was torn between feelings of gratitude to France and the conviction that if he did not put an end to the Temporal Power it would cost him his throne. The Revolution was alert in Naples and Milan. But the ghost of the September Convention vanished when a Republic succeeded to the Empire. Count Bismarck had purchased Italian neutrality by giving a free hand to the Government at Florence. After a moment of hesitation ministers were allowed to act. Ponza di San Martino brought a royal letter to the Vatican, in which "with the devotion of a son, the faith of a Catholic, the loyalty of a king, and the heart of an Italian," Victor Emmanuel told Pius IX. that he intended to occupy the Papal States. The Pope answered by a single word—"Might then comes before right." When for the last time, at the Piazza dei Termini, he made an official appearance in public, the Holy Father was greeted by the Romans with frantic enthusiasm. But they had their two sets of flags ready.

On September 11 General Cadorna, who had once served in the sanctuary, crossed the Papal boundaries and made straight for Rome. Mazzini lay in prison at Gaeta; Garibaldi in Caprera was closely watched. The Italian Government had resolved that none but itself should crown the edifice built up during twenty years of war and diplomacy to the honor of Savoy. The new French Republic called away the Antibes legion of volunteers on September 13, not wishing that their tricolor should be seen in conflict with the Piedmontese. From all European capitals word arrived in Florence allowing the invasion to proceed. The Pope stood alone. "Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus." It was the last day of his earthly dominion.

September 20, 1870, dawned in a pure sky, with golden fringes edging the clouds that lay along on the Latin Hills. It had been a week of dust and sunshine in beleaguered Rome. Count Arnim, the Prussian, had gone busily to and fro between the camp outside and the Vatican, desirous that a peaceable entry might be made,

and the clatter of artillery might not announce to Europe this portentous violation of domicile. His half-smiling intervention had failed. On the evening of September 19, the Holy Father drove across Rome to the Piazza of St. John Lateran, ascended the Scala Santa, and gave his blessing to the troop which held that gate. He was never afterwards seen in the streets of Rome. General Kanzler had it in command to resist until wall or gate was battered down. And so, in the clear air of that September morning, the twentieth, we saw the smoke of the cannonade rise like an exhalation from Porta Salara round to Porta Pia, and at other gates there was a feigned attack; but the headlong General Bixio furiously assailed the Porta San Pancrazio, while his grenades struck the windows of the Vatican and his artillery accompanied with its volleys the Mass which Pius IX. was saying in his private chapel. The *corps diplomatique* waited round him, having no commission but to look on. Some misunderstanding prolonged the resistance and multiplied the casualties. At ten o'clock we saw the white flag waving high over St. Peter's dome. We heard afar off from our College roof the thunder of the captains and the shouting, as through the shattered walls of Porta Pia streamed in a mixed array of soldiers, refugees, camp-followers, along the street afterwards named from the Twentieth of September. Early in the afternoon we saw Italian standards floating from the Capitol. Rome had once conquered Italy. Now Italy had conquered Rome.

The usual plébiscite followed. By national decree the City of the Popes was elevated or degraded into the chief town of a modern State, created yesterday. King Victor Emmanuel broke his way with crowbars into the Quirinal. Monasteries were transformed into ministries, said the satire-loving Romans. The Jesuits were suppressed, and their escutcheon over the great door of the Roman College was hammered to pieces. The Siccardi law, despite guarantees, was extended to the former Papal States, justifying Pius IX. in his presentiments. But he, without so much as the Leonine City left to him, put aside civil lists and legal establishments, living on the alms of the faithful, visited in his Apos-

tolic prison by multitudes, year after year, who bore witness to his growing religious influence over the millions for whom they were ambassadors. The King died on January 9, the Pope on February 7, 1878. Pius IX. had outlived the "years of Peter"; and he had followed the Temporal Power to its grave.

"No human pen," says Lecky in a fine passage, "can write its epitaph, for no imagination can adequately realize its glories. In the eyes of those who estimate the greatness of a sovereignty, not by the extent of its territory, or by the valor of its soldiers, but by the influence which it has exercised over mankind, the Papal government has had no rival, and can have no successor. But though we may not fully estimate the majesty of its past, we can at least trace the causes of its decline." He goes on to enumerate them; but the sum is this—once Religion flourished by means of establishments and coercive power, now politics and religion are divorced forever.

But let us not confound the social organism with political machinery. It remains always true, as Auguste Comte perceived, that society rests on a creed, explicit or latent, in which its members are united; that its law is ethics and its standard conscience. True likewise it is that the Pope cannot deny his origin, which was not a victory of the strong arm, but was due to the free immortal spirit. He never can be absorbed by the absolute State, for he is the pilgrim of eternity. And thus, a prisoner in the Vatican, without kingdom or army, Leo XIII., succeeding immediately to Pius IX., began and ended a reign of twenty-six years, the most brilliant in its manifestations and most fruitful in results of any since the Sack of Rome. Allowing that American forms of government will more and more prevail, that privilege will give place to liberty, and free association limit the State itself, what does it all mean? Surely the triumph of principle over force, of moral influence over legal enactment. But so it was that the Roman Church began, "presiding in love," as said St. Ignatius of Antioch; so did she attain to her supremacy in the ages called of Faith. Her appeal is to the Cross.

> "Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands.
> Christ defends His people from all harm."

LOVE AND POETRY

By Coventry Patmore

Every man and woman who has not denied or falsified nature knows, or at any rate feels, that love, though the least "serious," is the most significant of all things. The wise do not talk much about this knowledge, for fear of exposing its delicate edge to the stolid resistance of the profligate and unbelieving, and because its light, though, and for the reason that, it exceeds all other, is deficient in definition. But they see that to this momentary transfiguration of life all that is best in them looks forward or looks back, and that it is for this the race exists, and not this for the race—the seed for the flower, not the flower for the seed. All religions have sanctified this love, and have found in it their one word for and image of their fondest and highest hopes; and the Catholic has exalted it into a "great Sacrament," holding that, with Transubstantiation—which it resembles—it is unreasonable only because it is above reason. "The love which is the best ground of marriage," writes also the Protestant and "judicious" Hooker, "is that which is least able to render a reason for itself." Indeed, the extreme unreasonableness of this passion, which gives cause for so much blaspheming to the foolish, is one of its surest sanctions and a main cause of its inexhaustible interest and power; for who but a "scientist" values greatly or is greatly moved by anything he can understand—that which can be comprehended being necessarily less than we are ourselves?

In this matter the true poet must always be a mystic—altogether to the vulgar, and more or less to all who have not attained to his peculiar knowledge. For what is a mystery but that which one does not know? The common handicrafts used to be called mysteries; and their professors were mystics to outsiders exactly

in the sense that poets or theologians, with sure, but to them uncommunicated and perhaps incommunicable, knowledge, are mystics to the many. The poet simply knows more than they do; but it flatters their malignant vanity to call him names which they mean to be opprobrious, though they are not, because he is not such a spiritual pauper as themselves. But poets are mystics, not only by virtue of knowledge which the greater part of mankind does not possess, but also because they deal with knowledge against which the accusation of dunces who know the differential calculus is etymologically true—namely, that it is *absurd*. Love is eternally absurd, for that which is the root of all things must itself be without root. Aristotle says that things are unintelligible to man in proportion as they are simple; and another says, in speaking of the mysteries of love, that the angels themselves desire in vain to look into these things.

In the hands of the poet, mystery does not hide knowledge, but reveals it as by its proper medium. Parables and symbols are the only possible modes of expressing realities which are clear to perception though dark to the understanding. "Without a parable he spake not" who always spake of primary realities. Every spiritual reality fades into something else, and none can tell the point at which it fades. The only perfectly definite things in the universe are the conceptions of a fool, who would deny the sun he lives by if he could not see its disc. Natural sciences are definite, because they deal with laws which are not realities but conditions of realities. The greatest and perhaps the only real use of natural science is to supply similes and parables for poets and theologians.

But if the realities of love were not in themselves dark to the understanding, it would be necessary to darken them—not only lest they should be profaned, but also because, as St. Bernard says, "The more the realities of heaven are clothed with obscurity, the more they delight and attract, and nothing so much heightens longing as such tender refusal." "Night," says the inspirer of St. Bernard, "is the light of my pleasures."

Love is rooted deeper in the earth than any other passion; and

for that cause its head, like that of the Tree Igdrasil, soars higher into heaven. The heights demand and justify the depths, as giving them substance and credibility. "That He hath ascended—what is it but because He first also descended into the lower parts of the earth?" Love "reconciles the highest with the lowest, ordering all things strongly and sweetly from end to end." St. Bernard says that "divine love [religion] has its first root in the most secret of the human affections." This affection is the only key to the inner sanctuaries of that faith which declares, "Thy Maker is thy Husband"; the only clew by which searchers of the "secret of the King," in the otherwise inscrutable writings of prophet and apostle, discover, as Keble writes, "the loving hint that meets the longing guess," which looks to the future for the satisfying and abiding reality, the passage of whose momentary shadow forms the supreme glory of our mortality.

The whole of after-life depends very much upon how life's transient transfiguration in youth by love is subsequently regarded; and the greatest of all the functions of the poet is to aid in his readers the fulfillment of the cry, which is that of nature as well as religion, "Let not my heart forget the things mine eyes have seen." The greatest perversion of the poet's function is to falsify the memory of that transfiguration of the senses and to make light of its sacramental character. This character is instantly recognized by the unvitiated heart and apprehension of every youth and maiden; but it is very easily forgotten and profaned by most, unless its sanctity is upheld by priests and poets. Poets are naturally its prophets—all the more powerful because, like the prophets of old, they are wholly independent of the priests, and are often the first to discover and rebuke the lifelessness into which that order is always tending to fall. If society is to survive its apparently impending dangers, it must be mainly by guarding and increasing the purity of the sources in which society begins. The world is finding out, as it has often done before, and more or less forgotten, that it cannot do without religion. Love is the first thing to wither under its loss. What love does in transfiguring life, that religion does in transfiguring love: as anyone may

see who compares one state or time with another. Love is sure to be something less than human if it is not something more; and the so-called extravagances of the youthful heart, which always claims a character for divinity in its emotions, fall necessarily into sordid, if not shameful, reaction, if those claims are not justified to the understanding by the faith which declares man and woman to be priest and priestess to each other of relations inherent in Divinity itself, and proclaimed in the words, "Let us make man in our own image" and "male and female created he them." Nothing can reconcile the intimacies of love to the higher feelings unless the parties to them are conscious—and true lovers always are—that, for the season at least, they justify the words "I have said, ye are gods." Nuptial love bears the clearest marks of being nothing other than the rehearsal of a communion of a higher nature. "Its felicity consists in a perpetual conversion of phase from desire to sacrifice, and from sacrifice to desire, accompanied by unchangeable complaisance in the delight shining in the beauty of the beloved; and it is agitated in all its changes by fear, without which love cannot long exist as emotion." Such a state, in proportion to its fervor, delicacy, and perfection, is ridiculous unless it is regarded as a "great sacrament." It is the inculcation of this significance which has made love between man and woman what it is now—at least to the idea and aspirations of all good minds. It is time that the sweet doctrine should be enforced more clearly. Love being much more respected and religion much less than of old, the danger of profanation is not so great as it was when religion was revered and love despised. The most characteristic virtue of woman, or at least the most alluring of her weaknesses—her not caring for masculine truth and worth unless they woo her with a smile or a touch of some such flattery of her senses—is the prevailing vice of most men, especially in these times. This general effeminacy is the poet's great opportunity. It is his pontifical privilege to *feel* the truth; and his function is to bridge the gulf between severe verity and its natural enemy, feminine sentiment, by speech which, without any sacrifice of the former, is "simple, sensuous, and passionate." He insinuates in

nerve-convincing music the truths which the mass of mankind must feel before they believe. He leads them by their affections to things above their affections, making Urania acceptable to them by her prænomen Venus. He is the apostle of the Gentiles, and conveys to them, without any flavor of cant or exclusiveness, the graces which the chosen people have too often denied or disgraced in their eyes.

THE HORIZON

By Alice Meynell

To mount a hill is to lift with you something lighter and brighter than yourself or than any meaner burden. You lift the world, you raise the horizon; you give a signal for the distance to stand up. It is like the scene in the Vatican when a Cardinal, with his dramatic Italian hands, bids the kneeling groups to arise. He does more than bid them. He lifts them, he gathers them up, far and near, with the upward gesture of both arms; he takes them to their feet with the compulsion of his expressive force. Or it is as when a conductor takes his players to successive heights of music. You summon the sea, you bring the mountains, the distances unfold unlooked-for wings and take an even flight. You are but a man lifting his weight upon the upward road, but as you climb the circle of the world goes up to face you.

Not here or there, but with a definite continuity, the unseen unfolds. This distant hill outsoars that less distant, but all are on the wing, and the plain raises its verge. All things follow and wait upon your eyes. You lift these up, not by the raising of your eyelids, but by the pilgrimage of your body. "Lift thine eyes to the mountains." It is then that other mountains lift themselves to your human eyes.

It is the law whereby the eye and the horizon answer one another that makes the way up a hill so full of universal movement. All the landscape is on pilgrimage. The town gathers itself closer, and its inner harbors literally come to light; the headlands repeat themselves; little cups within the treeless hills open and show their farms. In the sea are many regions. A breeze is at play for a mile or two, and the surface is turned. There are roads and curves in the blue and in the white. Not a step of your journey up the height that has not its replies in the steady mo-

tion of land and sea. Things rise together like a flock of many-feathered birds.

But it is the horizon, more than all else, you have come in search of; that is your chief companion on your way. It is to uplift the horizon to the equality of your sight that you go high. You give it a distance worthy of the skies. There is no distance, except the distance in the sky, to be seen from the level earth; but from the height is to be seen the distance of this world. The line is sent back into the remoteness of light, the verge is removed beyond verge, into a distance that is enormous and minute.

So delicate and so slender is the distant horizon that nothing less near than Queen Mab and her chariot can equal its fineness. Here on the edges of the eyelids, or there on the edges of the world—we know no other place for things so exquisitely made, so thin, so small and tender. The touches of her passing, as close as dreams, or the utmost vanishing of the forest or the ocean in the white light between the earth and the air; nothing else is quite so intimate and fine. The extremities of a mountain view have just such tiny touches as the closeness of closing eyes shut in.

On the horizon is the sweetest light. Elsewhere color mars the simplicity of light; but there color is effaced, not as men efface it, by a blur or darkness, but by mere light. The bluest sky disappears on that shining edge; there is not substance enough for color. The rim of the hill, of the woodland, of the meadowland, of the sea—let it only be far enough—has the same absorption of color; and even the dark things drawn upon the bright edges of the sky are lucid, the light is among them, and they are mingled with it. The horizon has its own way of making bright the penciled figures of forests, which are black but luminous.

On the horizon, moreover, closes the long perspective of the sky. There you perceive that an ordinary sky of clouds—not a thunder sky—is not a wall but the underside of a floor. You see the clouds that repeat each other grow smaller by distance; and you find a new unity in the sky and earth that gather alike the great lines of their designs to the same distant close. There is no longer an alien sky, tossed up in unintelligible heights.

Of all the things that London has forgone, the most to be regretted is the horizon. Not the bark of the trees in its right color; not the spirit of the growing grass, which has in some way escaped from the parks; not the smell of the earth unmingled with the odor of soot; but rather the mere horizon. No doubt the sun makes a beautiful thing of the London smoke at times, and in some places of the sky; but not there, not where the soft sharp distance ought to shine. To be dull there is to put all relations and comparisons in the wrong, and to make the sky lawless.

A horizon dark with storm is another thing. The weather darkens the line and defines it, or mingles it with the raining cloud; or softly dims it, or blackens it against a gleam of narrow sunshine in the sky. The stormy horizon will take wing, and the sunny. Go high enough, and you can raise the light from beyond the shower, and the shadow from behind the ray. Only the shapeless and lifeless smoke disobeys and defeats the summons of the eyes.

Up at the top of the seaward hill your first thought is one of some compassion for sailors, inasmuch as they see but little of their sea. A child on a mere Channel cliff looks upon spaces and sizes that they cannot see in the Pacific, on the ocean side of the world. Never in the solitude of the blue water, never between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, never between the Islands and the West, has the seaman seen anything but a little circle of sea. The Ancient Mariner, when he was alone, did but drift through a thousand narrow solitudes. The sailor has nothing but his mast, indeed. And but for his mast he would be isolated in as small a world as that of a traveler through the plains.

A close circlet of waves is the sailor's famous offing. His offing hardly deserves the name of horizon. To hear him you might think something of his offing, but you do not so when you sit down in the center of it.

As the upspringing of all things at your going up the heights, so steady, so swift is the subsidence at your descent. The further sea lies away, hill folds down beyond hill. The whole upstanding world, with its looks serene and alert, its distant replies, its signals

of many miles, its signs and communications of light, gathers down and pauses. This flock of birds which is the mobile landscape wheels and goes to earth. The Cardinal weighs down the audience with his downward hands. Farewell to the most delicate horizon.

GEORGE MEREDITH

By Brother Leo

Henley, himself no unworthy commentator of the cryptic sage of Box Hill, has written that an epigram is at best a half truth that looks like a whole one. Of course, that is an epigram, too; so that it needs a mathematician or an economist or a psychic analyst or some other utterly superior and unhuman person to discover just what proportion of truth inheres in the Henleyan formula. As for those of us who are human and who know the English novelists of the last century, the only practical solution, however logical, is to paraphrase Henley thus: An epigram may contain less than half the truth, but it contains nearly all the truth concerning George Meredith, when it has been written by him or written about him.

Even the most casual reader of Meredith—and he is one of those non-Dickensian writers who can survive even the onslaughts of the casual reader—knows that the man who wrote *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* culled many a truth-crammed nut from the garden of his fancy, knows that many a page in that novel alone makes slow reading because it demands fast thinking, knows that a generous proportion of Meredith's epigrams, though precious hard to crack, are precious worth the cracking. And the casual reader may even know likewise that their excessively epigrammatic envisaging of truth is one of the things which keep Meredith's poems from being poetry.

But the epigrams achieved by Meredith are less startlingly true than the epigrams achieved about him. Indeed, Meredith criticism has so generally, almost inevitably, assumed the epigrammatic form that to lecture on him or to write on him or to converse on him is one of the easiest things in the world. All one

need do is to quote judiciously. And even should one quote injudiciously, one could not well go seriously astray.

Let the critics rave and the reviewers devise vain things concerning such topics as the Baconian theory of Shakespeare, the literary significance of Whitman or the permanence of the "Main Street" school in American letters, and there will doubtless be epigrams; but they will be epigrams diverse and contradictory. But with Meredith as the topic, the lion and the lamb will lie down together and all the epigrams, however clever or however otiose, will say substantially the same thing. This is so, not because the critics seek to agree, but because in this instance they cannot help agreeing. To know George Meredith at all is to know that here was a marvelously mellow violin that by some freak of fortune never managed to have its full complement of strings.

Henley himself said as much in his *Academy* review of *The Egotist* in 1879. And long before Henley, as J. A. Hammerton has shown in his *George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism,* other reviewers had promulgated the same obvious truth. It remained for Oscar Wilde to point the moral and adorn the tale: "Meredith! Who can define him? His style is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything except language: as a novelist he can do everything, except tell a story: as an artist he is everything, except articulate." And in the same vein—for Meredith criticism the absolutely inevitable and consistent vein—Mr. Arthur Symons must say: "He thinks in flashes and writes in shorthand. He has an intellectual passion for words, but he has never been able to accustom his mind to the slowness of their service; he tosses them about the page in his anger, tearing them open and gutting them with a savage pleasure."

Such is the truth; the truth concerning the keen-eyed, retiring man who could, Cassius-like, look quite through the deeds of men, who could prick unerringly the bubble of pretension, who could expose to scathing ridicule the worship of formalism in education and social life, who was an astonishingly accurate and sagely competent critic of ever so many things except his own books and their

incredible artistic deficiencies. As we say nowadays, Meredith had a message; but he lacked power to preach the gospel. He had ever so much to say; but, for the very life of him, he could not say it.

To explain that irritating phenomenon, to show just why it was that Meredith resembled a bottle of precious fluid with an abnormally small neck, is a task impressive but never satisfactorily essayed. It was easy for Andrew Lang to remark that "the fairies of literature gave him all good gifts, but added a Celtic wilfulness"; but the difficulty cannot be rationalized thus. Lang was an authority on fairies; but the "Celtic wilfulness" is another story. It is pretty generally recognized that both at his best and his worst, the Celt is pronouncedly articulate. Rather it is more salutary to believe that but for the Celtic strain in his blood Meredith would have been able to say absolutely nothing whatever—another reason, possibly, why God loves the Irish!

No, the why of Meredith's lack of expression is quite beyond the mere bookman. Some day, perchance, a bespectacled young candidate for the doctorate at a German university may undertake to solve the Meredithian complex by the aid of futuristic psychoanalysis, and then the world may wonder and understand. Meanwhile it must suffice to recognize that Meredith's style, both in prose and verse, is a style that reveals by concealments, that illuminates by obscurities, that seduces by exasperations. To know that is to be truly wise.

From the novels of Meredith we get no unity of impression, no sense of totality or finality as generally we get from the novels of Flaubert and Thackeray and Jane Austen, from the novels of Mr. Wells and Mr. Maxwell and young Mr. Walpole. Wilde was right; we get simply "chaos illumined by flashes of lightning." Our impressions are lightninglike in their suddenness, in their blinding brilliancy, in their enduring enthronement in the halls of memory. To give an ordered account of the progress of a Meredith story is impossible two weeks after reading the book; but it is even more impossible ever to forget the first meeting of Richard Feverel and Lucy by the river, the peregrinations of the dyspeptic

uncle with the wedding cake, the newspaper episode in *Diana of the Crossways,* the preposterous symbolism of Sir Willoughby's leg. (It is morally impossible to discuss Meredith without a flourish of Sir Willoughby's leg.) We forget plots, or rather, we never get them; but scenes and characters remain forever.

Perhaps, after all, this is as it should be. Perhaps the Meredithian manner is a closer approximation to life than we are prone to believe. Perhaps the man who looks back toward childhood through the dust of the mounded years, across the valley of humiliation and the hill of the triumph and the meadow of the harvest moon, sees also a thing of chronological chaos, a thing of untented shadows, a thing that is a nameless thing save only where the piercing lightning falls. Perhaps it is the way of life; it were ungracious, almost irrelevant, to urge that it is not the way of art.

The epigrammatic critics have stressed Meredith's perversity of manner, his ardent admirers, quantitatively small but qualitatively important, have dilated on his rarity of matter; but the secret of his power and of his impotence, of his greatness and his littleness, really lies in the inconsistency of his mood. Theoretically, Meredith had a clear-cut conception of the rôle of novelist he essayed; he worked out to a nicety the office of the impartial satirist who was to find in every manifestation of the comic spirit his inspiration and his lure. He had the tremendous advantage of knowing what he wanted to do; and what he wanted to do was in every sense worthy.

But in the doing of it his mood too often radically changed. His Olympian impartiality of attitude could not be maintained—a fact which may reflect credit on the man in him however much it militates against his supremacy as a writer. He waxed indignant, as the true satirist can never afford to do, as the principles of the comic-spirit philosophy will not permit the satirist to do, against the malice of social gossip, against the subjugation of woman, against the cruelty and self-sufficiency of egoism, against blindly complacent parents who put their trust in meticulously devised systems of child training. And so, as an artist, he lost his poise. And of that loss the famous Meredith style—the style

wherein the human heart is an "inward flutterer" and de-feminization is characterized as "the flowering up of that hard rough jaw from the tender blooming promise of a petticoat,"—is an effect and not a cause. 'Tis the gods of our making who bless or ban. Meredith's literary deity was the god of aloofness and scrutiny and imperturbable show; and Meredith failed to placate that difficult divinity with appropriate gifts. Had he been a little less sure of the functions of the comic spirit, had he endowed his titular dæmon with a frankly human heart, had he, even at a distance, offered his libations to the idol of Dean Swift and suffered that great Irishman's *sæva indignatio* to suffuse with its righteous glow the pale, cold marble of his Victorian shrine—then!

Well, then the epigrams coined by George Meredith would have been less hard and brilliant and the epigrams coined about Meredith would be less of the nature of half truths than even Henley would concede. Then, both in his prose and his verse, there would be genius and felicity. Then in his portraits of human life there would be less flash and more glow. Then we ordinary mortals, whose philosophy of life is rather more pragmatic than formally consonant and complete, might be able to read him otherwise than in homeopathic doses. Then we should feel surer of his vogue and his power a hundred years from now.

ADVOCATUS DIABOLI

By Henry A. Lappin

Mr. Lytton Strachey has been astute enough to discover a new way of fluttering the dovecotes. His book, first published in England last summer,[1] has been meeting with a very varied reception; but people are certainly reading it, enjoying it hugely, or waxing extremely wroth over it. Mr. Asquith, whom it is perhaps permissible to describe as himself an eminent Victorian, has given the book the blessing of a mention in his recent Romanes lecture; and the initials appended to one of the most refreshing of many London reviews of *Eminent Victorians* are those of an ex-Cabinet minister of pronounced literary tastes.[2] The ever-open correspondence columns of Mr. St. Loe Strachey's *Spectator* have hospitably harbored several indignant protests from friends, relatives, and admirers of the victims (there is no other word for it) of Mr. Lytton Strachey's biographical enterprise. The book, in fact, has had a magnificent "press."

Mr. Strachey's models are obviously the Gibbon of the Autobiography and the Anatole France of *L'Ile des Pingouins*. Admittedly he uses his pen with a vigor, terseness, lucidity, and grace that recall the prose of the late Goldwin Smith at that distinguished writer's best. His frankness is unflinching, his brilliance unwaning. He is a master of exquisitely balanced epigram and unforgettable summation. In short, save for a few frightful lapses from that good taste in the written word, the nature of which is so difficult to define and the absence so easy to detect, the purely literary excellence of *Eminent Victorians* is high indeed. But,—there is such a thing as being unable to see the sun for the spots, and there are people so ingeniously astigmatic that they

[1] This was written in January 1919.
[2] Augustine Birrell.

miss the moon for the man in it. Not to put too fine a point upon it, that is the essential and pervading trouble with the author of these sprightly pages.

It is necessary to assent immediately and eagerly to a position Mr. Strachey sets forth in his keen and lively preface: that in the delicate art of the biographer we have been as sadly to seek as Porson's Germans used to be in Greek. He admits, of course, our possession of a few masterpieces in the kind. One hopes that he includes among them that great and strangely neglected *Life of Swift* which Walter Scott wrote. But there is no gainsaying the fact that "we have had no Fontenelles and Condorcets, with their incomparable éloges, compressing into a few shining pages the manifold existences of men. . . . We do not reflect that it is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one." Mr. Strachey deftly draws a melancholy picture of the usual two-volume biography, upon which the dust of our public library shelves so persistently accumulates; the "unctimonious" biography in which, as Desmond MacCarthy has wittily said, the incandescence of the subject is rendered by bleaching him white. Mr. Strachey will have none of this. His way of ordering things will be vastly different.

It is unfortunate that this author's limitations are so serious and profound. The elements are mixed in every mortal; but it is upon the littleness rather than the greatness of his subjects that Mr. Strachey's gaze is most keenly and continuously concentrated. The very illustrations—some of them—seem to have been chosen so as to render the subjects at their most sinister. If a damaging thing can possibly be said, Mr. Strachey will say it; and he will say it with such angelic irony, in an accent so child-like and bland, that a reputation is ruined or a life's achievement blown to smithereens before the unsuspecting reader quite realizes what Mr. Strachey's little game is. Out of a large and wide-eyed innocence he seems to say: "Here are all the facts for you, every single one. Judge for yourself. Am I not right in my conclusions?" And he has a weakness for setting down as facts what are nothing more than his own unsupported conjectures. As well

go to a ginshop for a leg of mutton as seek the plain unvarnished truth from Mr. Strachey. What Gladstone remarked of Macaulay is more than true of Mr. Strachey—he does not always appreciate the motives of the spiritually minded. It is to be feared that the teaching of Christ is to him what Herbert Paul declared it was to Gibbon, "a subject of blank amazement and an opportunity for cheap jokes." Of what that teaching may mean to the life of the individual he has certainly no conception. Nevertheless he undertakes to track the secret ways of, and to show up in their true colors, four souls for whom human life could be understood and interpreted in no other wise than through the precept and example of the Founder of Christianity. His obsession by religion is ill-tempered and wearisome when it is not downright stupid and vulgar. Again and again it breaks out and blotches his artful pictures. The further truth is that, with all his clever brushwork, his legerdemain of language, he is quite without that most indispensable requisite of the biographer, imaginative sympathy. For him the people who come and go upon his page are specimens and nothing more. Vastly intriguing specimens, to be contemplated with the Olympian detachment of a dispassionate and callous investigator, forceps and spatula in hand, and notebook on the bench beside him. They are not human beings of like passions with himself, more or less firm of character, into whose hopes and feelings and fears he enters with the sympathy that comes from an experience of human sorrow and strife, and a tenderness that is born of mercy and pity.

Take the study of Manning. Ecclesiastical human nature (like every other kind of human nature) can be, on occasion, extremely tortuous. There is little danger of Manning's process of beatification ever being introduced at Rome. One is under no illusions about him. But Mr. Strachey's dreadful portrait presents a Manning whom his most intimate friends, not a few of whom are still alive to read this book, confess themselves totally unable to recognize. Consider such strokes as these: "It was only when the offer of a Merton fellowship seemed to depend upon his taking orders that his heavenly ambitions began to assume a definite

PROVIDENCE IN THE WEST
BROADWAY and PALM STS.
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

shape." "It was [the relations between Manning and Newman are being discussed] the meeting of the eagle and dove; there was a hovering, a swoop, and then the quick beak and the relentless talons did their work." Newman is of course the dove. Mr. Strachey is comparatively clement with him. It was necessary, in order to deepen Manning's malignity, that Newman should be represented in as attractive a light as the biographer could bear to exhibit him. So the pathos of Newman's furtive visit to Littlemore is made rather more moving than it is, for example, in Wilfrid Ward's more accurate account of the incident. Thinly veiled is Mr. Strachey's suggestion that Pius the Ninth held out hopes to Manning of promotion in the Church of Rome. "What did Pio Nono say? It is easy to imagine the persuasive innocence of his Italian voice, 'Ah, dear Signor Manning, why don't you come over to us? Do you suppose that we should not look after you?'" The author's gesture invites the retort that it is easy to imagine lots of things—if only you set yourself to it. Again, Manning is mordantly described as "highly efficient as a gleaner of souls—and of souls who moved in the best society." But our space is too limited to take up in detail Mr. Strachey's charges, expressed and understood, against Manning. The fair-minded reader will find all that can be said on the Cardinal's behalf—and it is not a little—in the admirable and searching review of Purcell's *Life of Manning* by the late H. I. D. Ryder, reprinted in the latter's *Essays* (Longmans, 1911).

Dr. Arnold is handled even less gently. The shadows are all thickened, and some are projected which are not in the original. Arnold was a finer scholar and a much better human being than Mr. Strachey makes him out to be. To his literary interests and achievements full justice has not been rendered even in the Stanley biography. He is one of the most stately and scholarly of English prose writers. His *History of Rome* was immensely admired by such scholars as E. A. Freeman and A. S. Wilkins, who knew what they were talking about. If one wants to read Thucydides "with one's feet on the fender," Arnold's edition is still by far the best. And after Arnold's spirited account of the course of

the Second Punic War, even Mommsen's narrative reads dull and stale. Arnold knew what he wanted, and went in quest of it with a great deal more decision than he is here shown to have possessed. The solid realities of the faith to which he gave allegiance he understood and loved to the end. Mr. Strachey's description of the closing days and death of Arnold is positively diabolical. Not thus lived, not thus approached to death, a man whose title to be called good and great remains as valid as if Mr. Lytton Strachey had never written a line.

Florence Nightingale and General Gordon fare little better. As Mr. Strachey sees it, Miss Nightingale wades through slaughter to a throne. She is envisaged as pursuing through life, with relentless instancy, a Juggernaut path. It is undoubtedly true that the popular notion of this lady stood seriously in need of modification. But to modify is not the Strachey way. "One has the impression that Miss Nightingale has got the Almighty, too, in her clutches, and that if He is not careful she will kill Him with overwork." In the course of these two studies not a few reputations, hitherto unquestioned, of the subsidiary characters, are scrapped according to the familiar Strachey prescription. Lord Cromer is badly bruised. Jowett is sharply flicked. One holds no brief for Cromer. He had his weaknesses. He made mistakes—a way we all have. But it is silly, to touch on only one point, for Mr. Strachey to assert that Cromer was not interested in the East. Cromer's book is sufficient answer to that. Gladstone is out of drawing, too. No doubt he hedged and dodged more than once in his political life, but he was by temperament neither a jealous nor an irascible man. The Arnolds, father and son, loved Arthur Hugh Clough. Carlyle admired him greatly. But Mr. Strachey simply sees him tying string around Florence Nightingale's brown-paper parcels. Truly, Mr. Strachey views the human scene through an amazing lens!

Gibbon, of whom, as has been suggested, there is more than a trace in our author's style, found in Porson's praise of his history "a reasonable admixture of acid." No one would quarrel with Mr. Strachey if there was merely the fair and necessary admix-

ture of acid in these studies. Gone are the days of the biographies in which immaculate subjects were ceremoniously canonized. But he does not stay his hand, and the acid keeps on flowing. *Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines.* John Morley's haunting phrase on Swift comes into the memory as one leaves this book. Mr. Strachey has undoubtedly genius, but like Swift's it is "a savage and unholy genius."

A BOUQUET FOR JENNY

By Joyce Kilmer

So far as I know, in no other library but mine is to be found a book illustrated by Jenny Hand. Therefore, more than much vellum and crushed levant, more than first editions and association copies bearing famous signatures, do I prize a certain fat volume, a foxed and dog-eared and battered volume, which was published by Grigg and Elliot (God rest them!) in Philadelphia at number nine North Fourth Street in 1847. This is a book of poetry, but it is no slender little pamphlet of a thing, the shelter of one bardling's lyrical ejaculations. Five full-grown poets, two of them men of noble girth, comfortably share this stately tenement. The book's solid and imposing name is *The Poetical Works of Rogers, Campbell, J. Montgomery, Lamb and Kirke White.*

A detailed consideration of this volume might, to the profit of the reading public, fill all of one issue of any book-review supplement or literary, so to speak, section printed in America. But for the moment I would write, not of the excellencies of the volume in general, but of the distinguishing feature of my copy—its unique virtue, which gives me the right to pity all other bibliophiles now rejoicing in this illustrious Grigg and Elliot imprint. I refer to the illustrations by Jenny Hand.

Messrs. Grigg and Elliot illustrated, to the best of their ability, every copy of this work. They illustrated it with what they doubtless termed "elegant steel engravings." These steel engravings are indeed "elegant," also they are "appropriate," also they are "chaste." Take down from its shelf your copy of *The Poetical Works of,* etc., and you will find, facing page ninety-four, a representation of "Morning Among the Alps," painted, the legend tells you, by T. Doughty, and engraved by George W.

Hatch. The sun is rising, much as Mr. Belasco might direct, and upon a pleasant little pond in the foreground are three of those famous Alpine early birds known as swans. This picture is designed to accompany Samuel Rogers' "The Alps at Day-break," lines which I may recall to your memory by saying that they begin, "The sunbeams streak the azure skies." The picture was not intended by the artists to be alpine in character, but it is a nice picture, very harmonious with the text.

Furthermore, the generous Messrs. Grigg and Elliot, being greatly moved by those lines of the ingenious Kirke White which begin: "Behold the shepherd boy, who homeward tends, Finish'd his daily labour.—O'er his path, Deep overhung with herbage, does he stroll with pace irregular; by fits he runs, Then sudden stops with vacant countenance, And picks the pungent herb"—being greatly moved, I say, by these lines, they determined to give them a supplementary embellishment. Therefore, they caused one O. Pelton to engrave on steel a picture first "Drawn by Cristall" (as who should say "Painted by Raphael"). This shows us a plump youth, with the vacant countenance celebrated by the poet, standing upon the side of Vesuvius, carrying over his shoulder a large spade, and in his left hand a basket of potatoes. In their sensational journalistic way, Messrs. Grigg and Elliot affixed to this picture the caption, "The Shepherd Boy," and forthwith the poem was illustrated.

But while you will take pleasure, if you are a worthy possessor of this volume, in these altogether admirable engravings, you will look through your copy in vain for expressions of the genius of Jenny Hand. The Jenny Hand illustrations are two in number, and they are to be found only in my copy.

One of the advantages of illustrating a book with steel engravings is that it necessitates the inclusion of blank pages. When a steel engraving occupies one side of a page, there may be nothing whatever printed on the reverse.

There may be nothing printed, I said, on the reverse. But on the reverse anything in the world may be drawn or written. Therein we see the origin of the entertaining practice of extra-

illustration. To the eager pencil of Jenny Hand, these virginal white pages, oases among pages of dry verse, offered irresistible opportunities. And my library is therefore the richer.

This book never belonged to Jenny Hand, except so far as anything belongs to one who makes it more beautiful and interesting and useful. The book belonged to Jenny's sister, Esther. On the fly-leaf is written "Mifs E. C. Hand, with regards of C. F. Q." Obviously, also, Esther did not herself draw pictures on the beautiful volume of poesy (with gold scroll work all over the cover) which the amorous and tasteful Mr. C. F. Q. presented to her. This delightful work was done by Esther's younger sister, who in 1847 was aged perhaps thirteen, and should have been and probably was named Jenny. C. F. Q. stands for Charles Francis Quigley. This is not a random guess; it is a wholly logical deduction from the portrait of the gentleman drawn by Jenny, who knew him well.

It was one summer afternoon in 1847 that Jenny first began to improve *The Poetical Works of Rogers, Campbell, J. Montgomery, Lamb and Kirke White.*" At three o'clock Jenny had been out playing—keeping the porch and the front gate well in sight, for she knew that not for nothing had Esther put on her pearl necklace and her blue sash and spent three-quarters of an hour over her hair. Jenny's suspicions were justified and her vigilance rewarded. At four o'clock the front gate clicked and the gravel walk resounded under a manly tread. Charlie Quigley, in a high stock, a flowered waistcoat, a long black coat, tight blue trousers and a tall silk hat, came to call on Esther. And he brought a gift. Was it a box of candy? If so Jenny would, as a dutiful sister, help to entertain the company. She would wait —Esther was unwrapping the present. No, it was not a box of candy—it was a book. And it was not even a novel, it was a book of poetry, of all things in the world! How could that Charlie Quigley be so silly?

Well, Jenny lost interest in Charlie and his gift for a while. She rolled her hoop and played with the puppy while Esther and Charlie sat on the porch and looked at the foolish book. When

Jenny came up on the porch, toward sunset, they had gone into the parlor. They had left the book open face downward on a bench, open to Thomas Campbell's *Song,* beginning: "Oh, how hard it is to find The one just suited to our mind"—certain lines of which Charlie had roguishly underscored.

Jenny turned the pages of the book, but found therein little entertainment. At length, however, she came upon "Morning Among the Alps," with its blank and inviting reverse. Among the jack-stones in her pocket was the stub of a pencil, and soon that pencil was at its predestined task of depicting the event of the afternoon—for my edification some threescore years later.

Jenny drew a side view of the broad stone steps, with a little of the railings and Grecian pillars. She drew the locust tree, and since she knew that there was a robin's nest in it, she outlined two little birds against the skyey background. She drew Esther, grand in her hoopskirts, necklace, curls and blue sash—no, it wasn't blue, it was green plaid, and the fabric was satin, for, as I live, there is a faded corner of it in this very book, sentimentally cut off and placed there by Esther herself! Why was Esther so particular about saving a fragment of that sash? Was this really a momentous afternoon? Was this the sash that Charlie's black broadcloth sleeve surrounded when Esther consented to become Mrs. Quigley? And were they married, and did Charlie's friends all make flat jokes about his claiming the hand of Hand?

And were all these things going on while the artistic Jenny was busy on the porch? Possibly. Probably. But with such conjectures the author of this serious essay in art criticism has no concern. To return to the account of the picture—Jenny drew next the renowned Charles Francis Quigley. But now her pencil was dipped in a mild solution of venom—imparted to it, I fear, when she thoughtfully placed its point between her small lips. For those same lips had desired chocolates—and the chocolates had turned out to be nothing but poesy. Therefore she sacrificed realism to satire, and made Charlie (really a very nice fellow, whom she came to like very much in later years) something of a fop. She made the cut of his coat too extreme, his hair too curly,

his mustache too obviously waxed. She deliberately gave his eye a sentimental expression; she smiled derisively as she padded his pictured sleeve.

And then she gave her drawing its crowning charm—she put in the "selbst-portrait." She drew the little cedar tree that flanked the porch, and she drew herself kneeling beside it—seeing, but not seen by, the rapt Esther and Charlie. Far from being ashamed of this act of sisterly espionage, she gloried in it, and brought all her art to the task of immortalizing it.

So in my book the locust tree is forever in leaf and two little birds poise always against the summer sky. And always Charlie, hat in hand, presents to the radiant Esther *The Poetical Works of Rogers, Campbell, J. Montgomery, Lamb and Kirke White.* And always the little artist, with long curls hanging over her white frock, laughs at the lovers from behind her cedar tree.

The light was fading now, but Jenny had found another blank page—that preceding the section devoted to Kirke White's verses. Supper wouldn't be ready for fifteen minutes, so she started on a picture more difficult than the simple incident just drawn. She chose for her scene Riley's Riding Academy, where she and Esther spent every Wednesday morning. There was Esther, seated with the sedateness appropriate to her eighteen years, upon the tamest of nags. And there was Jenny, in her fetching habit, perilously poised upon her wildly careering steed. With enthusiastic pencil did Jenny depict her own brave unconcern, and Esther's timorousness. How firmly Esther clutches the reins of her mild beast, how startled is her face as she looks upon her daring and nonchalant younger sister!

Did the Quigleys and the Hands, I wonder, shed tears over Mr. Southey's *Account of the Life of Henry Kirke White?* Did they know Francis Boott, of Boston, the young American gentleman who placed, Mr. Southey tells us, a tablet to Henry's memory in All Saints Church, Cambridge? Were they moved by James Montgomery's *Prison Amusements; written during nine months confinement in the Castle of York, in the years of 1795 and 1796?* Mr. Montgomery tells us in the prefatory advertisement,

"they were the transcripts of melancholy feelings—the warm effusions of a bleeding heart." Did they read *Gertrude of Wyoming, Theodric: a Domestic Tale,* and the *Pleasures of Hope?*

Did they read the memoirs prefaced to the various selections? If so, I hope they found them as delightful as I do. There is the inexhaustibly fascinating *Memoirs of Charles Lamb,* in which the anonymous critic improves the occasion by reproving sternly the Lake Poets, or the "Lakers," as he calls them. "The thousand Songs," he tells us, "of our writers in verse of past time dwell on all tongues, with the melodies of Moore. But who learns or repeats the cumbrous verses of Wordsworth, which require an initiation from their writer to comprehend?" Later this gentleman has occasion to refer to *Another School of Poetry,* which "arose in opposition to that of the Lakers." "Their talents," he writes, "are before the world. To this new school belonged the late poet Shelley, whose lofty powers are unquestionable; Keats, also now deceased; and Leigh Hunt." Keats, also now deceased! What porridge fed the writer of this memoir?

Well, my concern is not with the poor hack who edited this book and wrote the memoirs. I hope Messrs. Grigg and Elliot paid him well. And as for Charlie and Esther and Jenny and the robins in the locust tree—well, Charlie Quigley's dust, and his good sword's rust; and his soul is with the saints, I trust. I hope Esther married him. I'm glad he brought her *The Poetical Works of Rogers, Campbell, J. Montgomery, Lamb and Kirke White,* even if Jenny was disappointed. For if she'd made her drawings on the cover of a candy box they would not now be in my library.

WOMAN AS ARTIST

By Mary M. Colum

Despite her modernity, Virginia Woolf is the best living example of that sort of mind which had its innings in letters in the eighteenth century—a mind partly critical, partly philosophical, highly imaginative, incapable of the vaster emotions but so subtle in its emotionalized intellectuality, so polished, that it makes most other contemporary writers appear to be parvenus of the intellect, stumbling self-consciously under their knowledge and their cleverNesses. "Women can't write, women can't paint," says a character in her newest book, and the crabbed and cranky expression arrests one as one proceeds slowly through this leisurely, melancholy, whimsical book—this book by a woman who in a few years has become one of the foremost living English novelists—who, indeed, of all contemporary English novelists, has the most high-bred, the most accomplished mind. Her intellect is as natural to her as the color of her hair or the shape of her hands—it gives a sinewy nervousness to her style, a glamor to her learning, and a queer reality to her ideas. We feel that, although her heart may be deceived sometimes, her intellect never is. She is not a modern in the sense that Joyce is a modern—a lightning-flash in the sky, obvious and visible to all—she is modern in the sense that she is a natural development from everything that has gone before; everything that is in her can be traced to some germ that has already appeared in English literature or English thought. She is not, then, startlingly new; she wants to do nothing very daring with literature; she would be justly horrified if it were suggested that she was trying to cross it with another art, or with science, as Joyce may be said to be doing. However, on the side of her modernity she has one thing that is common to the three most modern of

contemporary novelists—Joyce, Proust, and the later George Moore; her books belong to the literature of memory.

She has written half a dozen novels and a couple of books of criticism, all of unique distinction. Her novels, on the whole, are more important than her purely critical books, though her criticism is extraordinarily fine and profound, if somewhat narrow in its range. She is too British to quite understand the Russians, or perhaps too regularized in her emotions. But who in our time has interpreted Jane Austen so well? Who, in so few words, has shown us so clearly the barbarism of H. G. Wells, whose very generosity of sympathy seems to add to his grossness? Who has brought so clearly to our attention that, though the characters of Arnold Bennett live abundantly and unexpectedly, we never know exactly how they live or what they live for? Who, among our modern writers, has stood more firmly for the interior life, more convincingly for scholarship without pedantry, for culture without genteelness? Who has stood out more broad-mindedly, more proudly for the civilization that has been handed down to us as against the shocking crudenesses and the more shocking genteelnesses that are invading us, and invading us particularly in America? As she herself says of Addison—she is on "the side of sense, taste and civilization." No book of contemporary critical essays really surpasses her *Common Reader* in just those qualities—sense, taste and civilization. She has unvarying vigor and soundness even when she is bewildered, as she sometimes is, about contemporary literature. *Ulysses* and the *Portrait of the Artist* will never cease to be a puzzle to her, even though she admits that, as compared with Mr. Wells's materialism, they stand for spirituality. And her little pamphlet, *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown,* is really only incidentally enlightening, for the reason that to the sort of modern literature which has its springs outside of the class to which she belongs she is a bewildered outsider. The world that she understands is university-bred and probably English university-bred at that.

But how original are her essays on Jane Austen and Joseph Addison, how profound her understanding of them and how easily

do we perceive that she herself is a development from them! In her essay *The Russian Point of View,* how completely does she express the puzzlement of a descendant of Addison and Jane Austen as to these Russians who can say with such simple conviction to any fellow man "Brother," who so easily understand everything with the heart, and who seem to make of the head only a handmaiden. Although, outside of Shakespeare, there is no more exciting reading for her than Dostoievsky, it is characteristic of her—characteristically English—that it is Tolstoy whom she really likes. It is also characteristic of her, as it is characteristic of the particular English intellectual class to which she belongs, that she has almost no prejudices.

To write of any novel of hers without taking her critical powers into account is impossible. For hers is the critical mind turned on to fiction. She is in a way like one of those graceful French *precieuses* of the eighteenth century who turned an investigating mind on life and letters. In this new book of hers, *To the Lighthouse,* she has invented a way of writing fiction that is a cross between Mme. de Sévigné's Letters and Addison's de Coverley Papers. So frequently are the characters of her books intellectuals, or people whose main interests are intellectual, that we get the same impression as we get when we read her criticism, of the flashlight of the intellect being turned on life and on a few human beings, which are then revealed to us with a bright reality. Her people, in spite of their domesticity and their large families, seem hardly at all concerned in that major occupation of humanity, passing on life to other people, or even with the minor occupations that are incident to this. They seem to be concerned chiefly with something that is happening in their minds. Her women characters are all intellectuals, even when they aren't in the least erudite, passing their lives in reverie, as intellectual women so frequently do in old countries, dreaming their lives away, not bustling on to some sort of achievement as they do in America. For this reason her women are all fascinating, with a fascination that the intellectual woman has always had in real life when her intellect and her learning are an integral, unassumed part of her and

do not stand out with the obviousness and the prickliness of quills on a porcupine. She can portray as no other living writer can these charming modern intellectual women, mysteriously sunk into themselves, revolving within their minds the mysteriousness of life, like Mrs. Ramsay in *To the Lighthouse,* feeling "alone with her old protagonist—life." All of them are disappointed in some way, all unhappy in some way, as perhaps everybody is in this world who is not a clod of earth. They can be affectionate mothers, absorbed mothers, but they seem to be mothers incidentally, in spite of the children who are forever hanging to their skirts, being read to, being soothed, being petted. Virginia Woolf can create like no other writer an atmosphere of cultivated English domesticity, that family life which is so different from American family life and which is in so many respects common to all old countries —that English family life where everybody is a distinct and separate individuality, with his own reserves, his own private happinesses and unhappinesses, his own interior life, his own loneliness —a household where there are doors to every room that close tightly and where people do not casually call each other by their Christian names. Within this family life her people are all natural and have no attitudes. "But we who have a private life and hold it infinitely the dearest of our possessions," she writes in one of her critical essays, "suspect nothing so much as an attitude. Directly we begin to protest, to attitudinize, to lay down laws, we perish. We are living for others, not for ourselves."

In this new book of hers, *To the Lighthouse,* she takes the family of the Ramsays in their summer home in the Hebrides and displays them in their everyday lives and occupations. There is their guest, Lily Briscoe, there is their guest, Mr. Tansley, who used to keep saying, "Women can't write, women can't paint"; there is old Mr. Carmichael, who knew strange Oriental languages and had written poetry about the desert and the camel to which nobody had paid any attention for forty years, and then suddenly everybody began to talk about it. Then there are the eight Ramsay children and Mr. Ramsay, all of whom seem somehow to be intolerable interruptions to the reveries of Mrs. Ram-

say. There is James, who always wanted to stick a knife in his father; Prue, who was so beautiful; Rose, who was so wonderful with her hands; Jasper, who would shoot the birds; Nancy and Roger, who were so wild; Andrew, who had a talent for mathematics; Cam, who was always made happy by a tenpenny doll's tea set. There was Mr. Ramsay himself, who, when he was young, had written one little book that was a contribution to human thought, and since that many books which were not quite so good, so that he was forever harassed with the fear that nothing he wrote would live after him. We see him in the eyes of his children an egoist; in the eyes of Mrs. Ramsay and Lily Briscoe always looking for sympathy.

The first part of the book is the reverie of Mrs. Ramsay, the last part the reverie of Lily Briscoe, and the difference between the content of the minds of these two women, of their types of mentality, is really a triumph of creative skill. Lily Briscoe is so kind-hearted, in love with all the Ramsays, a little in love with every one, all her mental processes commonplace with the occasional high-falutin' intellectualities of the intelligent commonplace mind. Lily is always trying to paint, struggling for some raison d'être for her painting, "one wanted to be on a level with ordinary experience, to feel simply that's a chair, that's a table, and at the same time it's a miracle, it's an ecstasy." So mumbles Lily to herself, and we are made to know, as if the knowledge was wafted to us on air, that nothing ever was or ever will be a miracle to Lily. We see her complacently laying down her brush at the end, saying to herself: "I have had my vision." It is the very last sentence in the book, and Mrs. Ramsay has been dead for years and years, for over half the book, but that last sentence of Lily's, more than anything else, makes us realize the marvelous distinction of Mrs. Ramsay and fills us with an intolerable loneliness for that rare and beautiful mind of Mrs. Ramsay, who, with all the eight children around her, had that habit of saying to herself, "What have I done with my life," and that other habit of "feeling alone with her old protagonist—life."

The actual happenings of *To the Lighthouse,* such as the death

of Mrs. Ramsay or Andrew being killed in the war, are related in short sentences in brackets to avoid, as it were, interrupting the flow of the reveries and the stream of life which, as in our actual daily existence, goes on somehow, no matter what happens. The life of the Ramsays seems to be all Mrs. Ramsay, and then, with Mrs. Ramsay dead, life somehow goes on—incredibly goes on without her.

The middle section of the book, called "Time Passes," is so exquisitely written that it is, as it were, spun out of fire and air, out of wind and water, and has the intangible beauty of a long, highly sustained poem. Take the description of the little winds of night-time that roam through the Ramsay household when all are in bed and asleep:

Nothing stirred in the drawing-room or in the dining-room or on the staircase. Only through the rusty hinges and swollen sea-moistened woodwork certain airs detached from the body of the wind (the house was ramshackle after all) crept round corners and ventured indoors. Almost one might imagine them, as they entered the drawing-room questioning and wondering, toying with the flap of hanging wallpaper, asking would it hang much longer, when would it fall? Then smoothly brushing the walls, they passed on musingly as if asking the red and yellow roses on the wallpaper whether they would fade. . . . So some random light directing them with its pale footfall upon the stair and mat, from some uncovered star or wandering ship, or the lighthouse even, the little airs mounted the staircase and nosed round the bedroom doors. . . . Upon which wearily, ghostily, as if they had feather-light fingers and the light persistency of feathers, they would look once on the shut eyes and the loosely clasping fingers and fold their garments wearily and disappear. . . . At length, desisting, all ceased together, gathered together, all sighed together; all together gave off an aimless gust of lamentation to which some door in the kitchen replied; swung wide, admitted nothing and slammed to.

"Everything is the proper stuff of fiction," she says in her book of criticism, *The Common Reader,* "every feeling, every thought; every quality of brain"—and so, out of every feeling, every thought, even out of the little airs, the little winds of night-time

she makes her fiction. She writes the subtle English of one whose ancestors for generations had made the language an easy garment with which to clothe their minds' expression. There are few living writers whose prose is so full of charm and whimsicality, and, at the same time, so direct and sincere because of her mind's reality—that reality which is, perhaps, the rarest of all mental endowments—and which makes her mind so peculiarly the mind of a critic.

As we look down the list of her books, from the first one called *The Voyage Out,* which had a sort of spontaneity which she never quite captured again, we see that in each of them she has attained some unique, if quite ungaudy distinction. We wonder at how good they are, and at the same time, we cannot help wondering why they are not even better. We wonder not quite so much at why Virginia Woolf's books are not better—we wonder really why women's books in general are not better. How is it that so few women writers have ever climbed to that lofty peak where the greatest men writers are? "Women can't write, women can't paint," says the cranky Mr. Tansley in this book of Virginia Woolf's. We know he is wrong, of course, yet we are harassed by his remark. Women can write, women can paint. But why have only two or three women in the history of literature ever reached to the stars—ever reached that height where strength of intellect and strength of feeling are so equally blended that they become one—that plane where heart and mind are both so powerful and so powerfully in tune that what one wills the other wills —that combination of both which produces not only the colossal things like the Divine Comedy and Antony and Cleopatra, but which gives small things like Drayton's sonnet, *The Parting,* and Cory's *Heraclitus,* and Landor's *Past Ruined Ilion Helen Lives* such lasting and moving greatness? Why among women poets is it only Sappho who has achieved this thing—this sort of greatness which we recognize at once in the few lines of her verse that are left to us—that something which made what she wrote, not simply personal to herself, but so generally moving to all mankind that she has survived the ruin of Greece as Catullus has sur-

vived the ruin of Rome? If women had never entered the arts at all many convincing reasons could be given which would entirely explain their abstention, but the difficult thing to explain is why having entered the arts they have so seldom scaled the heights or sounded the depths. They have achieved real solidity a few times as in Jane Austen and George Eliot. But how often have the heights of ecstasy been attained by them? Perhaps only twice, once by a Greek woman who if she had lived among us would probably be an outcast sinner and the other a forlorn Celt in exile on the Yorkshire moors. Why, when they want to write a love poem, do they babble little pseudo-pathetic verses like Christina Rossetti's "When I am dead, my dearest," full of self-pity and egoistic infantile emotions, without genuine reality? "All the golden love-letters have been written by women," says Havelock Ellis in one of his essays. This may be true, but all the golden love poems, nearly all the golden poems of any kind ever written, have been written by men. After all, the explanation may be simple—probably is simple: that circumstances refused to permit women to become adults emotionally and intellectually. No emotion is grown up if it is one which merely turns you in on yourself—it is not really grown up unless it gives you a clew to something in the universe.

Not very many grown human beings are really adults; very few think like adults, still fewer feel like adults. It has been both the pain and the privilege of the great artists that they were adults in both mind and heart—that they had the potentiality of experiencing life to the full. What is experience of life for one person may not be experience for another: however we do know that while what are called the universal experiences may for one sort of person mean exactly nothing at all, for another, the simplest event, like breaking a leg or reading a book may be the clew to the mysteries of the universe. All the pathetically adolescent, ungrown-up faces we see in the subway or on the street, are the faces of men and women who have been through what are called the great commonplaces of life; they may have known them all, but life itself they have never known. There is a substitute for

almost everything else—a substitute for love, a substitute for happiness, a substitute for fame, but for life itself there is no substitute.

Women have always been offered by men the universal experiences, but it is because these have too rarely meant life that so few women have been great artists. But what life is—that is the secret that is so hard to know. But there is one thing we do know about it—that when any man or woman captures it and gives it to us in the shape of a poem, or a story, or a picture, in no matter what small degree, we respond to it with our whole being; when it is given to us in a large degree whole generations of men respond to it and the giver is rewarded with immortal fame.

THE CITY THAT NEVER WAS

By Michael Williams

I had reached my home; I let myself in and got noiselessly to bed.

I suppose it was nearly four o'clock when at last my excited brain ceased its working, and sleep came.

And almost at once I came awake again—vaguely wondering what was the matter?

The big bed in which I lay was trying its best to imitate a bucking broncho and to throw me out of the window, toward which it was lurching. The air itself seemed to be pulling at me, with invisible fingers clutching from all directions at once, but unevenly; the plaster was falling in big chunks; and there was a vast, crescendic roaring noise, incomprehensible: a vast sea of sound.

There was the commingling of the crash of falling walls, the tumbling of millions of bricks, the rending and cracking and splintering of wood, the shattering of window glass by the hundreds of thousands of sheets and panes, and myriads of other sounds. All these were based, as it were, on another, unwordable sound, which was the roaring of the earthquake—the groaning of the very earth itself.

What a racket!

It was like—well, it was like—let me see, now it was like—Oh, heavens above, *I don't know what it was like!* Nobody knows. Fancy a billion big drays, loaded with iron rails passing along over rough cobble stones, with the rails clangorously falling, and the windows of all the houses being shattered by the concussions, and then fancy—but, no, you can't! Neither can I. That noise is not to be conjured up by fancy—it can only be remembered.

Yet that terrible noise was nothing at all—a mere trifle, a trivial incident, a bagatelle, compared to the impression of the earthquake *as earthquake,* if I may so express myself.

But how can I tell you? I really cannot tell you!

For there was something about that shock that struck, deeper than any sound could penetrate, into the substance of your soul. —You know how it is when we try to suggest some tremendous emotion or altogether unusual sense of calamity—we say, "It was as if the earth moved under our feet," or, "It was as if the earth trembled."

So what can we say—what is there left to say—when the earth in fact *does* move under our feet, when actually the earth *does* tremble?

For we are so accustomed to the earth being—well, reliable, trustworthy: safe, sane, and conservative, so to speak. We are so used to being its boss, to using it as we please, plowing and digging it, sowing and reaping it, building our cities with its own stuff, brick and stone and wood—without a murmur from it, without any tricks being played with us, such as the untamable sea and the mysterious air and that dangerous character, fire, take pleasure in perpetrating. We're up against trouble all the time in our dealings with water, and fire, and air—but we consider the earth a straight, clear-cut proposition.

So when *it* cuts loose. . . . Oh, I give it up! There aren't any words for what you feel in an earthquake shock.

Here's a bit of a hint. Suppose you were on a ship at sea, on a long, long, voyage, so that the motion, the fluidity, the freedom of movement, were part of your very being—you are saturated with motion—and suddenly the water becomes a solid substance, and the air becomes rigid, and the ship stops and is held without a quiver, like a toy ship frozen inside a block of ice. Well, the solid earth, that morning in San Francisco, was behaving like the unstable sea—

Oh, but what's the use! The feeling simply can't be described. It dates back to chaos—to a time before there was any law and order or solid substance. This upheaval of the primal powers

that bind atom to atom, cell to cell, organism to organism, star to star, and universe to universe, throughout all creation in cohesion, and balance, and system, leaves in the mind that has experienced it a memory which is unique, and a sensation which lies altogether outside the limits of category. Only those who have gone through a 'quake can understand me. I'll just add this, however,—that we who have gone through a big 'quake understand what other people can only think they understand, namely, that the foundation, the underlying principle, of all material things from the ultimate atom to the biggest star in the heavens is nothing that can be seen or touched or handled or known by any sense, but is forever imponderable, and unnamable, and eternally inscrutable. We hint at it in such terms as the cosmic ether, polarity, gravitation, and so forth, and so on. Some of us, however, are still old-fashioned enough to say, the Hand of God.

At any rate it was shaking the city of San Francisco that bright, still dawn, and beneath the falling timbers and stones men and women and children were being crushed to death by hundreds. At a score of points fire was springing up. And there was no water with which the fires could be quenched in this first stage. The water-supplying system had been put out of business by the shock. I have been told that the water mains were not properly constructed, any more than the ruined City Hall was properly constructed—that in both jobs there had been rich, fat graft. You see? It was as if the corruption of the city's life had corroded its very bones, eaten into its very physical structure, so that in the hour of its calamity it lacked the power to save itself. As we now know, if the fires could have been controlled in those first few hours, huge as was the damage of the earthquake, it would have been a trifle in comparison with that which was inflicted by the fire—that fire which was the worst this fire-ravaged world has witnessed, so far as history can show.

. . . . . .

My little daughter was in the crib by the bed. Her mother gathered her up quickly in her arms, and I arched myself above them both, to ward off the plaster, or the universe, I didn't know

which. Our baby boy was in the adjoining room, in a crib by the bedside of a friend who lived with us; a lady who appeared a second or two after the start of the trouble, in her nightdress, in the doorway. She was a maiden lady from New England; so you see how unconventional this occasion must have been. She it was who gave a name to it.

"Earthquake!" she said.

I had vaguely thought of an explosion; of a sudden and awful storm approaching, or a flood, a tidal wave; but, sure enough, now I understood that it was an earthquake. When you come back from sleep after only an hour, you are not as bright-minded as you'd like to be able to say you were.

"The baby!" cried the lady in the doorway.

Then, as neither the plaster nor the universe had crushed us so far, I ceased my imitation of a cat with its back arched, and ran into the outer room.

The force of the shock had been much greater there. All the furniture was crowding into the middle of the room and trying to play a clumsy game of leap-frog. It was bright daylight of a perfect April day outside, but the blinds were drawn in the room and the light was dim, mild, and milky. And through this placid, opalescent light I saw the wide, untroubled eyes of the baby boy, who was perfectly calm, looking at me. He was like a philosopher from some other planet nonchalantly observing a queer human being in pajamas scrambling over a mountain of furniture, in a room which was apparently trying to turn itself inside out. I have often wondered what can go on in the mind of a child in such a moment.

The earthquake came a little after five. It lasted eighteen seconds. According to the scientific gentlemen, it appears that the Coast Range Mountains along a line of some three hundred miles shrugged their shoulders, or made a slight gesture, as it were, and cities and towns and villages along that line behaved very much as a child's building blocks behave when he pulls the tablecloth on which they are stacked. Mount Tamalpais, a mass

of how many billions of tons only science can tell you, shifted its position. Redwood trees three or four thousand years old were split wide open. Torrents and springs of water or sand leaped from the broken and tortured earth. Landslides streamed down the hills. Trees were overthrown. All this, outside the city. As for the city— Well, let me return to my own adventures; it is hopeless to attempt the description of the city's fate, just yet.

The house I lived in was an old wooden structure, solidly and honestly made. Like all such, it swayed and shook; plaster fell, shelves were emptied; but there was no serious damage. Honestly made steel buildings also stood the racket.

Before the shock had finished its course by more than a few seconds, we were in the street; part of the fantastic multitude disgorging out of doorways up and down all the streets of the city. Some, but these were the few, were dressed; house-wives or servants or workers early astir; but the most of us were in all the stages of extraordinary dishabille. There was a vacant lot not far from the house, and to this we ran, and soon the place was crowded with fat men in nighties, women with children in their arms, blankets about some of them, others merely in their night-gowns; and all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children.

There was a brief pause, as it were; a scant breathing spell, and then, very suddenly, my heart tried to jump out of my mouth, and then seemed to fall back, fluttering like a wounded creature.

Another earthquake had begun . . . again the earth, and the air, and all that was upon the earth, and in the air, was throbbing, was swaying, was quivering, was palpitating enormously. It was frightful! But thank God, it didn't last so long, nor was it nearly so severe as the first one. Nevertheless, it shook down walls that had been weakened by the other shock, and bricks from chimneys came raining down, and people who had ventured back into their houses came rushing out in fresh dismay. Some of them didn't come out again; falling walls or beams pinning them down, killed or badly injured, caught, in some places, like animals in pits or dead-fall traps.

There came a fresh wave of people rushing through the streets, but we remained in the open space.

And up the middle of the street, a little bit later, there walked two well-dressed men; Orientals, or mulattoes; looking as if they had been up all night waiting for this moment. They were proclaiming the end of the world. It was Judgment Day, they cried; the Book was open, the Book of Life and Death; and they bade us fall upon our knees and pray. And, really, you know—we weren't sure they were not right. Truly, it was like the end of things mortal. Somebody, looking at the wall of fire marching toward us, later on; that strangely silent, quietly busy advance of a wall of flame, said: "Yes, it surely must be Judgment Day." Somebody else replied: "And this must be the gates of hell."

It ought to have been a perfectly tremendous moment, I suppose . . . but it wasn't.

The trouble was, that we couldn't believe our prophet. Daylight, I expect, is not congenial to belief in prophets, even when the daylight is one of a day of disaster. There seems to be something in us, something that belongs to our very life—perhaps it is the force of life itself—that utterly refuses to believe in death until death itself says: "Here I am." Even if April 18, 1906, really had been Doomsday, you couldn't have got us to believe it, out there in San Francisco, not if a regiment of black prophets had been on the job.

I saw a few troubled faces here and there amid the crowd, but the trouble was more what you might feel when somebody acts indecorously than anything deeper.

"That mutt must be crazy," I heard a fat man wheezing near me.

"Somebody ought to make him shut up—or knock his block off," answered the man the fat chap spoke to. "Say, even if he is right what business has he to try to scare folks?"

Personally, I felt quite indifferent. Maybe the prophet was right. Quite likely he was. But if this was the end of the world— Oh, very well, it was the end of the world—but we might just as well carry on, without any fuss.

And that, you might say, was the common, the general feeling, not only there in Geary Street, but throughout the city, and not only then, as we recovered from the first stunning confusion of the shock, but later on, throughout all the terrible days that followed. It was not that we were indifferent to fears and horrors and disasters; not at all; nor was it that we were endowed with heroic courage to overcome all things. No, that was not the case. We were full of fears, all the time. I think there was hardly one of us who didn't keep in mind the dark horror of a tidal wave. Others, I know from what they told me, felt that at any moment the earth might open and swallow them. The menace of shaky walls loomed always over us. In the first few days, there came more than forty minor shocks, and each shock sent many nervously disordered persons temporarily insane. The sand-hills toward the sea were full of wandering, harmless, mad folk; talking and muttering to themselves, or sitting on the ground staring at the smoke and crimson reflections of the fire in the sky. And we knew the fear of plague, and of pestilence, and starvation, and sudden death. And always there were circulating the most dreadful rumors. We believed them, too, more or less. Why not? Anything might happen, after what had already happened. Anything at all. Nothing was impossible. We heard that Los Angeles had been wiped out completely. Mount Rainier was in eruption; torrents of lava were covering the north country with burning lakes. Chicago had been swallowed by Lake Michigan. The catastrophe was country-wide; maybe it was universal; for London had been smitten, so we heard. There were no telegraph wires working for days, of course, but only a few of us were aware of this. Anyhow, rumors, as we all know, whether false or true, do not need telegraph wires in order to travel about; they seem to use the all-pervading ether, like the waves of the wireless. Or else they spread through telepathy.

But, all the same, we did not get badly excited. We were bewildered; some of us were bedazed; we were all nerve shaken, and we all had our own particular fears to face—but, taking us altogether, by and large, taking us as a crowd of human beings—

as a mob, if you like—as a multitude—we stood everything mighty well. There was a calmness; there was a grave, yet kindly, almost smiling kind of acceptance of the situation on the part of the people as a whole, the memory of which remains with me like the memory of noble and harmonic music. For, after all, you see, there was something in San Francisco which the 'quake could not overthrow, nor even agitate very seriously—and this thing was the intangible something which is the spirit of human nature—the spirit of human life—which shows itself in human nature's unbreakable habit of keeping busy at the business of living on in this world just as long as there is any shred of world left on which to live. What is that inner something? That inmost assurance? Mere instinct? Self-preservation? The will-to-live? Or is it Faith?

Anyhow—we do, we will carry on. Some day we'll know why.

By and by, I ventured back into the house, wondering what moment it would fall in upon me, and secured my clothes. My wife—being one of those extraordinary women whom nothing frightens—except mice—also went back and cooked breakfast.

Then I started to walk toward the office, but on my way I learned that the fire chief had been killed, that the water mains of the city were out of business, and that great fires had started in many directions, and were joining, spreading, and marching along. So I knew, right then and there, that the real name of this calamity was not earthquake, but fire; and I knew that it would march along without any other force being able to stop it. Not remembering the width of Van Ness Avenue (one can't think of everything in such moments, not even a newspaperman!), I thought that the whole city was doomed. So my first duty was toward those waiting for me in Geary Street. On my journey to them I spent what little money I had in buying condensed cream, chocolate, bread, canned stuff, health food (of a particular brand, indispensable to a one-year-old baby with a weak digestive machine) and trifles of that sort, which I stuffed into the recesses of a canvas shooting coat which I had thrown on that morning, with

some vague notion, no doubt, of dressing appropriately. And as I watched the great crowds pouring onward before the drive of flame for the most part so silently, so calmly; dragging trunks, bedsteads, carts, baby-carriages, easy chairs, bundles, baskets, bags, caged parrots, stuffed owls, books, tools, bedclothes, loaves of bread, live chickens, statues of the saints, jugs, guns, and all manner of things—as I watched this strange multitude, moving through a stranger silence, the silence of a city in which no trolley cars were thundering, I remembered, with gratitude to the giver of all good thoughts, that there were soldiers, Uncle Sam's regular soldiers, out at the Presidio, and that a very good place for a married man and his family to seek for lodging would be a tent near those soldiers. For, like many others, I dreaded looting on the grand scale, and starving mobs, and scarlet anarchy.

Again we ventured into the house, up to the top floor. From the windows at the back we saw the dome of the City Hall against a sky beginning to blacken with smoke, and lurid with flame; a dome like a sinister skeleton, stripped to its ribs of steel; looking like a gigantic bird-cage; and I saw the flames south of Market Street, and out in the Mission, and toward the foot of Geary Street.

Then began that awful tramp to the Presidio, pushing one child in the baby carriage, with the other carried in our arms, or in the foot of the carriage, and dragging all that we could manage to drag, wrapped up in a quilt; up hill, and down hill; that terrible tramp to the Presidio. For a man who had come West in order to patch up a hole in his lungs, it was tough work; but I didn't think so then. For when you imagine that at any moment the earth may open and swallow you up, at one bite (as we heard it had been doing in many places), or when the sea is expected to send in a tidal wave, as it was libellously accused of having done elsewhere, why, you cease to take much interest in your minor or major ailments. Many a bedridden invalid leaped clear out of bed that morning and didn't go back again; cured by the shock.

What I chiefly worried about was my lack of money. Strange, I know, that a wandering writer, should feel such a worry; all

the traditions of Bohemia go against the fact; but yet, so it was, and the first man I knew by sight was called upon at once to make me a loan. It was Tom Dillon, the Hatter (I present him with this advertisement with immense satisfaction). He didn't know me; but, just like a true San Franciscan, he did not enquire too closely into this panhandling demand, he simply, out of the goodness of a San Franciscan's heart, put a twenty-dollar gold piece in my hand. (It was a long, long time before he got it back; but if I ever make any money I think I will walk up and down Third Street some night, and give away twenty dollars to the toughest looking hoboes I can discover, and then ask them all to spend at least part of it in drinking the health of Tom Dillon.)

Then I bought more food. I point with pride to this fact. I proclaim it; I write it down in a book that once in his life, at least, a writing man who from the dim beginnings down all the colored years had sought the far trails of high Romance through all the western world, was practical! As a result, we did not have to join the bread-line! But there were millionaires, and capitalists, and even canny politicians, who did.

We obtained a tent, though thousands of late comers were disappointed. All through that night I kept a revolver near my hand, as the thousands of feet went pounding, pounding, pounding—pounding without cessation, pounding all night long, pounding like dull yet mighty drumming, pounding like the sustained and awful susurrance of a mighty ocean—as the crowds poured in from the flaming city. Fifty miles inland and far out at sea that tremendous blaze illuminated the night, reflected back from the huge canopy of smoke that overspread the sky, although elsewhere it was a starry night, bland and still. Detonations of dynamite now and then thudded through the pounding.

With the morning I left my family, and struck out for my office. The three morning newspapers joined forces that day, and produced a joint issue. I got across the bay to Oakland and reported to the superior editors, who were foregathered there, and was immediately ordered back to San Francisco in command of a company of reporters and camera men, to set up local headquar-

ters, and begin the task of newsgathering. The paper was to be printed in Oakland.

We obtained a small tow-boat, which the twenty-odd men on board crowded badly. Among our number was Mr. Samuel Shortridge, the lawyer, who had begged his way across in our company as nobody save soldiers, physicians, priests, nurses, newspapermen, and other regular assistants at disasters, was permitted to get back into the city once he had left it.

It was a gay trip. Our skipper turned out to be blind drunk, and our boat went staggering, and turning eccentric half-circles, and now and then trying to turn a somersault, through a heavy sea. At last two of us had to stand on either side of the wheel, holding up our skipper and making him steer some sort of reasonable course for the other side.

We ricocheted our way close to Alcatraz Island. Telegraph Hill, Nob Hill, Russian Hill, were blazing like cosmic torches, gigantic tongues of red fire going up straight into the still air beneath the black canopy of smoke.

Mr. Shortridge has a very deep voice and a singularly impressive deliberation and distinctness of utterance. He is a celebrated orator. He felt moved to make a speech on this occasion. He said, staring at the three burning hills: "Lord God Almighty!"

I have heard many speeches; thousands of them I suppose. Perhaps ten of them were good speeches. But this one remains unique at once in its appropriateness and its effect upon those who heard it. All vain words were banished; all useless thoughts were swept away. To-day I may string words together, so long after that mighty moment; but then only the high names of God could fit the occasion.

We landed near Fort Mason. I at once set about the business of hiring headquarters. After several vain efforts I finally succeeded in striking a great bargain; I hired Harbor View Park, the whole establishment. This comprised a bathing beach, a bowling alley, a bar-room, a well-stocked larder, enclosed by a high fence. It is vanished now.

I also hired a motor car and sent a reporter—better known

to-day as Frederick Ferdinand Moore, war correspondent and novelist—to the Presidio for my family. I had heard that the absence of sanitary arrangements among the herded thousands in Golden Gate Park and the Presidio threatened to cause an outbreak of disease. In Harbor View Park we would be safe.

In less than an hour Moore was back again, with my wife and children.

Less than half an hour later, a mounted army officer rode to the gate and demanded speech with whoever was in authority.

"You must immediately vacate these premises," said he, when I appeared. "The United States Army wants them, as a detention camp for contagious diseases. The smallpox patients will be here within the hour."

We heard and perforce obeyed. Very luckily, right at the moment, a tugboat from Santa Cruz put in at the little wharf, and I at once hired it for a despatch boat, to carry copy and orders back and forward between Oakland and San Francisco. So I sent my family across the bay, together with a large number of other refugees. I did not see wife or children again during the next three weeks.

Then came the new search for headquarters. It was ended quickly. Mr. Shortridge, hearing of our predicament, solved it out of hand. He placed his own large and beautiful home completely at my disposal. He threw in his Chinese cook, to make the job complete. So in this luxurious office, sleeping three in a bed with Ah Fung to cook for us, we lived as newspapermen have rarely lived before. Each day a special detail went out, not for news, but for grub. The day's work was over at six or seven o'clock, because the copy had to go over to Oakland very early. Then we foregathered from our various jobs, and ate a wonderful dinner, and fleeted the evening hours away with card games, and stories, a punch bowl, and Mr. Shortridge's gorgeous grand piano, the one he had bought especially for Paderewski, his client. Every now and then a shock of earthquake would make the house rock and quiver. Sometimes these blows were so heavy that we went running into the street. Then we would go back again and

Freddy Moore, or somebody, would play ragtime, in between the shocks, and we would sing:

"Through a small Irish town,
Marched a troop of renown,
In the year seventeen hundred and forty;
With a hip, hip, hurray, and a hip, hip, hurray,
Tirri-row, did-a-dow, did-a-row-dow!"

Ours was the only house in all the district permitted to burn lights after eight or nine o'clock; and under our glowing windows, on the steps, and along the curb, the neighbors would gather, listening to our songs, and taking comfort, I think, in our jollity. One night we gave a dinner to our host; ah, such a dinner! We brewed an earthquake punch. The whole city was scoured for materials. Somebody went up the hill to Mayor Schmitz's house and returned with beer, and a bottle of Scotch. Into the big bowl went beer, and Scotch, and benedictine, and rye, and a bottle of champagne, and brandy, and creme de menthe—anything, and everything.

But if we newspapermen had special opportunities to be gay, San Francisco in general was also high-hearted despite the darkness, and the dread of doom.

The fire had on the third day been stopped at Van Ness Avenue.

How many had been lost in the tumbling of walls, and the destruction of cheap tenement houses, and, still more, in the abominable lodging houses south of Market Street and on Barbary Coast, will never be known till the real Doomsday happens along; but many hundreds are known to have perished. As Mary Austin says: "Large figures of adventure moved through the murk of these days—Denman going out with his gun and holding up express wagons with expensively saved goods, which were dumped out on sidewalks that food might be carried to unfed hundreds; Father Ramm cutting away the timbers on St. Mary's tower, while the red glow crept across the cross out of reach of the hose; and the humble sacrifices—the woman who shared her full breasts with the child of another whose fountain had failed from weari-

ness and fright—would that I had her name to hold in remembrance!"

Those were indeed brave, colored, splendid days! San Francisco's soul will be richer and stronger and warmer and more human till the end of time because of them. They were days when the dream of Utopia, the fabled epoch of the Golden Age, of human brotherhood, were perhaps as nearly realized as ever upon this troubled world.

Save for those whom death had struck with loss and pain, through taking away loved ones, the vast majority of San Franciscans were not merely stoical—they were gallantly brave, romantically chivalrous, superbly generous. In my goings about through the worst of the stricken districts, I saw many instances of loss and disaster, but my memory of those days is not stained with a single incident of cowardice or of meanness.

The obvious thing to say, is that social conventions and distinctions were laid aside; well, so they were, but that only expresses a small part of the truth. After all, the only place where men are truly, quite literally equal, is in their souls. God made us all, and when the red ruin was raging from the water front on towards Van Ness Avenue, a line of fire ten miles wide, at times, and later, when amid the shards and dust and smoke of the vanished city, men and women no longer felt that doomsday was upon them, they acted toward each other as fellow creatures, as human beings, not merely as employer and employee, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.

. . . . . .

Will Irwin wrote an excellent description of Old San Francisco, which he called "The City-That-Was." Well, the glimpses of Paradise, or of Utopia, which came to me while San Francisco, riven and shattered, was being bound, as it were, upon the monstrous pyre of its burning, was a vision of the City-That-Never-Was—the city of the world-wide dream—the city which John of Patmos saw descending out of heaven to earth—out of aspiration into accomplishment—out of the ideal into reality—the city of peace and of brotherly love—of the kingdom of God come upon

earth. The City that never was—that never, never was—yet which surely is to be—which surely is to be!

. . . . . .

Perhaps I saw everything magnified by my own mood—colored by my own desire—nevertheless, it is true that for several marvelous days in San Francisco we lived as people might live if they but willed it so—we lived a life of good-will. Nearly all the artificial barriers and distinctions with which we isolate class from class and person from person were thrown down more effectually than the 'quake threw down the walls of houses—the walls of evil houses and the walls of churches together. For days, there was no use for money—there was nothing to buy or sell. Rich and poor were no longer either rich or poor. The bread line was no respecter of persons. The women of the Tenderloin were cared for by virtuous women. Food was in common. He who had not asked and he who had gave. Your neighbor was as yourself. You did not see the mote in his eye for there was no distorting beam in yours. Generosity—kindness—pity—mercy—tenderness—all the brave and beautiful angels of the heart of man walked in the streets of the shattered city. Oh, yes, there were exceptions, no doubt. I've heard of them—but I did not myself see them—but it is God's own truth I'm telling you when I say that the great disaster which for several days shut off San Francisco from the world that still went on in the ordinary way, brought out what is best, and what is strongest, and what will finally prevail in mankind—that which is good. Those three or four days, despite all the dreadful things that happened, were days of the Golden Age returned again—and to me their memories remain as prophecies of the time to come, when we shall all together so live without change or shadow of turning.

Indeed, it almost seemed as if Goethe's dream was realized, and that San Francisco had been shocked out of its egoism and had found in the midst of this apocryphal overthrowal the poet's spring of goodness, and had become quite literally the City of Brotherly Love, the City of Peace—the City-That-Never-Has-Been. . . .

Ah me!

It was wonderful to hear city officials who were more than merely suspected of the most brazen graft declare that for them, "The history of San Francisco begins on April 18, 1906!" It was thrilling to see sworn foes and bitterly opposed factions uniting in the new bonds of mutual service.

It was sublime!

. . . . . .

And it was also evanescent as a dream.

Violent reformations of cities or of individuals are dramatic, but impermanent. . . .

I well remember how frantically we had to work, one night not long after the worst of the disaster was over, to hurry the news to Oakland, where our paper was being printed, that the Board of City Supervisors had just jammed through a very nefarious piece of special privilege legislation. . . .

—And we know how soon afterwards the malodorous graft cases made the name of San Francisco scandalous throughout civilization.

No. Apparently it requires something more profound, more energetic, than an earthquake, to reform a city, or a soul. An earthquake may destroy; yes; and so will many other things. . . .

But what will save us?

AN IRISH GARDEN

By Katharine Tynan

Somewhere about 1868 my father acquired the lands and house of Whitehall, Clondalkin, where my later childhood and youth were to be spent. The house had once belonged to Curran, the great Irish lawyer and patriot, whose daughter, Sarah, should have married Robert Emmet. It was a small cottage building with little windows under immense overhanging eaves of thatch and a hall door within a porch of green trellis. There was a very quaint little lawn in front in which grew an immense tree-peony, a fuchsia as big, and a great many Portugal laurels and laurestinus. The cottage was flanked by a building of two stories. The lower story was the kitchen of the cottage. Its green door opened on a long strip of courtyard. There was a stone bench by the door, useful for many things.

Our first summer there was 1869, when we three children were there in charge of a nurse. The house had not yet been altered to accommodate a family. Of the two-story edifice only one-fourth belonged to us. My father's steward and his wife lived in half the lower story and the upper floor. What had been a door of communication was boarded up and filled in with a row of shelves.

Our kitchen was a true toy-kitchen. It was whitewashed and floored with red tiles. One little window with a deep sill looked down the strip of courtyard: another, exactly alike, looked into an orchard which, I think now, must have been a fairyland. There was a settle under one window on which a child could stand and read by the hour, her book laid open on the deep sill which propped her elbows when she would lean with her hands in her curls.

My mother had pantries full of china, beautiful old china for the most part, and that sent down for our use was a delicate embossed china with a pattern in grayish brown of all manner of seashells. The pieces stood on the little rows of shelves and they seem to me a part of the enchantment of the place. From the kitchen a door opened into the dining-room. Beyond that was a hall, from which three little bedrooms opened: beyond that a drawing-room, with a glass door leading into an old walled garden full of flowers and fruit. Close by the end gable of the house, a green paling atop of a low white wall overlooked the orchard, and there was a wicket gate to the orchard round the corner just out of sight.

It must have been one of the few great summers that come to Ireland. The cottage was wrapped up in monthly roses and woodbine—honeysuckle is the clover blossom in Ireland—fuschias, jessamine, and the hardy yellow Scotch rose. These put out tendrils and climbed the thatch. In one room a tendril had come through the window and boldly climbed a wall and spread, and no one had detached it.

In the orchard and the garden the low fruit-trees stood thick. They were mainly apple-trees. Three sorts I keep in my memory. One was the Irish peach, of which there were several. A little low, gnarled one which had planted itself among the flower-beds at some prehistoric period is in my mind as though it had life. Its fruit ripened first and it bore well. The apples, though they were small, were of a delicious flavor. Long after the peach-apples were done there was a tree hanging over our summer-house, the fruit of which yellowed with the autumn leaves and were so many honey morsels. There was a third tree with apples of a pale green, the sides broadly ribbed and mottled with spots. I have no name for these delights, and a tragedy befell—for in the autumn following that summer the trees were thinned, and the most beautiful were cut down. No one thought of consulting the children, who had the best knowledge of good and bad fruit after all.

Fortunately the little tree in the flower-beds survived and, so

far as I know, still survives. Spanish iris clustered about its feet, with forget-me-nots and wall-flowers and narcissi, with masses of pansies. The beds with their box borders made a most intricate pattern, all the tiny walks leading towards the summer-house. There was a deal of greenery, as there always is in an Irish garden: and when the lilies sprang up every July they looked like rows of young angels.

Was it in '68 or was it in '69? Whatever year it was it was the great summer. Think of a pack of children who had lived in the town and only had the country by snatches turned loose a whole summer in this place packed with old-fashioned delights.

The little rooms were very flowery. Because we were on the ground floor perhaps, with only a nurse in charge, we had our windows shuttered of nights. A long slit of light used to come between the shutters in the golden mornings, suffusing the room with a green and golden light.

For a time we had a perilous delight, for a bull grazed in the orchard and would sometimes lift his head to roar quite at the window-pane. You can imagine the delighted terror of the child who lay a-bed, the formidable beast only separated from her by a thin sheet of glass: and what a joy it was to peep through the slit in the shutters at the immense head with its splendid curls, knowing one's self unseen, but not unapprehended, for the bull would occasionally paw the earth as though scenting an enemy, and utter a roar like thunder.

That summer we learned all the country delights, having only known them before by snatches. There was a big farm-yard and a hay-yard or rick-yard. The rick-yard is always associated in my mind with Hans Andersen's *Ugly Duckling,* which I must have read at the time. I always imagined the Ugly Duckling's mother sitting hatching her eggs under the great docks in the rick-yard. Side by side with it ran the very pond where the Ugly Duckling met with one of his most terrifying adventures. The pond was much overgrown and deep enough to make it an adventure to reach the islet in the midst, on which a water-hen lived and reared her brood. On a summer day when all was still you would see

the little ones taking to the water, just emerged from the egg, their brothers and sisters yet perhaps in the eggs only chipping beneath the mother's breast.

There too was a well, clear and cool, which had the reputation of never drying up even in the hottest summer. It was cool and dark under its hood of stone over which wet lichens and water-weeds had grown. It smelt of streams and freshness, a mirage for London in the hot days. We used to dip in a jug or pail and bring up little silvery minnows—"pinkeens" we called them—swimming round and round in the cool pure water. The well was fed from the mountains and the water chattered over beds of jewels in all the ditches. It was always summer there in my thoughts of it. The snail in his shell hanging on the thorn had a most wonderful house of opal iridescence. There were little blue moths, which I have never seen in England, flying about among the flowers, and black or brown butterflies with blotches of crimson on their wings. There must have been autumn though, for I remember the crab-apples in the hedgerows, a fairy fruit for beauty, and the quickes-berries hanging like drops of blood. I remember the loneliness of autumnal fields after the reaping was over, the gathering of blackberries and mushrooms, the pleasant terror of the Moat, which was a fairy rath, in the heart of it a dry quarry where the biggest and juiciest blackberries grew. Gathering them one never liked to be far from one's companions, lest harm befell. In the evening when it was dark it was pleasant to steal out and see the darkness of the Moat at a distance: and when the misted harvest moon rose above it we thought it was a fairy fire and it afforded us a marvel for many days to come. Then there were the ripe apples, so to be sure it must have been autumn sometime.

Every Sunday morning our excellent nurse trailed the whole family off to Mass. We used to take a short cut, being always rather pressed for time, across a field in which grazed the bull—his name was Young Leviathan, and he deserved it—that bellowed at our ears. There must have been seven or eight children for the intrepid woman to convey unhurt. We were happy when the

bull grazed in a remote corner from the pathway. What a scurry it used to be! There was a gate leading from the field on the road, which was padlocked: and the gap by which we emerged had a steep descent. The bull usually discovered us before we were clear. I have a vivid memory of his charge as I tumbled down the steep ditch. That was the occasion, I think, on which another child lost her shoe, leaving it to the tender mercies of the bull. We used to return by a safe detour, which was slower and less exciting. I have often wondered since at the hardihood of that nurse.

The village "innocent" used sometimes to put in his foolish head terrifying us at our games. He looked like Smike in the Hablot K. Browne illustrations to *Nicholas Nickleby* and he had a mordant wit. He made remarks about your personal appearance unless you were very civil. He and his kind have for the greater part disappeared or been gathered into asylums. Not all. Back again in Ireland I meet a God's fool from time to time as I walk the country lanes, a ruddy-faced, weather-beaten man who talks incessantly with a running laugh between the speech. Sometimes his talk is unintelligible—but again it is of the immortality of the soul. "The Kingdom of Heaven's within you. The soul's its own place and can make Heaven or Hell. The soul or the mind: it's all the same. But where does the soul go when it's out of the body—tell me that."

He sums up Irish intolerance of disagreement in a pregnant phrase. "Over there," he says, waving his hand across the Irish Sea, "you can say what you like. But here they'd knock the gob off you."

That autumn after the golden summer I had my first intimate experience of death. We had gone back to town and then hurriedly returned to the country because of the illness of the elder sister just home from the convent school and only awaiting impatiently the time when she might return to its novitiate. It was October then and the country was in ruins—only a few late apples on the trees and the wind and the rain bringing down the last leaves. That eldest sister was my first love. I thought her the

most wonderful creature. Something of the innocency and fragrance of the convent hung about her, making her elusive, saintlike. She had brought home her sheaves, among them a glass-topped table painted with flowers behind which silver foil gave depths of light to the colors. I hung over that table entranced. She had her drawings—and I was not critical. Various triumphs of needlework in the shape of cushions, anti-macassars, tea-cosies, and the like, dazzled me. She sang "The Bridge," words by Longfellow, and my heart wept tears as I listened. I am not sure that it does not weep now. I had to hide behind window curtains to conceal my agitation when she sang.

She was just a brief, lovely vision. I have no memory of her at all before that vacation. She knew I adored her and she petted me. She let me see just a glimpse of her supernatural secret. It made me determined to be a nun, and the determination lasted for a good dozen years afterwards. There was something Heavenly in the vision, something of long convent corridors, dazzlingly clean, flooded with light and air, sweet with the smell of lilies and a thought of incense, of little convent cells naked and pure, of convent gardens, places where

"The Brides of Christ
Lie hid, emparadised."

I was allowed to wait on her the first day of her illness, and she must have been a little delirious, for she talked of strange things and then apologized gently. How I loved to be her servant, her slave!

Then we were back in the country again and it was sad. I lived with my nose in a book. Sometimes my father came with a disturbed face. There was a talk of a crisis. "Next Tuesday about will be the crisis. Till after that we cannot hope for good tidings."

I read and read incessantly. The nurse, who was a somewhat harassing person, let me be. I suppose that she was glad that one of us should be off her hands. I was reading *Picciola, the Prison Flower,* in my favorite place for reading now that the wet autumn

had come, kneeling on a table in front of one of the deep-set little windows of the cottage, on the sill of which rested my open book and my elbows. Below the window was the stone bench upon which the beggars used to take a seat, or the tinker when he mended our pots and pans. There I had sat and shelled peas for a summer's day dinner, and had eaten the peas as I shelled them, giving up only a basket of empty pods to my justly enraged nurse.

There came a father, with a more disturbed face than ever, working as we looked at him, his voice tangled in his throat. After a while he spoke. "Mary is dead," he said, and rushed away into the rain. Desolation swept my soul for a space. I do not know how long. Presently, with a sensation of guilt, I returned to the reading of *Picciola, the Prison Flower*. Even for death a book did not fail of comfortable distraction in those days when Heaven was a vision of story-books to be read incessantly without any troublesome elder intervening.

CÓRDOBA EN FÊTE

By Thomas Walsh

Among the many beautiful customs falling into decay, none perhaps shows more utter decline than the old institution of walking in procession. Indeed, most of us have so lost this processional sense that anything not savoring of a military parade strikes us as false to our modern conditions and theatric in character. How much our lives have been affected by hyper-consciousness is apparent from a glimpse at the serio-comic *cortege* of the Lord Mayor in London, or the uncomfortable gathering of caps-and-gowns at an American university. If it be to religious ceremonial that we must look for a remnant of the old procession, how often shall we not find, instead of the decorous, simple, and naïve advance of clergy and choristers, only the wooden attitudes and stony faces that suggest the regimental armory rather than the house of prayer!

But in speaking of the decay of processions, it is principally to the outdoor celebrations that we refer. Practically considered, there are not, with exception of a few coronations, and Mardi Gras survivals, any real processions left in the world outside of Spain. Even there the great ceremonials of Holy Week and Corpus Christi begin to take on the municipal and military character that has gradually overcome the public celebrations of the Church at Munich and Vienna; it is only by chance, and in out-of-the-way corners of the Peninsula that we come upon the true "progress" or ceremonial outing of other days.

If we could take one of our old-time May Day processions, add perhaps some hundreds to it, including the clergy and village elders, and inspire them all with Andalusian leisure and Castilian dignity, we should then have something like the gathering that

wound across our way one balmy February in the narrow streets of Córdoba. No holy calendar seems willing to enlighten us as to the purport of the celebration, which, as far as we know, may have been of merely local character and as much a civic, as a religious, feast.

Except during the annual fair the average traveler in Córdoba tarries long enough to run across the Roman-Moorish Bridge of Calahorra which spans the flats of the Guadalquiver, and to rush through the mosque of Abderrahman where the canons are chanting their Office to the Virgin of the Assumption as calmly as, across the seas, the *muezzin* is crying *"Allah Akbar"* from the minarets of the Christian shrine of Santa Sophia in Constantinople. Of the labyrinth of alleys with their whitewashed walls, their hidden gardens, lovely *patios,* churches, convents, and hospices, he rarely sees anything. We, however, were happy to find ourselves in a little plaza of rough cobble-stones, framed by a few dingy little shops, except where at one end spread a church façade elaborately decorated in the plateresque manner. We formed part of a group of some fifty or sixty men and youngsters—soldiers and bourgeois—in cloaks and shawls and ulsters notwithstanding the mildness of the afternoon. They seemed typical specimens of the male gentry of these shrunken cities, who, with very rare exceptions, know nothing and care nothing about the history of the ruins they inhabit; whose endless leisure in the ill-kempt *cafés* and *circolos* is taken up with interminable political and financial discussions, relieved only by the microscopic dissection of their neighbors' affairs. How these languid folk manage to subsist remains one of the great unsolved problems in finance. As to the real social condition of the majority, the romantic-minded need make no mistake; for the historic families in almost every case have died out or deserted the smaller cities, and now congregate (sometimes pitifully enough) in the social capitals. The gilded youths of these little plazas and *campos* are almost invariably the sons of the mercantile classes, who on their return from military and church academies, devote themselves to the career of "fine gentlemen"—which in such places amounts to swinging tinseled walk-

ing-sticks, introducing strange habiliments supposed to originate in Paris, reading the newspapers, and inditing long epistles over a cup of coffee in the most crowded *café* of the town.

We had hardly arrived when the plaza began to be filled with private equipages, and out of the church streamed several hundred women and children as a military band was heard approaching. Suddenly the bells from scores of churches began to jangle so wildly as to send little "goose waves" running down the back. Here at last was something we had despaired of ever beholding—a real procession of the old time such as used to walk the streets of every town and city of Europe when men's hearts were younger and lighter.

The long line of coaches made the narrow *calle* almost impassable for the crowds that began to surge through it. Certainly in no other country are carriage appointments more elegant, or so much admired, as in even the small centers of Spain; nowhere are the *mayoral* and grooms more handsome and dignified than those who sat along this alleyway, their top-hats respectfully held upon their knees. The noise from the belfries grew almost painful in volume; although individually the bells were very melodious when properly rung by hand; but from where we stood we could see two or three urchins in every bell-loft doing their very best with large mallets.

Down the *calle* came a detachment of the local cavalry whose mounts recalled the barbs of romance only by way of contrast; then a goodly number of laymen—ancient bedesmen perhaps—escorting a large image of the King, Saint Ferdinand, with a trailing velvet cloak, a tinsel crown, and a string of gory heads in token of his efforts in delivering Córdoba from the Moors as far back as the year 1236. The next detachment consisted of a large body of boys of all ages, wearing the semi-military uniform that seems to be essential to the educational ideas of the Mediterranean mind. These were followed by tiny children many of whom were exquisitely beautiful, and then came the ladies of the city, all of them in the severest of black, with veils and mantillas. Everybody—man, woman, and child—carried a lighted candle;

there was breeze enough to make this feature of the procession as exciting as it was beautiful, for the wax flew far and wide.

There now appeared a superb shrine of gold and silver holding a delicate image of the Madonna; it was borne on the shoulders of four elderly gentlemen evidently of great distinction; they were in court or evening dress, wore gorgeous decorations, and were escorted by mace-bearers in velvet robes, and followed by the municipal dignitaries. The brass band discoursed some rather irrelevant *opéra-bouffe* marches and waltzes while the procession moved along at a languid pace, pausing every now and then either to enable the bearers of the images to rest, or to do honor to certain shrines, or households where there were invalids, or families of great distinction who had prescriptive rights to such a *station*. Reverence and light-hearted curiosity made the throng delightful to observe. Wits are nowhere quicker than in Andalusia, but the processionists while they seemed quite aware that they were facing a critical gathering of their townsfolk, were able nevertheless through lifelong familiarity with the customs to preserve a natural ease and correctness of deportment which otherwise might have been difficult.

This was particularly interesting as regarded the young girls and women; they seemed to be representatives of all the respectable classes, from the splendid matron with the profile of a Grecian coin, and the jaunty *garba* whom Zarbaran would take as model for his saints, to the simple Gracias, Lolitas, and Paquitas of Murillo, and the *sandungas* and *saladas* whose allurements would rouse the enthusiasm of Goya. Let it not startle anybody to hear that some of these ladies had expended their rice-powder too freely, even in the cause of religion, for we are now in a land where even tiny infants are sometimes beautified in this manner. Standing near us were three or four young army officers of the unshaven, provincial variety; as some of the young ladies in the procession happened to arouse their interest, they now and then expressed opinions, evidently not on questions of faith, before the fair objects of their devotion were quite out of hearing. Most of the ladies took no notice; but once in a while there passed along

a true daughter of Andalusia who under her breath gave back banter for banter in a fashion that evidently caused the young warriors some difficulty.

Single file, in two long parallel lines they went leisurely through the narrow tortuous *calles,* over the cobble-stones more or less neat, of the lost little town that was once the center of the arts and sciences of the European world. The uproar of the bells never ceased for a moment; rockets began to hiss into the blue sky of evening, and bombs exploded as though in a royal salute; one of the confraternities started a hymn, bold and daring at first, but it died away into plaintive confusion; the bells were too much for them.

Peace seemed to be spreading over the world—in spite of the bells; the distinguished señores who had carried the silver shrine were resigning their posts of honor to their servants, and stepping into their coaches where the *calle* took a sharp ascent, when suddenly down the line rushed a *padre,* who must have been master of ceremonies or in some high authority. He had just caught sight of our young friends of the army, and hurling himself among them, let forth a flood of pure Andalusian apostrophe and *pimenton* regarding their indecorum "especially in the presence of Englishmen" an infelicitous reference to ourselves. Not content with the rout and ignominy into which he left them helpless, he handed the culprits over to the high officer, evidently their chief, who was taking part in the procession. There was a moment of suspense in Cordovan military circles; a sphinx-like look that might be severity or just a dignified sort of satisfaction at seeing them publicly trounced, shot from under the commandant's shaggy eyebrows. The jollity of the officers was at an end; in view of all of us they limply disappeared down a dismal *calle* to take refuge on the lounges of the clubhouse, no doubt greatly aggrieved at this clerical outrage to their uniform.

We then observed that we had all the while been standing opposite a convent school—not the kind of convent that governments confiscate—all turrets and stone bric-à-brac—but a plain little house of plaster with screened balconies where the nuns and

school-children can hang out their blue and white draperies, and peep down at the processions on beautiful evenings such as those we spent at Córdoba. When we came away a group of youngsters was looking down at us in undisguised curiosity, and over the roof there was shining a brilliant evening star.

NIGHT: A REVERIE

By Katherine Brégy

There is nothing quite like the pathos of night, just as there is nothing at all like the peace of night. It is the peace and the pathos of the interlude. Surely ebb-tide and flood-tide shall be again, but now is a great calm. And in this pause, which yet bears in itself so much of the nature of eternity, man lays aside his striving as a burden and is silent beneath the stars. Beside him, about him, is outspread the austere yet perfect pageantry of night: the gloom of half-defined tree tops, roads which lead everywhere and nowhere, elfin lights beckoning from windows far off and fugitive; *below,* all that is ephemeral and nebulous; *above,* the fathomless, abiding peace of the night sky! There is not, perhaps, upon the face of the earth anything more pitifully, perennially real than a human tear; yet scarcely may the tear endure this "abashless inquisition" of the brooding heavens. The universal language of silence speaks to sorrowing man, and in the darkness, behold! he sees. His heart beats in harmony with the half-guessed purpose of the universe. The night winds fashion upon his brow a crown more kingly than the laurel. Contemplation, that supreme sight, is his throughout these moments, and God bends low while His creature dares both to listen and to look.

It is so multitudinous—this white monarchy of the moon, this serene democracy of the stars, succeeding one another rhythmically as the blue-black hours pass. They are mightier than an army of men marching to battle. They are more varied than woman. There is the still glory of the planet, intense with the beauty of a thousand ages; there is the twinkling gaze of the simple star, warm as fire it may be, or cool as silver; there is the flight of the meteor, as swift and as irrevocable as death itself. Old men,

bearded and wise, tell us these are ancient worlds, an immemorial confraternity grown weary and cold; but little children tell us they are the beacon lights of the watchful, very youthful angels.

What is the vigil of the Sphinx beside this "spacious vigil of the stars"—this nightly miracle older than the race of man and more fresh than the morning primrose? The night has fought no battles, save battles of the spirit; she importunes no man to her service. Rather, she waits upon the much-deferred leisure of man, and only when the day is manifestly finished does she begin. Yet down through the centuries, she has claimed and consecrated three mysteries for her own: the mystery of prayer, and the mystery of sleep, and the mystery of love.

The hour of the rising sun has—probably from the dawn of formal worship—been the hour of the rising sacrifice. But night is the time for vigil and intercession. It is then that the essential priest wrestles with the angel of benediction; then, while the man is most helpless and the quiet heavens most full of healing. By this immensity all smallness is absorbed, annihilated. To *be,* not to *do,* becomes the touchstone of life, and to commune with beauty the one natural and imperious commandment. With what poetic richness has the Roman Breviary declared that "while all things were in quiet silence, and the night in the midst of her course," the Word of God has spoken visibly in little, human Bethlehem! With what fine longings and immemorial aspirations does the heart of the race still quicken at the simple Gospel story of how the Son of Man was wont to travel up into a mountain apart, and remain all night in prayer! For this is the supreme poignancy of midnight—its denial of the commonplace. *We* watch, perhaps, but the spent world sleeps; and the midnight bell, wheresoever heard, rings a triumph over the natural man. Even the midnight laugh falls strangely upon heedless ears. Half of the universe is dead—and those who wake, walk like spirits consciously turning their backs upon the friendly tomb. Rapture and inebriation wait upon man in these hours; the sanity of night is not the sanity of the day, nor is its madness the madness of the day.

O myriad star-eyes, so vigilant, so tremulous, with that vestal

light of pity and of peace—it is you who have stolen away the terror from night! Infinitely remote, you have looked with sisterhood upon the children of earth. Neither their sorrow nor their sin has one whit dimmed your radiance. Patiently have you kept with Genevieve those long, long watches over sleeping Paris. Patiently, too, have you gazed upon Cleopatra, as her golden galley floated from the waters of Egypt to the waters of Rome. Sappho stretched out to you her white, amorous arms; you have borne witness to Iseult and Juliet. And harbored in your luminous depths, one reads again the dreams of all the lovers of all the ages—who, in the little space before death struck, have gone forth laughing to greet the moon!

THE RABID VERSUS THE HARMLESS SCHOLAR

By Louise Imogen Guiney

A Philosopher now living, and too deserving for any fate but choice private oblivion, was in Paris, for the first time, a dozen years ago; and having seen and heard there, in the shops, parks, and omnibus stations, much more baby than he found pleasing, he remarked, upon his return, that it was a great pity the French, who are so in love with system, had never seen their way to shutting up everything under ten years of age! Now, that was the remark of an artist in human affairs, and may provoke a number of analogies. What is in the making is not a public spectacle. It ought to be considered very outrageous, on the death of a painter or a poet, to exhibit those rough first drafts, which he, living, had the acumen to conceal. And if, to an impartial eye, in a foreign city, native innocents should seem too aggressively to the fore, why should not the seclusion desired for them be visited a thousandfold upon the heads, let us say, of students, who are also in a crude transitional state, and undergoing a growth much more distressing to a sensitive observer than the physical? Youth is the most inspiring thing on earth, but not the best to let loose, especially while it carries swaggeringly that most dangerous of all blunderbusses, knowledge at half-cock. There is, indeed, no more melancholy condition than that of healthy boys scowling over books in an eternal protest against their father Adam's fall from a state of relative omniscience. Sir Philip Sidney thought it was "a piece of the Tower of Babylon's curse that a man should be put to school to learn his mother-tongue!" The throes of education are as degrading and demoralizing as a hanging, and, when the millennium sets in, will be carefully screened from the laity.

Around the master and the pupil will be reared a portly and decorous Chinese wall, which shall pen within their proper precincts the din of *hic, haec, hoc*, and the steam of suppers sacrificed to Pallas.

The more noxious variety of student, however, is not young. He is "in the midway of this our mortal life"; he is fearfully foraging, with intent to found and govern an academy; he runs in squads after Anglo-Saxon or that blatant beast, Comparative Mythology; he stops you on 'change to ask if one has not good grounds for believing that there was such a person as Pope Joan. He can never let well enough alone. Heine must be translated and Junius must be identified. The abodes of hereditary scholars are depopulated by the red flag of the *nouveau instruit*. He infests every civilized country; the army-worm is nothing to him. He has either lacked early discipline altogether, or gets tainted, late in life, with the notion that he has never shown sufficiently how intellectual he is. In every contemplative-looking person he sees a worthy victim, and his kindling eye, as he bears down upon you, precludes escape: he can achieve no peace unless he is driving you mad with all which you fondly dreamed you had left behind in old S's accursed lecture-room. You may commend to him in vain the reminder which Erasmus left for the big-wigs, that it is the quality of what you know which tells, and never its quantity. It is inconceivable to him that you should shut your impious teeth against First Principles, and fear greatly to displace in yourself the illiteracies you have painfully acquired.

Judge, then, if the learner of this type (and in a bitterer degree, the learneress) could be safely cloistered, how much simpler would become the whole problem of living! How profoundly would it benefit both society and himself could the formationary mind, destined, as like as not, to no ultimate development, be sequestered by legal statute in one imperative limbo, along with babes, lovers, and training athletes! *Quicquid ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

For the true scholar's sign-manual is not the midnight lamp on a folio. He knows; he is baked through; all superfluous effort

and energy are over for him. To converse consumedly upon the weather, and compare notes as to "whether it is likely to hold up for to-morrow,"—this, says Hazlitt, "is the end and privilege of a life of study." Secretly, decently, pleasantly, has he acquired his mental stock; insensibly he diffuses, not always knowledge, but sometimes the more needful scorn of knowledge. Among folk who break their worthy heads indoors over Mr. Browning and Madame Blavatsky, he moves cheerful, incurious, and free, on glorious good terms with arts and crafts for which he has no use, with extraneous languages which he will never pursue, with vague Muses impossible to invite to dinner. He is strictly non-educational:

> "Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
> No hungry generations tread thee down."

He loathes information, and the givers and takers thereof. Like Mr. Lang, he laments bitterly that Oxford is now a place where many things are being learned and taught with great vigor. The main business to him is to live gracefully, without mental passion, and to get off alone into a corner for an affectionate view of creation. A mystery serves his turn better than a history. It is to be remembered that had the Rev. Laurence Sterne gone to gaze upon the spandrils of Rouen Cathedral, we should all have lost the *fille de chambre,* the dead ass, and Maria by the brookside. Any one of these is worth more than hieroglyphics; but who is to attain that insight that these are so, except the man of culture, who has the courage to forget at times even his sole science, and fall back with delight upon a choice assortment of ignorances?

The scholar's own research, from his cradle, clothes him in privacy; nor will he ever invade the privacy of others. It is not with a light heart that he contemplates the kindergarten system. He himself, holding his tongue, and fleeing from Junius and Pope Joan, from cubic roots and the boundaries of Hindostan, must be an evil sight to Chautauquans, albeit approved of the angels. By much contact shine divers and sundry; he, not inferior, fears lest it tarnish him. He has little to utter which will sound wise,

the full-grown, finished soul! If he had, he would of his own volition seek a cell in that asylum for protoplasms, which we have made bold to recommend.

The truth is, very few can be trusted with an education. In the old days, while this was a faith, boredom and nervous prostration were not common, and social conditions were undeniably picturesque. Then, as now, quiet was the zenith of power: the mellow mind was unexcursive and shy. Then, as now, though the young clerical Masters of Arts went staggering abroad with heads lolling like Sisyphus' stone, the ideal worth and weight grew "lightly as a flower." Sweetly wrote the good Sprat of his famous friend Cowley: "His learning sat exceedingly close and handsomely upon him: it was not embossed on his mind, but enameled." The best to be said of any knowing one among us, is that he does not readily show what deeps are in him; that he is unformidable, and reminds whomever he meets of a distant or deceased uncle. Initiation into noble facts has not ruined him for this world nor the other. It is a beautiful brag which James Howell, on his first going beyond sea, March the first, in the year sixteen hundred and eighteen, makes to his father. He gives thanks for "that most indulgent and costly Care you have been pleased, in so extraordinary a manner, to have had of my Breeding, (tho' but one child of Fifteen) by placing me in a choice Methodical School so far distant from your dwelling, under a Learned (tho' Lashing) Master; and by transplanting me thence to Oxford to be graduated; and so holding me still up by the chin, until I could swim without Bladders. This patrimony of liberal Education you have been pleased to endow me withal, I now carry along with me abroad as a sure inseparable Treasure; nor do I feel it any burden or incumbrance unto me at all!"

There, in the closing phrase, spoke the post-Elizabethan pluck. Marry, any man does well since, who can describe the aggregated agonies of his brain as no incumbrance, as less, indeed, than a wife and posterity! To have come to this is to earn the freedom of cities, and to sink the schoolmaster as if he had never been.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN COOK

By Maurice Francis Egan

It is a curious fact that conservatism is the greatest enemy of good cookery, and an equally curious fact that when bad cookery ceases to be conservative, it becomes what the French would call *enragé*. For many years, the worst cooks in the world lived in the United States, England, and Ireland. In Scotland, cookery was always barbaric, and to this no doubt was due the regrets, in a measure, of Mary Stuart for her beautiful France, and the fearful ferocities of John Knox, whose digestion had been seriously impaired by haggis and the other doleful compounds of the cookery of the Scots, only properly to be eaten to the music of the bagpipes.

Our country, however, had less excuse for its bad cookery than either England or Scotland. In these countries, they have nothing like the wealth of material which makes almost anything good possible in the gastronomical way with us.

When we speak evil of American cookery, we must except certain kinds; and above all, the cookery of the Creoles. He who cannot spend a drowsy afternoon with the *Old Creole Cook Book* is unworthy to have read the *Physiologie du Goût* of that great master, Brillat-Savarin, which contains the most agreeable and most wise philosophy of cookery ever invented!

The *Old Creole Cook Book* is literature. It is vers libre in form. Length of line does not make poetry; but poetry is above all suggestive, and you cannot read ten pages of the *Old Creole Cook Book* without having all the poetry of France marshal itself before you in a passing vision. You visualize the famous chickens in the pot of Henry the Fourth. And his sauce Béarnaise makes you see the white plume of Navarre, and you feel again the benevolence of that great King, whose first desire was that each

of his subjects should have a fowl on Sunday; and of course you pass to the Creole *pot au feu;* and then by and by you strike a glorious symphony in okra and shrimps, and are introduced to many of the products of the Far South which only the French knew how to use; and each product has its history, and each festive dish brings pictures of the old Creole days. You can read many family histories in the *Old Creole Cook Book* if you have the right kind of vision, for each feast day has its symbolical menu, and there is much room for the famous pralines of pecan and other confections! But you take an English or a Scotch cook book (by the way I don't remember ever to have seen a Scotch cook book, though I suppose one or two must exist, probably written in the language of Carlyle), and you find few suggestions that will stir your imagination or start an appetite for a Barmecide banquet.

Those unhappy islanders show no powers of invention; and strange enough the Irish, whose worst enemies will at least credit them with imagination, have slavishly followed the method of cookery of the hated Saxon and have turned out even worse cooks. There is only one dish which a sensitive palate learns to relish in Ireland and that is a boiled fowl with parsley sauce, bacon, and cabbage; but one cannot live by this alone, and presented day after day it becomes as tiresome as continuous partridges. The Irish, like the English, boil their vegetables in water, and until recently these vegetables seemed to consist entirely of potatoes and cabbage,—a perfect cabbage, it must be admitted. The Irish have not even that doubtful privilege of possessing vegetable marrow, which in some parts of England is proudly pointed out as an almost exotic addition to the bill of fare!

In our country, we have begun to improve; but the conservatism which made the frying pan rampant the principal blazon on our ancestral shield seems to be running madly to the other extreme. In the South, where there are delectable dishes, which when well done are perfect, the minor hotels have become afflicted with a craze for novelty and abandoned themselves to it deliriously. Down in Mississippi, for instance—where my chance companion

at breakfast one morning stirred up two soft boiled eggs in an equal amount of Worcestershire sauce—I happened to ask for an eggcup. This caused great confusion. "We always break the eggs for guests, sir," said the waiter, "but I'll call the chef." The "chef" turned out to be a very black and very fat woman, who said, in a haughty manner: "What you don't see on the menew, don't ask for." The bills of fare, which were decorated with French phrases and fly specks, and half a dozen dabs of substances, all of which tasted like hominy, were haughtily presented to each guest. In truth, there are no more cooks in certain parts of our country; they are all "chefs," and, while they are very surely certain to assert the dignity of labor, they are equally sure to shirk its responsibilities.

The appearance of late of a number of very good books on cookery shows that a change must be at hand. This increase would be more hopeful, if there were more of them addressed to men. It is the man of the English-speaking races to whom the most progressive books of cookery should be dedicated; and yet the only one so far, written more for men than for women, is the *Physiologie du Goût;* but the great practical world has moved too far away from the ideals of French cookery before the Revolution,—from the esthetic and mental refinements of those little dinners which were exquisite gardens in the lives of the more cultivated of the French,—which produced the cult of the salad and made a vital question of a sauce in its relation to the other parts of a meal, and gave even the method of serving—which is really more important than most people believe—a value of real moment. We all agree that it is a good thing for every human being who wants to keep normal and plastic to have as many interests as are reasonable. The French in the old days when leisure was looked on as a necessary part of life understood this very well. Hunting was as absorbing a sport with them as the ancient game of golf was with the Scots; but the game of golf produced nothing except an appetite, while if one hunted the result, to the frugal French, was useless without a cook.

Brillat-Savarin, of whom there has been no really great imitator,

was a very distinguished man. He was not only at the beginning of the French Revolution a Counselor in the Court of Cassation, afterward a Chevalier of the Légion of Honor, a member of the Constitutional Assembly in 1789, an historian, a man of letters, a philosopher, a violinist (he earned his living by playing on that instrument in one of the New York theaters during the Terror), but his interest in one of his hobbies, the art of cookery, has alone kept his name alive for an admiring posterity. Naturally, he had his weaknesses; like most men of merit, he did not realize that his success lay in his knowledge of the manner of melting the ingredients of a dinner into a perfect combination; but he stakes his whole reputation on what he calls *la fondue.* If Brillat-Savarin could ever be tiresome, he is tiresome on the subject of his *fondue.* After all, it is only eggs mixed with cheese. It was a dish of Swiss origin, which appertained principally to his native place of Belley; perhaps local pride had something to do with this obsession. We find it has in the adoration of scrapple in Philadelphia, the idolatry of terrapin in Maryland, the worship of Johnny-cakes in Rhode Island, and the aristocratic position of baked beans in Boston.

The Church in France had much influence on cookery. And the institution of the *jours maigres,* Fridays and other days of abstinence, brought about those refinements of the meatless meals of which the majority of our own people learned something during the war. Spain, which has had no days of abstinence since the Crusades, has made little progress in the art of cooking, but Italy produced some very fine things through the influence of the *jours maigres,* and the convents.

The cooking of England was always rather heavy, even in the monasteries; they added very little to the methods of cooking fish; although no self-respecting monk could live decently without a fish pond,—for he had learned the difference, which our modern cooks seem to have forgotten, between living and dead fish. There are even people who have been known in New York to eat soft shelled crabs without seeing with their own eyes that the crabs were alive! Although England produced a hundred religions, it

invented no new dish after the Reformation, and even hot-cross buns are said to have been invented by the Scarlet-Lady. Let us proceed, however, with Brillat-Savarin's *fondue*. "It is," our illustrious author says, "healthful, savory, appetizing, and a boon to the host who is obliged to receive unexpected guests."

Brillat-Savarin concludes his recipe for *fondue* with the admonition: "Have your best wine brought in, which must be drunk in abundance, and you will see marvels!" Alas! as they say in the novels, these marvels can hardly now be created by the *fondue* alone; and even with the assistance of Helen Watkeys Moore's *On Uncle Sam's Water Wagon,* the effect of the *fondue à la Brillat-Savarin* can hardly be produced, although the volume contains five hundred recipes for "delicious drinks which can be made at home." There is no doubt about the attractiveness of this admirably arranged little book; but why does it open naturally at an "invalid drink" named "Castor-oil and Sarsaparilla"? It has an air of melancholy, though on the next page one finds a brilliant "Cranberry Cordial." No matter how appetizing the chapter on "Fruit Drinks and Cider" may seem, it can never approach the vividness and authority of the three-hundredth edition of the *Bar-tender's Guide for Making a Hundred and Fifty Cocktails!* Still, nothing that can be done without the aid of the Demon Rum is omitted. Mrs. Moore's various treatment of ginger ale and ginger shows great discrimination and a fine imagination, and her recipes for making chocolate are as satisfactory as if they were the work of a Mexican chef. There is a bewildering array of certain popular mixtures called "Sundaes" and a distinguished maple syrup which would be an ornament to any table. Mrs. Moore tries to be gay, and to give an air of festivity to her masterpiece; but even the abandon of her "Grape High-Ball" cannot restore lost illusions.

We are now coming to several great names in the art of American cooking. Whether she is Madame or Mademoiselle, Mary Green is a very distinguished person; she writes the clearest and most economical of all cook books. Bella Wilfer, who wept many tears over the complications of the *Complete British House-*

wife, would have found her easy reading. She has not the richness of imagination of Marion Harland, who wrote at a time when eggs were merely eggs and not objects of luxury, nor the firm magnificence of Mrs. Farmer, who cannot conceive of roast duck without real oranges. She is right, of course, but oranges are now hothouse fruit.

Men as a rule are not permitted to have an opinion about cookery; to them it must be always a thing above reason; it must be a superstition that the art is an occult gift belonging only to the gentler sex. "There! swear again!" is the only reply of a self-respecting woman who makes, year after year, pie-crust of that soggy quality which one always misses in English tarts, because they have no undercrust. The ideal American is supposed to take food on faith and in charity, but without hope. Mary Green's book is written down to the weak masculine mind. It is called *Better Meals for Less Money.* I have taken the trouble to ask a famous chef of my acquaintance—who is leaving this country because he cannot reach the highest points of his art without an improper amount of Sauterne and Madeira—for the best recipe for decent pastry; and he points to Mary Green's book. It is a book for all; I recommend it especially to campers out and to any bachelors who, owing to the high cost of living, are compelled to "do" light housekeeping; I have the impression, which is confirmed by competent counselors, that this is the very best book of its kind, and the most economical.

Better Meals for Less Money will not please the really esthetic. Mary Green is capable of serving asparagus without regard to the color of the candle-shades; but as a guide who speaks very practically and authoritatively to livers made lonely by unsystematic cookery, Mary Green is a bright, particular star.

Cora Moore,—this method of addressing a lady is not sufficiently formal I know, but perhaps she will be kind enough to take it as a tribute of respectful affection when I say that her *Twenty-Four Little French Dinners and How to Cook and Serve Them* is a masterpiece. It would reform the American kitchen, if it could be placed in every home. It is true that Cora Moore does

not corroborate the statement of Brillat-Savarin that small birds, dipped in a little salt, should be eaten with the fingers. The anxious inquirer will find no solution of this question so often asked by the over-refined. Allowing for this omission, the book is perfect; it will not do for a gift for silver weddings, for by the time of that anniversary the party of the second part has generally ceased to be open-minded on the subject of cookery, and her husband's palate has become incapable of further improvement; but every young bride should have a copy of this volume included in the trousseau. Cora Moore points out that a hundred religions and only one sauce are detrimental to the progress of a nation. She is one of the greatest reformers of the last ten years. She has studied the simple story of Columbus and the egg, and in her direct and efficient way laid her index finger on the weakest point of the household cookery in these United States,—the absence of sauces.

Democratic Americans do not care for these refinements, you may say,—you might as well assert that men do not eat sweets by the ton; but the average man is a helpless creature. He faces an overdone beefsteak, adorned with those horrible little wooden knobs out of cans called "button mushrooms," and is inarticulately unhappy; he wants something better, but he has never been taught to know what he wants. Like Tennyson's infant, he has "no language, but a cry." He really wants "sauce Béarnaise," a very simple thing which you will find on page 28 of this very precious book,—and there is the "sauce d'anchois." Who, after having tried these sauces, will endure the perpetual egg-compound with boiled cod, or the never-varying and indigestible dab of butter, touched with lemon, on fried flounders? Cora Moore says truly, that the bane of American cookery is monotony. The author casts glowing rubies before us; to call them pearls might seem invidious.

In Europe, one seldom hears of any American cook books except the *Boston* and *Marion Harland*. They are looked on as representing the best guides for producing dishes of "maize" and other compounds which the American savage taste sometimes demands. There used to be in a little café near the Rue de l'Arcade,

a dish called *potage à la Marion Harland,* which turned out to be a dish known in the United States as "pepper-pot," and a *poire à la Wanamaker* which was supposed to have been dug out of Mrs. Farmer's famous compilation; but I have never been able to find it.

The disadvantage of Vance Thompson's *Eat and Grow Thin,* which Mr. Thompson's diplomatic experience ought to have warned him against, is that you cannot offer it as a gift, although it is the one book which so many of our acquaintances badly need. I have lost two of my best friends temporarily,—one to whom I sent it on his birthday and the other who gave it to me on mine. No man wants to believe that other people think he is fat; and fancy sending it to a lady! If you cannot give away a unique and valuable book like this, what good is it? Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Cobb may admit jocosely that they are fat,—yet let anybody else say that to them seriously!

Similarly, there is no better reading in any cook book than Rebecca Oppenheimer's *Diabetic Cookery.* It is clear-cut, scientific, and with a literary touch only distinguished by the Constant Reader who knows how cook books ought to be written; yet you cannot offer it as a birthday book. Why? I will answer in a parable. I once possessed a step-aunt,—she was Scotch-Irish married to a Frenchman and, like all the Scotch-Irish, very refined and sensitive; she was estranged from her husband for a long time because he presented her, on one fatal Christmas, with a book called *How to Get Rid of Tapeworms.* The man meant to be kind. If Miss Oppenheimer had known this story, she might have been more tactful in her title.

In the Mid-Victorian days, Francatelli and Soyer had their partisans; to-day Mrs. Wilson has drawn about her a coterie of the *nouveaux* who find Marion Harland and Mrs. Farmer too conservative. "Nothing in my opinion," said an expert lady, whom I consulted on the more delicate points of this article, "will ever induce me to believe that anything can be better than Marion Harland's recipes marked with a cross." "Except *everything* in *The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book,*" retorted another lady

whom I had also consulted; and this made it necessary for me to "go it alone," so I took refuge in *Caroline King's Cook Book*. Once I was left, in the autumn of 1918, to assist my family deserted by the servants in a country house, in a district where nearly everybody had the influenza, including the butchers in the nearest town (Oakland, Maryland). My wife had to act as nurse, and she left me to my fate, to be both assistant cook and amateur doctor, with nothing in the house except a bottle of the New York *Sun's* cholera mixture! As to coffee, Caroline King saved me. She is one of the few authors who has a direct method; she does not say in a casual manner, "Take a percolator," when there is no percolator in the house. To hear some of these cook books talk, one would think the government gave away percolators with packages of seeds. I was ordered, too, to make soup from anything I could find, and given very sketchy directions. I shall always be very grateful to Mrs. Will Low for her *French Home Cooking*. Her *pot au feu* is very easy to make from scraps, but she never said that rice, used in the soup with a lavish hand for the reason that there was a lot of it, would naturally stick to the bottom of the pot. The reason for this comes no doubt instinctively to a woman; a mere man must be taught it. Mrs. Will Low deserves a place in the Hall of Fame which will no doubt one day be erected at Castle Garden in honor of Brillat-Savarin, at the opening of which the most illustrious chef in the United States—he of the Yale Club—will make the opening speech. His greatness is acknowledged by a gradually enlarging circle. But what has become of the only man who could make perfect Nesselrode Pudding? In the old days, he was at the Hotel St. Dennis, opposite Christ's Church. There is a rumor that he took refuge in the Martha Washington Hotel and has never been seen since.

For serious persons, persons of a scholarly bent—not for self-centered brides who will hang over a very different book, *A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband*—is *Meats, Poultry and Game* by the suave and learned Edouard Panchard. M. Panchard's book has no lyrical quality; it is plain prose, but if a masculine student of cookery can afford only one book, let him buy

this. M. Panchard is probably of Norman blood, and therefore he never soars to the beautiful and romantic heights of Prosper Emile Seconde of Avignon, whose simplest soups are sonnets; but M. Panchard is all there; he delivers the goods! *Je vous en parie votre douce vie!*

Every house ought to be provided with *Economical Cookery* by Marion Harris Neil and *Food Facts for the Home-Maker.* Mrs. Neil's illustrations are so striking that the mind of the bride cannot wander to *him* while she is in the pursuit of domestic art. And the pictures in Lucile Stimson Harvey's book of the right kinds of cuts of flesh meat are equally graphic. Even the two fanatical admirers of Marion Harland and Mrs. Farmer, supported by an idolatress of Mrs. Wilson, agree that these two are really economical, and may be understood by even the most untrained mind.

The most charming of all these books, though it leaves little to the imagination, is *The Gardener and the Cook.* It shows that a house in the country is really only part of its garden. Mrs. Yates has a predilection for *purées,* and she has a light and convincing hand with them; but she believes in the heresy that a *purée* of chestnuts should always accompany the Christmas turkey. With all their virtues, the English are always that way! One of the saddest passages in Doctor Hale's *Life of James Russell Lowell* is that in which Mrs. Lowell, when her husband was minister to the court of St. James, found with great difficulty cranberry sauce for *her* Christmas turkey. It arrived at the table several courses after the fowl had been finished, and the servants did not recognize what their mistress wanted until she asked for the *compote rouge.* Mrs. Yates on the use of the onion is positively "divine,"—as the late M. Vatel, who was chef to the equally late Duc d'Orléans, might have said before he committed suicide when the turbot did not arrive in time.

These paragraphs are fitly called "Onion Days." You should read, too, what she says about glazed turnips; and every child in our public schools, male and female, ought to be compelled to learn by heart what she says about the making of salads. In

fact, these paragraphs might be grouped together in every school reader, and put before "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night"; or take the place formerly occupied by "Spartacus to the Gladiators." Under the new democracy we need to introduce a more practical line of thought into our schools! Seriously, *The Gardener and the Cook* is a delightful and satisfactory little volume.

A cursory glance at *Meatless Cookery* might tempt us to imagine Maria McIlvaine Gillmore had merely undertaken to restore the usage of the *jour maigre,* in order to tickle jaded appetite surfeited with the use of flesh meats. This would be a wrong impression. Mrs. Gillmore, with the assistance of Dr. Louis Faugères Bishop, offers to the world a method of prolonging life by means of a scientifically chosen but agreeable diet. The thesis is clearly stated by Dr. Bishop and the practical examples of its effect scrupulously expressed by Mrs. Gillmore. It is written for persons who must consider the conditions of their hearts and their blood vessels. It is founded on the experiences of those who have improved their health and saved themselves from physical extinction. Dr. Bishop's preface will give hope to many who are frightened by the constant talk of heart trouble and blood pressure, and who are more agitated than ill.

Brillat-Savarin tells us that sugar was scarcely known in France as late as the reign of Louis XIII. He says that an eminent man of letters, M. Delacroix, almost wept because the price of sugar at Versailles was five francs a pound, which was more terribly extortionate than in our own day, allowing even for the present decrease in the value of money. "Ah," M. Delacroix said in a plaintive tone, "if sugar ever comes down to thirty sous, I will never drink water without sugar again!" He lived to see that day, which is a consolation to us all. History may repeat itself. Sugared water is not a necessity with us as it is with the French, but bon bons are. The Prohibitionists have not yet found a way of preventing a man by the use of sugar from making a still of his stomach; no doubt they will try. "Mary Elizabeth," in *My Candy Secrets,* has, in a veritable edition de luxe, said the last word on the confection of sweets. American dinners

rarely include that weird product of English taste, the "savory" after the sweets, but no American dinner is complete without bon bons, and bon bons as exquisite as possible. It has been long admitted that the United States is the only country in which perfect ices—especially those made with cream—are produced, but of late our country has led the world in the "creation" of candies. "Mary Elizabeth" leads a carnival of candies,—a saturnalia of sweets. And if you are systematic, and have a certain touch of genius, you may learn to make them yourself; but you must take pains. The simple table of contents would send Aladdin and all the heroes of the *Arabian Nights,* who had to content themselves with chunks of "Turkish Delight" and peppered cream cakes, into ecstasies. It might be read as an accompaniment to a recitation of parts of Omar Khayyám or Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

I have come to the dessert; there is nothing left. To turn from a careful analysis of the gayeties of the Report of the Peace Conference to the careful study of serious cook books has not been easy. At this crucial time when all men and women of foresight must prepare to be their own cooks, I feel that my task is a patriotic one; and, if I have induced only one man to pursue a course of study too much neglected, I feel that I have added something to the Humanities.

THE REASON FOR RHYME

By Theodore Maynard

The attack upon formal poetic meter which our age has witnessed, and which we see to be falling, springs, I suspect, more from a surfeit of "sure returns of still expected rhymes" than from a disgust with meter as such. I am aware that in the minds of many of the moderns, free verse is vaguely associated with freedom in general; but few of the moderns are philosophical enough to make even a philosophical mistake. They do not understand principles, but they can understand that free verse becomes a practical necessity once rhyme is discarded. Blank verse in English, owing to the character of our language, is necessarily confined either to the decasyllabic line or to imitations of classical forms. How little chance these have of success may be observed in Longfellow's hexameters and in "Hiawatha." But even were they successful, it would still mean that the scope of poetry is immediately restricted once rhyme is abandoned. For noble instrument as blank verse is, it is insufficient for the lyric reaches; hence the attempt to get over the difficulty by abandoning meter. The baby is thrown out with the bath.

This irritation with rhyme is not new. Milton was its first mouthpiece—the Milton of the gloriously rhymed "Lycidas"; and Wordsworth, who had written a mealy-mouthed and slovenly sonnet in defence of the sonnet, went on to write another, and a much better, sonnet to prove that

> The grandeur of the forest tree
> Comes not by casting in a formal mold,
> But from its own divine vitality.

Wordsworth was, of course, too good a poet to deny meter its place in poetry, but he was for the moment irritated by rhyme, possibly owing to his notorious difficulty with it. Both Milton and Wordsworth, however, contented themselves with grumbling. They attempted no technical experiments; they had no longing to burst barriers. They accepted the limits imposed by the English tongue, and went on rhyming when rhymes were called for. Their irritation was not nearly so acute as our own.

But we shall get ourselves into endless trouble if we continue to base our esthetics upon a mood of impatience. Blank verse alone cannot satisfy us. Nothing is more nauseating than a mediocre talent affecting the massive magnificence of the bare line; and although modern blank verse has, in the hands of such men as Frost, Abercrombie and Robinson, shown fresh possibilities, it would soon be wearisome as a steady diet. Moreover, Wilfred Owen's use of assonance in his fine poem "Strange Meeting" (an assonance that is all but rhyme), would cease, if persisted in, to be refreshing. If we are not to return to rhyme, we must either discover a new blank-verse line or be vers-librists.

We can do neither of these things with any likelihood of success; the language will not suffer it. And even if it were metrically and melodically possible, the fact remains that centuries of Christian civilization have set our spirits hungering for wilder visions and deeper emotions than ever could disturb the serene and sad soul of a pagan. These visions and emotions have sought to find in rhyme one of their outlets. I do not propose, however, to argue the case against free verse: I merely record my conviction. My purpose is to say a few kind words about rhyme.

Rhyme is no more than a device designed to heighten poetic perception. Incidentally, it is an invaluable aid to the memory, but although critics now and then defend it on that score, that is not why poets use it. They use it as a net to capture the elusive Muse. It is unnecessary, and would besides be absurd, to contend that the ecstasy of poetic feeling could not be achieved without it. Merely to take one out of a hundred possible citations, lines such as:

In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage—

achieve without rhyme all that it would have been possible to achieve with it. But however many examples one might adduce on this side of the question, there are far more examples that could be cited upon the side of rhyme: examples of rhymes that cease to be an accident of the poetry and become its very essence. Shakespeare's twenty-ninth sonnet, for example, would have been a good poem without the double rhyme that transforms it into a marvel:

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.

The bird, and the imagination, mount from mere words ("like" and "lark"—half-rhymes) upward until the extra syllable of the rhyme carries it out of sight and carries us into the empyrean. The line would have lacked the final touch of rapturous lightness had it not responded to its conclusive rhyme; for this rhyme is the actual embodiment of a certain balance of ideas which, as always happens when rhyme is successfully employed, seem themselves to rhyme together.

Such felicity is not, of course, always attained. It is this felicity, however, that is aimed at in rhyme, so that the ringing of two words in unison (a simple affair in itself) shall by its appropriateness illuminate, transfigure and be fused with the content of the poem, thereby adding, as the rhythm has already added, a new but more emphatic corroboration than unsupported rhythm can give to the thought in the poet's mind. The chiming of these bells triumphantly announces the birth of poetry, and is inseparable from the spirit of the holiday.

Every poet knows that the perfect rhyme exists, could he but find it. He knows, too, that felicity in rhyming bears slight relation to facility in rhyming. Swift, who won his wager by

matching "Nebuchadonozer" with "the curse of God, on you sir!" and Browning with his fantastic, Byron with his humorous, and Swinburne with his rhetorical effects were led by their mere aptitude for jingling to use rhyme for its own sake, in order to show off, or to amuse themselves with the pretty bells. Wordsworth, who plodded heavily after his rhymes and could attempt no feats, was saved by sheer slowness from abusing loveliness by too dexterous an exploitation of it.

> The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her; and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face.

Any one who has tried to write poetry can see that even here Wordsworth had difficulty with his rhymes. Yet, as is almost always the case with Wordsworth, the sincerity of his artistic purpose enabled him so to use his hackneyed rhymes that their appropriateness bestows inevitability, though hardly a startling inevitability, upon his work.

Keats, however, who possessed gifts that Wordsworth lacked, was often able to do much more. Take his most famous stanza:

> Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
> No hungry generations tread thee down;
> The voice I heard this passing night was heard
> In ancient days by emperor and clown:
> Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
> The same that oft-times hath
> Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

That would have been fine poetry even without rhyme; but it is so much finer with rhyme that we can scarcely conceive of it without. It becomes what it is, moreover, because of one singularly fortunate rhyme: "hath" rhyming with "path" does the trick.

It is at once the only possible and (especially because of the splitting of the whole verb) an unusual rhyme, one that is at the same instant surprising and what was expected. This is the secret of its charm. The absence of complete identity of vowel-sound is the key that opens the magic casement over those fairy lands; and the fact that "hath" can be uttered only in a whisper awakens the sense of mystery. This kind of thing could never have been brought about deliberately; it was a slice of the luck that comes to none save great artists; or is it that only great artists are able to take advantage of such luck?

Whatever else rhyme is, it is not an artificiality. I admit that it can be so mishandled, by being overstressed, as almost to be isolated at times from the rest of the poem; but that is no more than another phase of the delicate problem of what constitutes exact poise and proportion. We all know the man who is too well dressed and too elaborate in his politeness to be quite a gentleman. In the same way writers who, like Pope or Poe—to select extremes—obtrude their virtuosity, are really guilty of bad technique, and make their muse rather vulgar by over-dressing the poor thing. Yet all this may be admitted, without admitting that clothes, or rhymes, are nothing but conventions. The matter may easily be tested. It is precisely the simple and happy people who employ rhyme, or some similar device. It is the highly sophisticated person who needs the sharp, bitter taste of free verse as a stimulant to a jaded appetite. A child of his own accord will make up rhymes all day long; my own children do it, even going to the length of inventing words where none exist for their purpose. I do not draw the conclusion that they will be poets; but I think I am correct in concluding that every poet who rhymes has first the simple pleasure of the child in any rhyme before he discovers the subtle pleasure of the apt rhyme. If we were all as natural as children, or as Wordsworth's forest tree, and had "divine vitality" in sufficient quantity, we would lisp in numbers because the numbers came; and, perhaps, when our simplicity was complete, would make every post-card a sonnet, and frame in triolets our request for a second cup of coffee. It is our unhappy

modern prigs and pedants who can not endure the complexity of nature. Like godless Puritans they regard themselves as superior to the gold on the vestments and the carving on the altar, and insist on singing their dreary psalms within whitewashed walls—bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

If ever there was a spontaneous poem it is "Kubla Khan"; and yet these very lines, composed in dream or directly "received," are more crowded with varied metrical and melodic device than perhaps any others in our literature. Had Coleridge consciously written them, he might not have dared to let their flashing fountains play so audaciously in the sun. At any rate he knew that, broad awake, he could not hope to finish the poem. He would have toned it down and spoiled it.

> But oh! that deep, romantic chasm which slanted
> Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
> A savage place! as holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

Even the most miserable vers-librist, however, would use nothing but meter and rhyme if he could do it with no more effort than Coleridge had to make. The trouble is that although rhyme is so easy that any child can manage it, excellence of rhyme, rhyme that heightens poetic emotion and is a part of the content of the poem, is a thing so difficult as to be almost a miracle. Mere ingenuity is within the compass of any clever man; and there is a genuine, if not a high, kind of literary delight to be obtained through the rhyming of a Barham or a Gilbert. It is like the pleasure one takes in seeing a man balance a chair on a walking-stick, and a knife on the chair, and a billiard-ball on the knife, and a bowl of gold-fish on the billiard-ball, and the whole affair, spinning round, on his nose; but it is a smaller pleasure than one takes in seeing a great actor do what seems more easy and yet is far more difficult. I do not wish an actor to play Hamlet with so much as a walking-stick on his nose, but I do want Hamlet to be spoken as blank verse; and I also want to see a poet adding to the difficulty of his art by writing in rhyme. I want to see this be-

cause rhyme is appropriate, even though it is now and then not absolutely essential, to lyric poetry. I want to see it because the difficulty of art is the artist's opportunity. The poet has not only more freedom but also more fun by recognizing his limits and by working within them. The same thing that holds him down is also his spur. The ship must be ballasted to be buoyant; the bird flies by its weight as well as by its wings.

THE *AISLING*

By Daniel Corkery

The *Aisling* is lyrical poetry at its most lyrical. It is decoration; it is, in its highest development, work of and for the *atelier*. "Decoration," *"atelier"*—strange words to slip from one dealing with any feature whatsoever of that land of ill-used serfs. The *ateliers* could have been only those smoke-impregnated cabins; the connoisseurs, who were critically to appraise the decoration, only the barefoot peasants gathered in from the rough weather of the fields—men of "unbreathed memories," one would think, "which never labored in their minds till now." It is hard to credit it, yet these two citizen words, "decoration," *"atelier,"* better than any other, perhaps, communicate to the outsider the unexpected quality of these poems.

Though not the folk-poetry of the period, they were the popular songs of the period: they passed quickly from mouth to mouth, were hankered after, were stored in the brain, were given down from father to son. In the summer of 1915, in Kerry, about two miles from Dingle, I heard an old illiterate woman break suddenly into one of them, changing, however, not without a twinkle in her eye, a word here, a name there, to make the poem fit in with the fortunes of the Great War in its early phase. In the Munster of the eighteenth century, there can scarcely have been a single peasant's hut which did not shelter beneath its thatch either such an old woman as this, or an old man of like temper—Gaels who would have thousands upon thousands of lines of well-wrought verse laid up within their memories. Illiterates, yet learned in literature, they were critics who appraised the poems as was right, that is, as lyrical poetry, and not as anything else. They gave them welcome rather for the art that was in them than

for the tidings. One such poem they put against another, testing both, comparing this poet's opening with that other's; or matching this description (always elaborate) of the flowing locks of the *Spéir-bhean* (the Vision) with that other's painting of them, or evaluating this song's close by the aid of the remembered cadences of a hundred others. Which is to say they took in those poets' work with the judgment that follows on easy comprehension. They were academic in their type of mind, those peasants, and were therefore not astonished, as their differently-educated descendants to-day are, that one poet after another should choose not only to treat the self-same theme, and almost in the self-same manner, but should, moreover, return to it again and again. They were no more astonished at this than were the monks and merchants of some medieval city when their painters chose once again to throw the familiar group of Madonna and Child on wall-space or canvas. Those humble-thoughted old Italian burghers were also, at least as far as the art of painting was concerned, academic in outlook; they knew far more about art than they were ever aware; and, in truth, except in this way of pondering many treatments of the self-same theme, how is one ever to win intimate understanding of what the artist so earnestly aims at?

Sometimes, again, I picture those ill-clad and half-starved peasants as taking in those *aisling* poems, debating them, rejoicing for them, exactly as did the Lords and Ladies of Romance chivalry take in and rejoice for the *Aubade* poems, the Dawn Songs, of their minstrels—songs that varied in form and treatment only as little as those *aisling* poems of Munster. To call up in vision the lords and ladies of a twelfth-century castle in Provence —their minstrels singing at their footstools—is to behold a living page of some illuminated song-book of those ages, or a passage from some lovely tapestry—all gold and rich tints, brightened into life. But to call up in vision a motley crowd of Munster peasants of the eighteenth century gathered into a smoke-filled cabin to hear some wandering schoolmaster or *spailpin* poet sing the latest *aisling* he had made, is to recollect some tattered, yet vivid, page of

Dostoievsky. The enlivening presence of romance is in both visions; in the first it is full-blown and radiant, like a rose; in the second it half-emerges from the surrounding gloom—a hidden gleam, a secret gem, the more precious for its darkling setting.

No sooner had the ragged schoolmaster or field-stained laborer begun his song, than his listeners recollected themselves, thrust out their heads and bent their brows in concentration: one thinks of them as becoming once more aware of their estate, as thrilled once again with the keen joy of those who fling wide the gates of their barns to a new harvest of golden grain. It may be that it was the young Eoghan Ruadh O Súilleabháin himself—that red-headed Kerryman who was to have spent himself at thirty-six—who had arrived from beyond the mountains and was now to sing to them the latest of his famous *aisling* poems:

I gcaol-doire chraobh-chluthmhar néamh-dhuilleach bhios,
Im aonar gan suim i n-aiteas 'ná i gcéol,
Go féith-singil tréith-thuirseach faon-mhisnigh tinn
Gan chaomhnas ó aoin cois abhann ar neóin.

How do they take such a song, a song so entirely words, words, words? . . . The wood of young oak-trees, branch-sheltered, bright-foliaged; the poet's loneliness, his *Sehnsucht,* his deadness to song and music; his utter weariness, he is become gentle and sick for it; his lack of companion, as he wanders by the woodland river in the afternoon—it is all no more real than a dimly-lit tapestry. The words live in their sounds, not in their sense; it is in the subtle, irresistible witchcraft of their music, and not what they say, that steals away the listeners' brains. Then from this mist of gentle music emerges the *Spéir-bhruinneal* (the Vision) herself—how can one describe what happens? A subtle moderation in the melody, and perhaps no more than that. And just as the dream-seen woodland of the opening, if one had chanced to dwell on the features of it, would not disturb the rich flow of the music, nay, would still further enhance it, so now the features of the Fairy Vision, if one dwell on them, do not contradict or even disturb what the swinging, waltz-like rhythm and reiterated vowel-sounds are, through their own intrinsic power, creating

within the ear, within the brain. She is beautiful every way, in every feature, even if these features never combine into the dazzling perfection of consummate vision,—one blinding flash. Her hair is golden, pearly, gentle-tressed, and flows in wreathed, trembling layers to the ground. Her eyebrow is like a single hair, a single stroke of the pen: as an arrow, it deprives her minstrel of sense and vigor. In her cheeks the flushing of red berries contends with the whiteness of a gentle lily. Her eyes are death-dealing stars: they have laid a hundred heroes in weakness. Her conversation is nobly-trained, cultured, is keen and gentle. Her teeth are small and bright, well-set in her kindly and refined mouth that knows not mockery or hardness. Her throat and brow are as white as the foam on a wild lake. Her face is like the glowing sun seen through crystal. Her breasts are sharp-rounded and inviolate. . . . The description of her, it will be seen, is a swift rush of bright phrases: they flash and tinkle and give place to others equally bright and musical. And all the time it is the music in the words, and the turns in the phrasing, the new adjective, the surprise of coupled words, words never mated before, on which the mind of the audience is fixed. But the song proceeds. . . . The Vision is stooped upon her tablets, writing—writing what those peasants thought alone worth reading—their old heroic lays, the annals of their ancient Gaelic kings, recounting the great blows that, a thousand years before, laid the treacherous churls at Clontarf of the Heroes in the trembling agony of death. . . . And they stretch yet a more covetous ear when, in reply to the poet's supplication, the Vision tells of the glories of old. Their imaginations light up to hear ring out once again the names of ancient kings and queens and heroes: Eibhear, and Niall, and Conn; Banba and Néimheadh and Féidhlim, Milésius and Ith. The very sounds of them are music; and, besides, here is their own secret learning, of which the outlanders were so ignorant! . . . And if they decline, within the space of a verse or two, on Cæsar—the new Cæsar—Charles, Son of Seumas—well, it was that name or no name, his standard or none, if the past were to live into the future, if the Gael were to endure.

. . . For Charles, now in exile, the Vision weeps—that the poet may have cause to raise his people's hearts with words of bright hope. . . . Soon will be heard the music of gentle harps, the poets will have raised their united voices, and the priests will be praying to the Father of the Virgin. . . . And from this the poet's words pass into the form of a prayer to the Only-Begotten Son, Who whilst yet young, trod this earth in humanity, in divinity, to banish the tyrants, the perverse "sprats" of falsehood —to blow them beyond the waves without feasting, without wine, without estates, without the crown. . . . There! the lines fall, as is ever happening in these poems, into the bitterness of earnestness as soon as the one root-sorrow of all the tribe is reached—the Gael in bondage, his land in the grip of the alien. The bitterness passes, and the song ends in a gentle cadence that tells of the vanishing of the Vision, and the awakening of the poet on the homely earth of his own countryside.

To the question: How used those peasants to take in such a song? one may safely reply: With perfect comprehension. The story, the message, was familiar: it was the given theme. It was to the decoration of this theme, to the vowel-music, to the handling of the language, they gave all their thought. And such music as is in this wonderful song flooded their souls with rapture, moving them, perhaps, to tears, as some perfect movement in Mozart may move one to tears, although it seem itself to have no element in it that is not gladsome and even bright with the sense of triumph over the drab frailty of mortality.

Every phrase and line in the poem called up other lines and phrases that were only a little less memorable, a little less perfect; and in their ears those other strains sounded like that pleasing chime—the recollected songs of earlier poets—that John Keats tells us sounded in his when he sat himself down to write. . . . If, after it all, they reeled homewards, drunken with poetry, from that one house, into which they had gathered at the tidings that Eoghan Ruadh O Súilleabháin had arrived from beyond the hills, was it not well that, at least for a few hours, a little ease had been interposed, that they had, for a space, forgotten that they

were but hewers of wood and drawers of water—to their conquerors, as Swift added with illuminating bitterness.

In their reaching out towards poetry there was a two-fold impulse. However untowards their fortunes, they were still the residuary legatees of over a thousand years of culture; and this drinking in of poetry was an effort to satisfy in the way that had become second nature with them, the needs of the human spirit. That spirit can never wholly satisfy itself with the actual, let it be what it may: the actual within its grasp, it is soon again a-hungered. It will have more than that. It will have the actual rounded off into one whole: it will have it made comely, as by the laws of design. And when was the actual ever more in need of rounding off, more in need of the grace of comeliness? When was the music of life, become one prolonged discord, ever more clamant for resolution? From the nightmare that existence had become for them, they rose into the clear, perfected, rounded, unified life that is Art. Thus poetry had for them the double gift of the drug; it put pain aside, it raised vision.

THE POETRY OF THE GAEL

By Padraic Colum

Ireland is a country that has two literatures—one a literature in Irish—Gaelic literature—that has been cultivated continuously since the eighth century, and the other a literature in English—Anglo-Irish literature—that took its rise in the eighteenth century.

Anglo-Irish literature begins, as an English critic has observed, with Goldsmith and Sheridan humming some urban song as they stroll down an English laneway. That is, it begins chronologically in that way. At the time when Goldsmith and Sheridan might be supposed to be strolling down English laneways, Ireland, for all but a fraction of the people, was a Gaelic-speaking country with a poetry that had many centuries of cultivation. Afterwards English speech began to make its way through the country, and an English-speaking audience became important for Ireland. And then, at the end of the eighteenth century came Thomas Moore, a singer who knew little of the depth or intensity of the Gaelic consciousness, but who, through a fortunate association, was able to get into his songs a racial distinctiveness.

He was born in Dublin, the English-speaking capital, at a time when the Gaelic-speaking South of Ireland had still bards with academic training and tradition—the poets of Munster who were to write the last chapter of the unbroken literary history of Ireland. From the poets with the tradition, from the scholars bred in the native schools, Moore was not able to receive anything. But from those who conserved another part of the national heritage, he was able to receive a great deal.

At the end of the eighteenth century the harpers who had been wandering through the country, playing the beautiful traditional music, were gathered together in Belfast. The music that they

were the custodians of was noted down and published by Bunting and by Power. With such collections before them the Irish who had been educated in English ways and English thought were made to realize that they had a national heritage.

Thomas Moore, a born song-writer, began to write English words to this music. Again and again the distinctive rhythms of the music forced a distinctive rhythm upon his verse. Through using the mold of the music, Moore, without being conscious of what he was doing, reproduced again and again the rhythm, and sometimes the structure of Gaelic verse. And Moore not only reproduced the rhythm of Gaelic poetry, but sometimes he reproduced even its metrical structure.

> Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water;
> Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
> While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
> Tells to the night star her tale of woes.

Here is the Gaelic structure with the correspondences all on a single vowel—in this case the vowel "o"—"Moyle," "roar," "repose," "lonely," "woes," with the alliterations "break," "breezes," "tells," "tale," "murmuring," "mournfully." And so, through the association that he made with music, Thomas Moore attained to distinctiveness in certain of his poems.[1]

Back in 1760 Macpherson's *Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands of Scotland* was published. That medley, unreadable by us to-day, affected the literatures of England, France, Germany and Italy. In the British Islands eager search was made for the Gaelic originals. There were no originals. MacPherson's compositions which he attributed to the Gaelic bard Ossian were, in every sense of the word, original. And yet, as the historian of Scottish Gaelic literature, Dr. Magnus MacLean, has said, the arrival of James Macpherson marked a great moment in the history of all Celtic literatures. "It would seem as if he sounded the trumpet, and the graves of ancient

[1] Robert Burns also re-created an Irish form by writing to Irish music in "Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtle." The soldier's song in "The Jolly Beggars" reproduces an Irish form also; the air that Burns wrote this song to may have been an Irish air originally.

manuscripts were opened, the books were read, and the dead were judged out of the things that were written in them." Those who knew anything of Gaelic literary tradition could not fail to respond to the universal curiosity aroused by the publication of MacPherson's compositions. In Ireland there was a response in the publication of a fragment of the ancient poetry and romance. "The words of this song were suggested by a very ancient Irish story called 'Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the Sons of Usneach' which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan, and upon which it appears that the 'Darthula' of Macpherson is founded," Thomas Moore wrote in a note to the song "Avenging and Bright." Slowly fragments of this ancient literature were revealed and were taken as material for the new Irish poetry.

After Moore there came another poet who reached a distinctive metrical achievement through his study of the music that Bunting had published. This poet was Samuel Ferguson. He took the trouble to learn Gaelic, and when he translated the words of Irish folk-songs to the music that they were sung to, he created, in half a dozen instances, poems that have a racial distinctiveness. Ferguson had what Moore had not—the ability to convey the Gaelic spirit. Take his "Cashel of Munster":

I'd wed you without herds, without money or rich array,
And I'd wed you on a dewy morn at day-dawn gray;
My bitter word it is, love, that we are not far away
In Cashel town, though the bare deal board were our marriage bed this day.

Here is the wavering rhythm, the unemphatic word-arrangement, that is characteristic of Irish song and some racial character besides. Callanan, too, gets the same effects in his translation of "The Outlaw of Loch Lene":

O many's the day I made good ale in the glen,
That came not from stream nor from malt like the brewing of men;
My bed was the ground, my roof the green wood above,
And all the wealth that I sought, one fair kind glance from my love.

Ferguson's translation of "Cean Dubh Dilis," "Dear Dark Head," makes one of the most beautiful of Irish love songs; it is a poem that carries into English the Gaelic music and the Gaelic feeling; the translation, moreover, is more of a poem than is the original.

Sir Samuel Ferguson was the first Irish poet to attempt a retelling of any of the ancient sagas. He aimed at doing for "The Tain Bo Cuiligne," the Irish epic cycle, what Tennyson at the time was doing for the Arthurian cycle, presenting it, not as a continuous narrative, but as a series of poetic studies. The figures of the heroic cycle, however, were too primitive, too elemental, too full of their own sort of humor for Ferguson to take them on their own terms. He made them conform a good deal to Victorian rectitudes. And yet, it has to be said that he blazed a trail in the trackless region of Celtic romance; the prelude to his studies, "The Tain Quest," written in a heady ballad meter, is quite a stirring poem, and his "Conairy" manages to convey a sense of vast and mysterious action. It was to Ferguson that W. B. Yeats turned when he began his deliberate task of creating a national literature for Ireland.

With Sir Samuel Ferguson there is associated a poet whom he long outlived, James Clarence Mangan. Mangan was a great rhapsodist if not a great poet. He was an original metrical artist, and it is possible that Edgar Allan Poe learnt some metrical devices from him.[2] The themes that this poet seized on were not from Irish romance, but were from the history of the Irish overthrow. And what moved him to his greatest expression were the themes that have a terrible desolation or an unbounded exultation —Brian's palace overthrown and his dynasty cut off; the Princes of the line of Conn dying unnoted in exile; the heroic chief of the Clann Maguire fleeing unfriended through the storm; or else it is Dark Rosaleen with her "holy, delicate white hands" to whom all is offered in a rapture of dedication. Mangan incarnated in Anglo-Irish poetry the bardic spirit of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the sigh that Egan O'Rahilly breathed, *"A*

[2] Mangan published in the Dublin University Magazine, a publication which Poe had opportunities of seeing. Compare with Poe's Mangan's use of repetitions and internal rhymes.

mo Thir, A mo Gradh," "O my Land, O my Love," is breathed through all his memorable poetry. He had the privilege of creating the most lovely of all feminine representations of Ireland, and in "Dark Rosaleen" he has made the greatest, because the most spiritual, patriotic poem in the world's literature. One has to describe the best of Mangan's poems as translations, but in doing so, one is conscious that one has to extend unduly the meaning of the word. And yet, the impulse and the theme have come to him through the work of another, and this not only in the case of poetry he took from Irish sources, but in the poetry that he drew from German and Arabic sources.

Mangan's poems were published in the forties. There was then a conscious literary movement in Ireland. It went with the European democratic movement, with the coming to consciousness of many European nationalities. At the time the Finns were collecting their Magic Songs that were to be woven into the enchanting epic of the Kalavala, and the Bohemians were making their first efforts to revive their distinctive culture. And the Irish, with their ancient literary cultivation and their varied literary production, might be thought to be in a position to create a literature at once national and modern, intellectual and heroic. Under the leadership of Thomas Davis a movement of criticism and scholarship was inaugurated—a movement that might be looked to, to have fruit in a generation.

Then came the terrible disaster of the famine—of the double famine, for the famine of '47 followed the famine of '46. The effect of this national disaster (until the war no European people had suffered such a calamity in two hundred years) was the making of a great rent in the social life. How it affected everything that belonged to the imagination may be guessed at from a sentence written by George Petrie. He made the great collection of Irish music, but in the preface to his collection he laments that he entered the field too late. What impressed him most about the Ireland after the famine was, as he says, "the sudden silence of the fields." Before, no one could have walked a roadway without hearing music and song; now there was cessation, and this meant a break in the whole tradition.

And what Petrie noted with regard to music was true for song and saga. The song perished with the tune. The older generation who were the custodians of the national tradition were the first to go down to the famine graves. And in the years that followed the people had little heart for the remembering of "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago." The history of Ireland since is a record of recovery and relapse after an attack that almost meant the death of the race.

In 1899 Dr. Hyde ended his account of Gaelic literature with these words: "The question whether the national language is to become wholly extinct like the Cornish, is one which must be decided within the next ten years. There are probably a hundred and fifty households in Ireland at this moment where the parents speak Irish amongst themselves, and the children answer them in English. If a current of popular feeling can be aroused amongst these, the great cause—for great it appears even now to foreigners, and greater it will appear to the future generations of the Irish themselves—of the preservation of the oldest and most cultivated vernacular in Europe, except Greek alone, is assured of success, and Irish literature, the production of which though long dribbling in a narrow channel—has never actually ceased, may again, as it is even now promising to do, burst forth into life and vigor, and once more give the expression which in English seems impossible, to the best thoughts and aspirations of the Gaelic race." Less than two decades after this was written Padraic Pearse was writing his poetry in Gaelic, and creating a new tradition of poetry in that language, and Thomas MacDonagh was declaring in his lectures to the students of the new National University, "The Gaelic revival has given to some of us a new arrogance. I am a Gael and I know no cause but of pride in that. *Gaedhal me agus no h-eol dom gur nair dom é.* My race has survived the wiles of the foreigner here. It has refused to yield even to defeat, and emerges strong to-day, full of hope and of love, with new strength in its arms to work its new destiny, with a new song on its lips and the word of the new language, which is the ancient language, still calling from age to age."

PEACE AND THE GAEL[1]

By Padraic H. Pearse

War is a terrible thing, and this is the most terrible of wars. But this war is not more terrible than the evils which it will end or help to end. It is not more terrible than the exploitation of the English masses by cruel plutocrats; it is not more terrible than the infidelity of the French masses to their old spiritual ideals; it is not more terrible than the enslavement of the Poles by Russia, than the enslavement of the Irish by England. What if the war kindles in the slow breasts of English toilers a wrath like the wrath of the French in 1789? What if the war brings France back to her altars, as sorrow brings back broken men and women to God? What if the war sets Poland and Ireland free? If the war does these things, will not the war have been worth while?

War is a terrible thing, but war is not an evil thing. It is the things that make war necessary that are evil. The tyrannies that wars break, the lying formulæ that wars overthrow, the hypocrisies that wars strip naked, are evil. Many people in Ireland dread war because they do not know it. Ireland has not known the exhilaration of war for over a hundred years. Yet who will say that she has known the blessings of peace? When war comes to Ireland, she must welcome it as she would welcome the Angel of God. And she will.

It is because peace is so precious a boon that war is so sacred a duty. Ireland will not find Christ's peace until she has taken Christ's sword. What peace she has known in these latter days has been the devil's peace, peace with sin, peace with dishonor. It is a foul thing, dear only to men of foul breeds. Christ's peace

[1] This was written in December 1915.

is lovely in its coming, beautiful are its feet on the mountains. But it is heralded by terrific messengers; seraphim and cherubim blow trumpets of war before it. We must not flinch when we are passing through that uproar; we must not faint at the sight of blood. Winning through it, we (or those of us who survive) shall come into great joy. We and our fathers have known the Pax Britannica. To our sons we must bequeath the Peace of the Gael.

THE SCOPE OF PUBLIC-SCHOOL EDUCATION[1]

By Bishop John Lancaster Spalding

Our system of Public-School Education is a result of the faith of the people in the need of universal intelligence for the maintenance of popular government. Does this system include moral training? Since the teaching of religious doctrines is precluded, this, I imagine, is what we are to consider in discussing the Scope of Public-School Education. The equivalents of scope are aim, end, opportunity, range of view; and the equivalents of education are training, discipline, development, instruction. The proper meaning of the word education, it seems, is not a drawing out, but a training up, as vines are trained to lay hold of and rise by means of what is stronger than themselves. My subject, then, is the aim, end, opportunity, and range of view of public-school education, which to be education at all, in any true sense, must be a training, discipline, development, and instruction of man's whole being, physical, intellectual, and moral. This, I suppose, is what Herbert Spencer means when he defines education to be a preparation for complete living. Montaigne says the end of education is wisdom and virtue; Comenius declares it to be knowledge, virtue, and religion; Milton, likeness to God through virtue and faith; Locke, health of body, virtue, and good manners; Herbart, virtue, which is the realization in each one of the idea of inner freedom; while Kant and Fichte declare it to consist chiefly in the formation of character. All these thinkers agree that the supreme end of education is spiritual or ethical. The controlling aim, then, should be, not to impart information, but to upbuild the being which makes us human, to form habits of right thinking and doing. The ideal is virtually that of Israel—that righteous-

[1] From "Means and Ends in Education," copyright 1903, by A. C. McClurg and Company. Reprinted by permission.

ness is life—though the Greek ideal of beauty and freedom may not be excluded. It is the doctrine that manners make the man, that conduct is three-fourths of life, leaving but one-fourth for intellectual activity and esthetic enjoyment; and into this fourth of life but few ever enter in any real way, while all are called and may learn to do good and avoid evil.

"In the end," says Ruskin, "the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones." We can all learn to become active, modest, and kind; to turn from idleness, pride, greed, and cruelty. But we cannot all make ourselves capable of living in the high regions of pure thought and ideal beauty; and for the few even who are able to do this, it is still true that conduct is three-fourths of life.

"The end of man," says Buchner, "is conversion into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia." This also is an ideal, and he thinks we should be pleased to know that in dying we give back to the universe what had been lent. He moralizes too; but if all we can know of our destiny is that we shall be converted into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, the sermon may be omitted. On such a faith it is not possible to found a satisfactory system of education. Men will always refuse to think thus meanly of themselves and in answer to those who would persuade them that they are but brutes, they will, with perfect confidence, claim kinship with God; for from an utterly frivolous view of life both our reason and our instinct turn.

The scope of Public-School Education is to coöperate with the physical, social, and religious environment to form good and wise men and women. Unless we bear in mind that the school is but one of several educational agencies, we shall not form a right estimate of its office. It depends almost wholly for its success upon the kind of material furnished it by the home, the state, and the church; and, to confine our view to our own country, I have little hesitation in affirming that our home life, our social and political life, and our religious life have contributed far more to make us what we are than any and all of our schools. The school, unless it works in harmony with these great forces, can do little more

than sharpen the wits. Many of the teachers of our Indian schools are doubtless competent and earnest; but their pupils, when they return to their tribes, quickly lose what they have gained, because they are thrown into an environment which annuls the ideals that prevailed in the school. The controlling aim of our teachers should be, therefore, to bring their pedagogical action into harmony with what is best in the domestic, social, and religious life of the child; for this is the foundation on which they must build, and to weaken it is to expose the whole structure to ruin. Hence the teacher's attitude towards the child should be that of sympathy with him in his love for his parents, his country, and his religion. His reason is still feeble, and his life is largely one of feeling; and the fountainheads of his purest and noblest feelings are precisely his parents, his country, and his religion, and to tamper with them is to poison the wells whence he draws the water of life. To assume and hold this attitude with sincerity and tact is difficult; it requires both character and culture; it implies a genuine love of mankind and of human excellence; reverence for whatever uplifts, purifies, and strengthens the heart; knowledge of the world, of literature, and of history, united with an earnest desire to do whatever may be possible to lead each pupil towards life in its completeness, which is health and healthful activity of body and mind and heart and soul.

As the heart makes the home, the teacher makes the school. What we need above all things, wherever the young are gathered for education, is not a showy building, or costly apparatus, or improved methods or textbooks, but a living, loving, illumined human being who has deep faith in the power of education and a real desire to bring it to bear upon those who are intrusted to him. This applies to the primary school with as much force as to the high school and university. Those who think, and they are, I imagine, the vast majority, that any one who can read and write, who knows something of arithmetic, geography, and history, is competent to educate young children, have not even the most elementary notions of what education is.

What the teacher is, not what he utters and inculcates, is the

important thing. The life he lives and whatever reveals that life to his pupils; his unconscious behavior even; above all, what in his inmost soul he hopes, believes, and loves, have far deeper and more potent influence than mere lessons can ever have. It is precisely here that we Americans, whose talent is predominantly practical and inventive, are apt to go astray. We have won such marvelous victories with our practical sense and inventive genius that we have grown accustomed to look to them for aid, whatever the nature of the difficulty or problem may be. Machinery can be made to do much, and to do well what it does. With its help we move rapidly; we bring the ends of the earth into instantaneous communication; we print the daily history of the world and throw it before every door; we plow and we sow and we reap; we build cities, and we fill our houses with whatever conduces to comfort or luxury. All this and much more, machinery enables us to do. But it cannot create life, nor can it, in any effective way, promote vital processes. Now, education is essentially a vital process. It is a furthering of life; and as the living proceed from the living, they can rise into the wider world of ideas and conduct only by the help of the living; and as in the physical realm every animal begets after its own likeness, so also in the spiritual the teacher can give but what he has. If the wellspring of truth and love has run dry within himself, he teaches in vain. His words will no more bring forth life than desert winds will clothe arid sands with verdure. Much talking and writing about education have chiefly helped to obscure a matter which is really plain. The purpose of the public school is or should be not to form a mechanic or a specialist of any kind, but to form a true man or woman.

Hence the number of things we teach the child is of small moment. Those schools, in fact, in which the greatest number of things are taught give, as a rule, the least education. The character of the Roman people, which enabled them to dominate the earth and to give laws to the world, was formed before they had schools, and when their schools were most flourishing they themselves were in rapid moral and social dissolution. We make

education and religion too much a social affair, and too little a personal affair. Their essence lies in their power to transform the individual, and it is only in transforming him that they recreate the wider life of the community. The Founder of Christianity addressed himself to the individual, and gave little heed to the state or other environment. He looked to a purified inner source of life to create for itself a worthier environment, and simply ignored devices for working sudden and startling changes. They who have entered into the hidden meaning of this secret and this method turn in utter incredulity from the schemes of declaimers and agitators.

The men who fill the world, each with his plan for reforming and saving it, may have their uses, since the poet tells us there are uses in adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head; but to one deafened by their discordant and clamorous voices, the good purpose they serve seems to be as mythical as the jewel in the toad's head.

Have not those who mistake their crotchets for Nature's laws invaded our schools? Have they not succeeded in forming a public opinion and in setting devices at work which render education, in the true sense of the word, if not impossible, difficult? Literature is a criticism of life, made by those who are in love with life, and have the deepest faith in its possibilities; and all criticism which is inspired by sympathy and faith and controlled by knowledge is helpful. Complacent thoughts are rarely true, and hardly ever useful. It is a prompting of nature to turn from what we have to what we lack, for thus only is there hope of amendment and progress. We are, to quote Emerson,

> Built of furtherance and pursuing,
> Not of spent deeds, but of doing.

Hence the wise and the strong dwell not upon their virtues and accomplishments, but strive to learn wherein they fail, for it is in correcting this they desire to labor. They wish to know the truth about themselves, are willing to try to see themselves as others see them, that self-knowledge may make self-improvement possible. They turn from flattery, for they understand that flat-

tery is insult. Now, if this is the attitude of wise and strong men, how much more should it not be that of a wise and strong people? Whenever persons or things are viewed as related in some special way to ourselves, our opinions of them will hardly be free from bias. When, for instance, I think or speak of my country, my religion, my friends, my enemies, I find it difficult to put away the prejudice which my self-esteem and vanity create, and which, like a haze, ever surrounds me to color or obscure the pure light of reason. It cannot do us harm to have our defects and shortcomings pointed out to us; but to be told by demagogues and declaimers that we are the greatest, the most enlightened, the most virtuous people which exists or has existed, can surely do us no good. If it is true, we should not dwell upon it, for this will but distract us from striving for the things in which we are deficient; and if it is false, it can only mislead us and nourish a foolish conceit. It is the orator's misfortune to be compelled to think of his audience rather than of truth. It is his business to please, persuade, and convince; and men are pleased with flattering lies, persuaded and convinced by appeals to passion and interest. Happier is the writer, who need not think of a reader, but finds his regard in the truth he expresses.

It is not possible for an enlightened mind not to take profound interest in our great system of public education. To do this he need not think it the best system. He may deem it defective in important requisites. He may hold, as I hold, that the system is of minor importance, the kind of teacher being all important. But if he loves his country, if he loves human excellence, if he has faith in man's capacity for growth, he cannot but turn his thoughts, with abiding attention and sympathy, to the generous and determined efforts of a powerful and vigorous people to educate themselves. Were our public-school system nothing more than the nation's profession of faith in the transforming power of education, it would be an omen of good and a ground for hope; and one cannot do more useful work than to help to form a public opinion which will accept with thankfulness the free play of all sincere minds about this great question, and which will cause the

genuine lovers of our country to turn in contempt from the clamors politicians and bigots are apt to raise when an honest man utters honest thought on this all-important subject.

I am willing to assume and to accept as a fact that our theological differences make it impossible to introduce the teaching of any religious creed into the public school. I take the system as it is—that is, as a system of secular education—and I address myself more directly to the question proposed: What is or should be its scope?

The fact that religious instruction is excluded makes it all the more necessary that humanizing and ethical aims should be kept constantly in view. Whoever teaches in a public school should be profoundly convinced that man is more than an animal which may be taught cunning and quickness. A weed in blossom may have a certain beauty, but it will bear no fruit; and so the boy or youth one often meets, with his irreverent smartness, his precocious pseudo-knowledge of a hundred things, may excite a kind of interest, but he gives little promise of a noble future. The flower of his life is the blossom of the weed, which in its decay will poison the air, or, at the best, serve but to fertilize the soil. If we are to work to good purpose we must take our stand, with the great thinkers and educators, on the broad field of man's nature, and act in the light of the only true ideal of education—that its end is wisdom, virtue, knowledge, power, reverence, faith, health, behavior, hope, and love; in a word, whatever powers and capacities make for intelligence, for conduct, for character, for completeness of life. Not for a moment should we permit ourselves to be deluded by the thought that because the teaching of religious creeds is excluded, therefore we may make no appeal to the fountain-heads which sleep within every breast, the welling of whose waters alone has power to make us human. If we are forbidden to turn the current into this or that channel, we are not forbidden to recognize the universal truth that man lives by faith, hope, and love, by imagination and desire, and that it is precisely for this reason that he is educable. We move irresistibly in the lines of our real faith and desire, and the educator's great purpose

is to help us to believe in what is high and to desire what is good. Since for the irreverent and vulgar spirit nothing is high or good, reverence, and the refinement which is the fruit of true intelligence, urge ceaselessly their claims on the teacher's attention. Goethe, I suppose, was little enough of a Christian to satisfy the demands of an agnostic cripple even, and yet he held that the best thing in man is the thrill of awe; and that the chief business of education is to cultivate reverence for whatever is above, beneath, around, and within us. This he believed to be the only philosophical and healthful attitude of mind and heart towards the universe, seen and unseen. May not the meanest flower that blows bring thoughts that lie too deep for tears? Is not reverence a part of all the sweetest and purest feelings which bind us to father and mother, to friends and home and country? Is it not the very bloom and fragrance, not only of the highest religious faith, but also of the best culture? Let the thrill of awe cease to vibrate, and you will have a world in which money is more than man, office better than honesty, and books like *Innocents Abroad* or *Peck's Bad Boy* more indicative of the kind of man we form than are the noblest works of genius. What is the great aim of the primary school, if it is not the nutrition of feeling? The child is weak in mind, weak in will, but he is most impressionable. Feeble in thought, he is strong in capacity to feel the emotions which are the sap of the tree of moral life. He responds quickly to the appeals of love, tenderness, and sympathy. He is alive to whatever is noble, heroic, and venerable. He desires the approbation of others, especially of those whom he believes to be true and high and pure. He has unquestioning faith, not only in God but in great men, who, for him, indeed, are earthly gods. Is not his father a divine man, whose mere word drives away all fear and fills him with confidence? The touch of his mother's hand stills his pain; if he is frightened, her voice is enough to soothe him to sleep. To imagine that we are educating this being of infinite sensibility and impressionability when we do little else than teach him to read, write, and cipher, is to cherish a delusion. It is not his destiny to become a reading, writing, and ciphering machine,

but to become a man who believes, hopes, and loves, who holds to sovereign truth, and is swayed by sympathy; who looks up with reverence and awe to the heavens, and hearkens with cheerful obedience to the call of duty; who has habits of right-thinking and well-doing which have become a law unto him, a second nature. And if it be said that we all recognize this to be so, but that it is not the business of the school to help to form such a man, that it does its work when it sharpens the wits, I will answer with the words of William von Humboldt: "Whatever we wish to see introduced into the life of a nation must first be introduced into its schools."

Now, what we wish to see introduced into the life of the nation is not the power of shrewd men, wholly absorbed in the striving for wealth, reckless of the means by which it is gotten, and who, whether they succeed or whether they fail, look upon money as the equivalent of the best things man knows or has; who therefore think that the highest purpose of government, as of other social forces and institutions, is to make it easy for all to get abundance of gold and to live in sloven plenty; but what we wish to see introduced into the life of the nation is the power of intelligence and virtue, of wisdom and conduct. We believe, and in fact know, that humanity, justice, truthfulness, honesty, honor, fidelity, courage, integrity, reverence, purity, and self-respect are higher and mightier than anything mere sharpened wits can accomplish. But if these virtues, which constitute nearly the whole sum of man's strength and worth, are to be introduced into the life of the nation, they must be introduced into the schools, into the process of education. We must recognize, not in theory alone, but in practice, that the chief end of education is ethical, since conduct is three-fourths of human life. The aim must be to make men true in thought and word, pure in desire, faithful in act, upright in deed; men who understand that the highest good does not lie in the possession of anything whatsoever, but that it lies in power and quality of being; for whom what we are and not what we have is the guiding principle; who know that the best work is not that for which we receive most pay, but that which is most

favorable to life, physical, moral, intellectual, and religious; since man does not exist for work or the Sabbath, but work and rest exist for him, that he may thrive and become more human and more divine. We must cease to tell boys and girls that education will enable them to get hold of the good things of which they believe the world to be full; we must make them realize rather that the best thing in the world is a noble man or woman, and to be that is the only certain way to a worthy and contented life. All talk about patriotism which implies that it is possible to be a patriot or a good citizen without being a true and good man, is sophistical and hollow. How shall he who cares not for his better self care for his country?

We must look, as educators, most closely to those sides of the national life where there is the greatest menace of ruin. It is plain that our besetting sin, as a people, is not intemperance or unchastity, but dishonesty. From the watering and manipulating of stocks to the adulteration of food and drink, from the booming of towns and lands to the selling of votes and the buying of office, from the halls of Congress to the policeman's beat, from the capitalist who controls trusts and syndicates to the mechanic who does inferior work, the taint of dishonesty is everywhere. We distrust one another, distrust those who manage public affairs, distrust our own fixed will to suffer the worst that may befall rather than cheat or steal or lie. Dishonesty hangs, like mephitic air, about our newspapers, our legislative assemblies, the municipal government of our towns and cities, about our churches even, since our religion itself seems to lack that highest kind of honesty, the downright and thorough sincerity which is its life-breath.

If the teacher in the public school may not insist that an honest man is the noblest work of God, he may teach at least that he who fails in honesty fails in the most essential quality of manhood, enters into warfare with the forces which have made him what he is, and which secure him the possession of what he holds dearer than himself, since he barters for it his self-respect; that the dishonest man is an anarchist and dissocialist, one who does what in him lies to destroy credit, and the sense of the sacredness of prop-

erty, obedience to law, and belief in the rights of man. If our teachers are to work in the light of an ideal, if they are to have a conscious end in view, as all who strive intelligently must have, if they are to hold a principle which will give unity to their methods, they must seek it in the idea of morality, of conduct, which is three-fourths of life.

I myself am persuaded that the real and philosophical basis of morality is the being of God, a being absolute, infinite, unimaginable, inconceivable, of whom our highest and nearest thought is that he is not only almighty, but all-wise and all-good as well. But it is possible, I think, to cultivate the moral sense without directly and expressly assigning to it this philosophical and religious basis; for goodness is largely its own evidence, as virtue is its own reward. It all depends on the teacher. Life produces life, life develops life; and if the teacher have within himself a living sense of the all-importance of conduct, if he thoroughly realize that what we call knowledge is but a small part of man's life, his influence will nourish the feelings by which character is evolved. The germ of a moral idea is always an emotion, and that which impels to right action is the emotion rather than the idea. The teachings of the heart remain forever, and they are the most important; for what we love, genuinely believe in, and desire decides what we are and may become. Hence the true educator, even in giving technical instruction, strives not merely to make a workman, but to make also a man, whose being shall be touched to finer issues by spiritual powers, who shall be upheld by faith in the worth and sacredness of life, and in the education by which it is transformed, enriched, purified, and ennobled. He understands that an educated man, who, in the common acceptation of the phrase, is one who knows something, who knows many things, is, in truth, simply one who has acquired habits of right thinking and right doing. The culture which we wish to see prevail throughout our country is not learning and literary skill; it is character and intellectual openness—that higher humanity which is latent within us all; which is power, wisdom, truth, goodness, love, sympathy, grace, and beauty; whose surpassing excellence the

poor may know as well as the rich; whose charm the multitude may feel as well as the chosen few.

"He who speaks of the people," says Guicciardini, "speaks, in sooth, of a foolish animal, a prey to a thousand errors, a thousand confusions, without taste, without affection, without firmness." The scope of our public-school education is to make commonplace of this kind, by which all literature is pervaded, so false as to be absurd; and when this end shall have been attained, Democracy will have won its noblest victory.

How shall we find the secret from which hope of such success will spring? By so forming and directing the power of public opinion, of national approval, and of money, as to make the best men and women willing and ready to enter the teacher's profession. The kind of man who educates is the test of the kind of education given, and there is properly no other test. When we Americans shall have learned to believe with all our hearts and with all the strength of irresistible conviction that a true educator is a more important, in every way a more useful, sort of man than a great railway king, or pork butcher, or captain of industry, or grain buyer, or stock manipulator, we shall have begun to make ourselves capable of perceiving the real scope of public-school education.

THE IDEAL OF A CATHOLIC COLLEGE

By William Franklin Sands

What is the object of Catholic education in America, if we prescind for a moment from the direct and obvious answer on the ground of Faith and Morals? I think, the production of the best possible type of citizen in (potentially) the best type of commonwealth yet produced by Christian civilization. It is the duty of such citizens, not as segregated masses but as individuals, to take each his full part in the development of that commonwealth upon the principles laid down at the time it was founded, principles which are entirely harmonious with Catholic theology, which conform so closely to those expounded in the great encyclicals as to raise speculation on the extent to which certain of our American Founders may have been familiar with, or indirectly influenced by, Catholic political thought of the time. There is here, as I think, a basis for a blooming of the Church such as has not yet been seen in the world. There is a definite place in the world for American civilization, and in it a definite place for the proper influence of the Catholic-American citizen.

By force of circumstances, the bulk of American Catholics has been segregated from the rest of the community. At all times in our history Catholics have been among the arrivals from Europe to the new land; at all times in our history Catholics have taken part in the development of our country and its institutions, but in the earlier beginning, as scattered individuals only; until comparatively recently, not in large numbers. They have truly been segregated from the rest of the nation, and are only now beginning to come into their proper place. Consequently the present discussion of the part they are to take is pertinent and timely.

The question has arisen from time to time whether it was wise

PROVIDENCE IN THE WEST
BROADWAY and PALM STS.
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

to concentrate incoming populations in our great cities, particularly the cities of the East, subjecting them as they were undoubtedly subjected, to crowding, to discomfort, to disease—instead of striking for the free land and raising a substantial rural population. Conflicting opinions have been expressed and are still expressed, in retrospect, upon this problem. I think that one must bear in mind that though the probable majority of the incomers was composed of people bred to the land and to agriculture, land in the eastern states was not then available as it is to-day. Land was occupied and had been long occupied by the first comers and their descendants, and remained so until, after the Civil War, the newcomers and their descendants, had become well-rooted in the cities. It must also be borne in mind that the majority of the new arrivals being working people, they found immediate occupation in the cities or as rural laborers rather than owners. These are generalities to which some exception may be taken, but in the main this sketch of conditions then prevailing will hold true. There was finally the all-important, the fundamental consideration of the preservation of the Faith, which undoubtedly decided policy, if there was a hierarchical policy, in favor of concentration in such places as would permit adequate care for spiritual needs with the least expenditure of a scarce clerical man-power.

Our efforts in school matters were therefore inevitably directed to the welfare of these masses; to their preservation to the Faith, obviously, and then to the betterment of their material conditions; to their training to benefit by the innumerable material advantages offered to all alike and under equal conditions in an enormously rich new land, as yet only surface-scratched by a scattered population not wholly emerged from the pioneer stage of national development.

A utilitarian tradition rooted in this formative period seems to me to have survived to this day, and to have outlived actual conditions. It is probably due to this tradition that the inevitable and apparently all-sufficient answer is returned to every inquiry as to our present status in education: "We are turning out annually from our colleges large numbers of lawyers, physicians, teachers;

we could turn out more if we had more money, if we had as much as endowed colleges." That seems to me to be a secondary matter, to be a question of schooling for material ends, not of Catholic education; to be, in a word, irrelevant to the matter under discussion. It is not in question, at least not by me, that the ideal condition for Catholic youth is the Catholic School covering his individual needs. It is indifferent to me just how many professional men and women are turned out annually from our colleges. It is indifferent to me whether a man or woman, a Catholic, is lettered or unlettered, provided he or she be educated in his Faith, in the reason for his mode of life in his particular surroundings and avocation; provided he bear in all his acts what I may call the Catholic "flavor," the flavor one knows in old Catholic countries, the flavor which was brought to this country by the Irish and the German immigrants; that honesty and purity and innate refinement conspicuous in the most humble of that period; which was so well recognized by our Protestant neighbors, and to which I have heard the tribute paid by Protestants of to-day that "whatever survives in our generation of reverence for religion was planted there, in most of us, by an Irish nurse." Why were these men and women sought after by Protestant employers, in field and factory and in their homes? Because of this very Catholic flavor of which I speak, because of the unescapable refining influence of Catholic education as I understand education, quite irrespective of schooling.

How does this feeling of our Protestant neighbors stand to-day, in our prosperity and our great numbers? Are we so respected? Is it not fair to suggest that while individually we may be, as a body we are feared, distrusted and disliked? Is there not daily growing evidence that this is so, and evidence also that this growing feeling has not primarily, except in cases of extreme ignorance, anything to do with our religion? Perfectly legitimate comment on this situation in magazines is all too commonly set down by us as attack on the Church; as simply another annoying or a negligible manifestation of the activity of the "roaring lion" against "God's People."

I am not sure that this comfortable reaction is not a little too comfortable, not to say a little smug. I think that it would be well to examine into this matter and to clarify our own minds as to how much or how little we may, in fact, be lending unnecessary aid to the futile lion's efforts.

It seems to me to be plain, in following the stupendous growth of the Catholic community in the United States, in following with all sympathy and respect the colossal effort of our professional educators to the success they have achieved, that the teaching system of Catholic schools in America has not stood as far aloof from the general American system as has been charged against us, except in the one point of resisting religious disintegration. It is even debatable if we have not followed too closely the general trend, under the influence of a perfectly meritorious effort to prepare as fully as possible for eventual complete assimilation of incoming throngs of Catholic immigrants to the bulk of a national population already existing, so that in the process they might suffer a minimum of economic and social disadvantage. It is even properly questionable, if, dealing with the problem of bulk, and shorthanded, we have not unconsciously forced it to the front as the PRINCIPAL problem, and lost sight for the moment of primary things and of other elements in our own communion.

Since the earliest days of settlement in America there have been other elements; there have been people so long "Americanized," as well as Catholic, that this particular feature of our school problem does not apply to them. The preoccupation of our school with the majority has caused a certain neglect of the particular needs of this element. The more complete assimilation of these in American life, and the restlessness of youth (among later arrivals) against segregation, probably accounts for the presence of too large numbers of Catholics in Episcopalian and Friends schools, and in secular colleges.

The fact that not all Catholic schools and colleges in recent years have offered satisfaction of these special needs has sent many Catholic youths abroad, which is not always an asset to Americans, and sometimes a positive disadvantage. It is idle to inveigh

against this fact. It arises from very natural causes which must be apparent to those who have studied the matter, and should be met. There should be no legitimate desire of Catholic parents or of Catholic youth that is not adequately taken care of by Catholic teachers.

We do not wish to see Catholic schools or colleges standardized (education as I mean it is of its nature "standardized") any more than we wish to see American education in general standardized. There is evidence that because of conditions to which I have adverted, there is danger of our becoming standardized upon a level which present observation does not indicate as at all likely to be a high one, unless now, in our prosperity and numbers, we arouse ourselves to the realization that what has been accomplished is not an end in itself, but only a step; that it is not a question of plant, of "brick and mortar," of endowment of all the luxuries demanded for their children by the newly prosperous (in their inexperience), to which demands so many of our teachers seem obliged to yield in self-defense, for their own continued existence. It is a question, as I see it, of foundations well and solidly laid, even brilliantly; how truly brilliantly only those, it is possible, realize fully who have been in touch with this evolution since the beginning of the problem, through generations of Catholic Americanism.

We have taken in America the reverse of the system prevailing in Europe. In Europe, rooted in feudalism, in hereditary aristocracy, special effort has been directed to the education and schooling of those who in the natural course would lead in their communities. In America, as I have said and repeated, we have taken the "democratic" basis, and because our problem lay that way, we have concentrated on the mass of newcomers. The whole level of development has been raised, and in an extraordinary degree, which is truly democratic in the right sense.

Acknowledgment of that achievement does not obviate the fact, however, that in the process something has been lost; something essential to the Catholic Faith; something without which a Catholic is not wholly a Catholic: the refinement, the personal dignity

inseparable from Catholic education, wholly compatible with the sturdiest and most vigorous manhood, the refinement which makes an aristocrat, a gentleman, of the Catholic no matter what his station in life may be or how he gains his livelihood; whether he be developed to the fullest power of the human mind or entirely unlettered. That is what I mean by Catholic education; the development of our Faith, not as a check, not as a brake upon our natural inclinations, but as a natural, living rule of life, a refinement of our natural, daily lives lived fully in our natural surroundings. Our girls in great measure have preserved this refinement, largely, no doubt, because of the fact that until lately they have not been called on to train for the hurly-burly of our American material existence. Even to-day they preserve it, under the pressure of economic life in which women take such active part. A convent girl stands out in a business office. This fact has a direct bearing on "mixed" marriage; the Catholic wife is at a premium; Catholic wives are in greater demand than Catholic husbands, not at all because we have more women than men, but for quite other reasons. Far too many of our men's colleges have lost that characteristic of Catholic education, with effects and consequences more far reaching than may be considered here.

The thing that stands out among American Catholics, to the detached observer, is the tremendous material wealth and vigor and vitality of the Church, and the appalling bad manners of so many Catholics even in high places, to each other and to all around them; one almost counts harshness and asperity as its chief characteristics. All the natural dignity of the ages of simple faith is gone, at least from the surface. It is a real condition, felt by many who withdraw from it as far as possible, who dare not speak out because of this very arrogance of bad manners, a condition which to my knowledge has prevented many from entering the Church and has caused the defection of not a few. I can see the reasons for it; they do disturb me, though I consider them to be ephemeral and not inherent in any group. I believe that this is a condition which can be speeded into the past, and for that

reason am attempting to vocalize now what lies in many minds unexpressed.

It is purely and simply a matter of education. There is no excuse for roughness, lack of consideration, absence of refinement in the relations of Catholic to Catholic or with his neighbor—and so surely as I put this into words just so surely shall I be misunderstood, for the process of disintegration has already gone too far for many to see even what I am talking about. There is no reason why a Catholic college should be set down among other colleges—save the mark!—as below their own standards of conduct, yet it is so as any one knows who is not too self-satisfied to see it. There is no reason why Catholics should be disliked—though feared—in politics. There is every reason why, on the contrary, they should not be feared, and be respected. That, I repeat and insist, is a matter of Catholic education, not of book learning—it has nothing whatever to do with the number of lawyers we produce or the number of games we win. It is a matter of practical religion. If the Catholic religion means anything at all to the world, it means a civilizing influence. Wherein it is a civilizing influence in the United States, it is so by God's grace and by the seed planted by those humble ones who do not appear at the surface; not by the visible coöperation of those who most appear as "leaders," the product of our schools. These give us the appearance of some great political power, some great juggernaut organization well calculated to arouse the fear and distrust of all around us, who do not know this particular phenomenon and see in it realized all that has been instilled in them for centuries of horror of "Rome." It is this spirit that begets the Klan; the two are interrelated and interdependent—one might almost say that the two are identical. Our neighbors and fellow citizens do not stop to analyze this phenomenon as it might be analyzed. They meet bad manners with equally bad manners, to violence they oppose more violence, and then in every move of the Church they see some new vague menace. That is not our religion, not the Church; it is ourselves, and it is a defect of education, a lack of Catholic education.

I make no criticism when I say this of our educators. There are many simple, natural, valid reasons why it is so. What I say is, that it is a fact, probably not as obvious to every one who has grown up with it as to those who have not; it is a phenomenon of this generation; it is the effect of an attempt to meet an overwhelming situation with insufficient manpower. That situation has been met, however, in its main features. Our present problem in American Catholic education is to get back the Catholic flavor and to build on this great solid mass-foundation a superstructure of individuals, of Catholic citizens, not "flocks," not just "people."

We have in America the elements of a brilliant civilization, unique. Catholics belong to the conservative elements, inasmuch as they base their lives and actions upon a certain very few unalterable principles, which they follow—or should follow—not because they are told to, but because, as intelligent men and solid citizens they have weighed them and have found that they are the truth and that around these few principles everything falls naturally and obviously into its proper perspective. With that perspective fixed, they should be in the highest degree liberal. Catholic Americans may and should play a leading part in American civilization. Their norm of life should be the obvious norm to all who are struggling against disintegration, without labeling it "Catholic" at every turn. I would recall as an example of what I mean the young Italian Jesuit who went to India, in the early 17th century, and lived among the highest caste of Hindoos, the Brahmin, for years without ever allowing it to be known even that he was a Christian; who discussed philosophy with leading Hindoo philosophers without ever calling it Christian Doctrine or Catholic philosophy, until he had won. When he died, he counted some 40,000 conversions. A Catholic should stand out in his community without ever needing to label himself. One more illustration: there is no higher type anywhere than the Irishman, educated as I am using the word education, who has achieved scholarship also. Why, in America, of all suitable places in the world for the production of such a type, do our colleges not produce him in the numbers to which the British Empire, let us say,

is accustomed? It is the function of our Catholic colleges and universities to produce that type, since they have under their molding hand the very same material.

We are not striking out a new path in America. Our rôle is to draw upon all the wealth of experience of Europe and apply it to our own civilization in what is best for us. With all that the Church has to offer of experience over two thousand years, there is no excuse for us if we fail to influence that civilization, or due to our lack of vision, influence it adversely to ourselves. We should not again fall into the blunders of the old world. We may and we should combine for our purposes what has been developed in Catholic education in England, France, Germany. In scholarship we are, after a lapse, making once more a beginning, but as I have said before, and insist, scholarship is not all: schooling imposed on unprepared material is fatal, and not least to the teacher, for from such material he is often forced to draw recruits to his own ranks, with inevitable deterioration of fiber.

Those who understand what I am saying, and agree, will very likely not say so. Those who neither understand nor agree may readily add further evidence, by their comment, to the truth of what I say.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

By Algernon Cecil

Between the day when the Northern Earls, rising against the Elizabethan innovations in religion, caused the Holy Sacrifice to be offered at Durham and the June morning in 1910 which saw the consecration of a metropolitan church in Westminster, there had been no Mass said in a great English Cathedral. The mitigation of the Penal Laws in 1791 had, it is true, enabled Catholics to exchange the shelter of the Catholic Embassies' Chapels in London, or of such modest conventicles as public opinion would tolerate elsewhere, for more dignified places of worship; and this in due course gave rise to building on a larger scale. In the first part of the nineteenth century Pugin dreamed his Gothic dreams, piety contending against poverty to give them substance; and in 1850 the restoration in England of a Catholic hierarchy satisfied the first condition of the term cathedral. And here and there—notably at Southwark and Birmingham where Pugin had been at work—the churches exalted to meet the requirements of a bishop's see were not altogether unworthy of the honor done them, though nowhere, at first, could English Catholicism pretend to enter into architectural competition with pre-Reformation standards. The Catholic community was far from rich; the needs of the new dioceses were many; and in London, from which a greater effort than elsewhere might have been reasonably expected, Cardinal Manning was not the man to let the poor be pushed aside even for the sake of that glory of God which lies latent in brick and stone. He bought sites, and collected money, and caused plans to be drawn out for the cathedral that was to be, but he appears to have recognized without any marked regret that he was himself the David and not the Solomon of the coming

temple. And he is interred, not inappropriately, in its crypt, for he laid no more than the foundation upon which others builded.

Time and circumstance had reserved the larger rôle for a lesser man. Herbert Vaughan had none of Manning's subtle magnetism; his life was lacking in romance; his appearance, his manner, his high official air, were alike ill calculated to attract his fellow countrymen. They thought him a Cardinal of the old, insufferable type—a Beaufort or a Wolsey born out of time. But when his Life appeared they found he was a different man to what they had supposed; modest, devoted, and a servant of the servants of God. The association of his monument with the chantry-chapel in the Cathedral dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury is, indeed, not ill-judged. He was just such another as Becket—a great priest with an uncompromising face towards the world and a deep humility, so far as we can judge, in his dealings with God. And it is not, perhaps, too fanciful to suppose that his spirit lurks about the building that he did so much to bring to birth. A little defiant without, with its unaccustomed architecture and its towering belfry, whence at the hours of the Angelus the praises of Mary are sounded forth day by day to a nation that will have none of her, Westminster Cathedral bears within its walls the impress of an intense preoccupation with the things of God. And those who take their stand beside the Cardinal's effigy may, perhaps, find a like pride in the Catholic profession, a like humility before the spectacle of heavenly things, visible in the features of one whose face is marked with the sure lines of ecclesiastical interest and spiritual effort.

Cardinal Vaughan laid the foundation-stone of the new Cathedral which lies at the northwest angle of the sanctuary, on the feast-day of St. Peter and St. Paul, 1895. It was by then full time. The arts were not asleep. At Norwich and Arundel, at Cambridge, and Watford and Downside—there were built or building Catholic churches as striking as anything the Bishops had to show in the way of cathedrals. A house of God "exceeding magnifical," to use the old, incomparable phrase; a place of worship set in the midst of a great city and satisfying the needs,

so far as Catholicism is concerned, of a great nation; a thing of beauty that should draw the eyes of many towards the Saviour of the world and be a joy for ever even to those who pass Him by; a temple above all, where Mass might be seen and sung in all its native splendor—this still remained to be constructed.

For the celebration of Mass in its beauty, we can hardly doubt, has been the beginning and the end of the best cathedral-building. The epoch of the great cathedrals was ushered in by the rising cultus of the Blessed Sacrament; with the advent of the Reformation their inspiration falls or fails. Just as Nature loses color, form, transparency when poet or artist ceases to see it as the veil of God, so a church loses mystery and virtue unless men look there, not in metaphor but fact, to find the world's Redeemer. The thought of Christ, "truly, really and substantially," as the Council of Trent eventually put it, present upon the altar, was, it is to be inferred, the essential inspiration of the architecture of the Middle Age, just as the perfect manifestation of His Presence was the builders' final aim. Other churches we know, as we know the mosques and temples of other religions. These all have their dominant motives—prayer or preaching or the reading of Scripture; and a strange beauty, or at the least a melancholy interest, attaches to them as to all man's searching after communion with eternal things. But it is clearly the Mass—that continual application of the merits of Christ to the needs of Humanity—which forms the intellectual foundation of the great English cathedrals. They grew as the knowledge of its meaning became more profound, and, when it was less venerated or wholly thrust aside, the peculiar genius of their construction passed out of mind. So perfectly indeed, at least in England, is this thesis satisfied that even at Liverpool—a storm-center of contending creeds—it is a Catholic hand that has lately raised the much-praised Protestant Cathedral.

The Mass, then, in its fullest splendor, is the key to a Catholic cathedral: and every cathedral that has foregone the Mass has suffered loss elemental. We may test the theory, if we will, merely by passing up the nave of some ancient house of God, converted

to new uses, at a time when no congregation is present to confuse our impressions. The church betrays, even as we gaze, the sepulchral truth that Christ has departed. The tabernacle, where once He dwelt, has been swept away; the Cross has foregone His form; the flowers, if flowers there are, seem to mark the place of a grave and not the presence of the Lord of Life. It was not for this that the English of the Middle Age threw their spires heavenwards and made broad their transepts. It was no mausoleum that they were at work upon. Christ Himself was to come there; and Christ must be most finely housed. All the beauty they could command of form and color, of masonry, of glass and metal and woodwork, they placed at his disposal; and in the handling and designing of all they took delight—the delight now of serious men in grave subjects, and then again of children in whim and fancy and the carving of fearful, foolish faces. Also for Christ's retinue they made ready. The prophets who foretold his coming, the angels who heralded his approach, the saints who bore his train—these all had their places prepared for them in niche and shrine and chapel. It was the advent of a great feudal lord that the cathedral builders had in view; and they looked to find among his followers a perfect ordering of function and degree. We, who are tormented by the thought of equality and to whom Christ is sometimes presented as the first parent of modern democracy, have no eye for the beauty of hierarchies. The idea that every man has a place in society, high or low as the case may be, which he alone can fill, has become alien to us; and the natural sense of relationship, inspired by the feudal and guild systems, has been dulled, if not destroyed, by the notion of an equal brotherhood. We look rather helplessly at our expanding populations and are thankful to be able to find them food without very confidently expecting to find them work. But in a Catholic cathedral all the grotesque, partial philosophies of society are apt to disappear. The sense of order, harmony, function, and degree returns as we contemplate the shrines and symbols of the heavenly hosts, and, lowliness of mind being amongst the saints the very condition of greatness, we realize that we have but to emulate

their virtue to find our social problem dissolving before our eyes. It is a scorching thought, if once it touches us—this idea of every man possessed of a career which no other man can take from him or accomplish in his place—but it is one which with difficulty secures anything like real apprehension outside the range of Catholic influences. Kindled, however, by the sense of a visible society it will be found to gain some such actuality as it once possessed for our forefathers; and we may become almost as sensible of its power in a Catholic church as in facing the frescoes of the Spanish chapel at Florence or turning over the pages of the Divine Comedy or probing the profundities of Van Eyck's masterpiece at Ghent. The societies, the civilizations of earth and heaven, as we examine them under such guidance, seem to have really met together and been reconciled. For the Lamb of God is in their midst and holds His court; and all eyes are fixed upon Him; and the hierarchies of men and angels unite to do Him service. God is come down upon earth, and everything is right with the world. The Powers Celestial control the Powers Terrestrial. All things move together in harmony, righteousness, and peace.

A dream, doubtless, even in the Middle Age, and now the pale shadow of a dream! Yet also a dream, once vivid enough to haunt men in their working hours and of which the cathedrals of old time were both the offspring and the interpreters! "The great medieval cathedrals," says a recent distinguished writer in his measured prose, "were more than mere places of worship, prayer-books graven in stone. Each was the heart of a city's life. Not till the Reformation did the wedge enter that was destined to sunder religion from daily life. Before it the two were but different aspects of the same thing."[1] The cathedral builders had, in fact, made no mistake; and their preparations were not in vain. Christ, coming as had been expected of Him to the palaces they had built for His reception, had drawn all things to Himself. The art, the politics, the fashion of their society celebrated His sovereignty and disseminated, in forms more or less recog-

[1] Conway, "The Van Eycks and their Followers," p. 3.

nizable, the substance of His teaching. Most of all, their cathedrals seemed to bridge the gulf lying between the natural and supernatural life of man—a gulf that since the Reformation has gradually become so much more extended than before. The Lamb of God, standing, as in Van Eyck's conception, upon their altars, with love and wrath contending in His Eye, with the Precious Blood flowing continually from out His Breast into the Chalice set to receive it for the salvation of mankind, had sufficiently disentangled for them the riddles of a world stricken and distraught by some prehistoric blow. This much they clearly understood—that sacrifice and the shedding of blood had entered deeply into the scheme of restoration, and that the priest's office was as essential to the maintenance of the supernatural life of man as that of the butcher to the continuance of his animal existence. And they were mystics enough not to shrink from the paradox, upon which Hebrew symbolism had insisted, that blood is properly the sign of life and not of death.

To the contemplation of Christ's Wounds, indeed, the Catholic church has long attached peculiar merit, with results that in the case of St. Francis and others are hardly now denied. And in all Catholic churches the thought of the Blood that was shed upon Calvary is emphasized to a degree puzzling and sometimes distasteful to the Protestant mind which recoils a little from the realism of Catholic aids to devotion. But in Westminster Cathedral, dedicated as it is to the memory of the Most Precious Blood of the Redeemer, that thought is emphatic. And the idea is so curiously sustained by the vast crucifix hanging before the Sanctuary and the red and russet of the outer and inner walls, as almost to invite the suggestion, embedded in a forgotten essay by a fantastic and not too delicate mind, that it is with the Cathedral as if the blood cried out and drew the feet of those that pass along the adjoining, mazy streets towards its sanguine Mysteries. In a less crude and violent manner, however, many have experienced the peculiar fascination of that immense pile of bricks, painfully laid by discontented and rebellious workmen, which in the course of little more than a decade has attained such dis-

tinction of character as we commonly associate with ancient and venerable buildings. All its magic, of course, does not lie upon the surface, and its deeper secret is not read by casual eyes. But, evidently enough, it is a supreme success in contrast and deserving of the admiration of such as contrast does not offend. Among such familiar sights of London as lie around it—the Victorian street and station, the monotonous flats that bound its poor apology for a close, the waste spaces and mean dwellings that stretch away towards the river, and the little gray, English Church of St. Andrew which measures itself quaintly against the Popish giant at its side—the Cathedral rising with its domes and pinnacles and emblematic eagles, conjures up the fancy of Eastern skies and the thought of remoter eyries where the imperial bird, common property as it is of Cæsar and St. John, spreads its wings for furthest flight and strains its eyes for inmost depth of vision.

Here, for a moment, at the portals of this little piece of England, which seems as if it were not England, we may do well to pause and remember that the most apparently English thing in Westminster, with the weight now of nearly nine hundred years of authentic English history engraved upon its stones, was, both when St. Edward the Confessor gave it its earlier Norman shaping and when Henry III built it again with the aid of alien craftsmen and under the influence of Latin models, essentially a foreign affair. Pantheon of the English nation though it has now become, Westminster Abbey, with its dedication addressed to St. Peter and St. Paul, and its abbot deliberately secured from any fear of diocesan encroachments on the part of the Bishop of London by having to seek in person the confirmation of his office from the Pope, was at the outset a perpetual reminder of the debt that England owed to Rome, and all that Rome included. So, too, as it gradually feels its way into the life of London and satisfies a growing Catholic sense, Westminster Cathedral will, doubtless, take its place as an indispensable English institution where on certain appropriate occasions, such as occurred not infrequently during the Great War, our native insularity is able

to be modified and corrected by glimpses of the larger life of Christendom. Towards so just a purpose a style, designed, in the designer's own words, "to develop the first phase of Christian architecture," [2] is calculated powerfully to contribute, for no other combination of bricks and mortar could better dispel the strange, perverted notion of a church governed and confined by race and language.

It was not, however, as a Byzantine basilica that the architect of Westminster Cathedral first figured his creation. John Francis Bentley, the son of a Doncaster merchant and a great lover of fair things in stone and glass, to whom Catholicism had come as a religion of the austerest beauty and the highest moral perfection, had dreamed his dreams and seen his visions through the atmosphere of the Gothic revival of the Nineteenth Century. In the late 'seventies he had designed two churches of architectural merit—St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, and the Church of the Holy Rood at Watford, the one in an Early English, the other in a late Perpendicular style; and it was not to be expected that, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, he would wish to exchange old studies for new. But the Powers that then were were inexorable. If Manning, who was opposed to all things Gothic, was gone, Vaughan was fully as much addicted to Italian models. And, apart from any sentimental considerations, there were in this case solid, common-sense reasons why he should be. Any appearance of entering into competition with Westminster Abbey would have been in every way a disastrous mistake, for it is as futile to contend against the charms of Time as against its ravages. And, besides this, Vaughan was bent upon having a cathedral well ordered for congregational uses; and to this object a basilica seemed the best adapted. Left to himself, the Cardinal, therefore, would doubtless have decided upon a basilica of the purest type. But Bentley's influence modified his plan; and the building that we see has also the leading features of another and a greater style.

The Church of Saint Sophia at Constantinople reproduced,

[2] De l'Hôpital, "Westminster Cathedral and its Architect," vol. i, p. 122.

in Bentley's belief, so far as such things can be, the pattern of the heavenly temple in the Apocalypse, and, though we may suspect that Gibbon would have characterized this as an overbold surmise, the great historian himself had gone so far as to say that an enthusiast entering the Church of Justinian might have been tempted to suppose it "the residence or even the workmanship of the Deity." It marks, at any rate, the hour when Christianity finally consolidated its conquest of the Roman Empire—the hour when the kings of the earth brought their glory and honor into the House of Christ, and, as the memorial of that late consummation of the Epiphany, it is evidently the architectural embodiment of a vast idea. If Ruskin has let his fancy run too free in ascribing to the style of the Byzantines "imagery taken from the shadows of the storms and hills" and "fellowship with the night and day of the earth itself," [3] Coventry Patmore has rated it too low by refusing it a place among the supreme fashions of temple-building. Egyptian architecture, so the latter argued, having perfectly satisfied the material, Greek architecture the rational, and Gothic architecture the spiritual mode of religious thought, there was really nothing further to be expressed. But, even if this test be fair, the Byzantine style is not left without its defense. The very divisions of temple-building, adopted in this classification, leave room for an architecture combining them all—an architecture composite no doubt yet not more composite than man, compounded as he is of body, soul, and spirit.

And this consummation of architectural effort was in fact accomplished by the Church of Saint Sophia and its various offspring. The worshipper, it is true enough, will not find among them anything to equal the gloom of the Egyptian temple, the grace of the Greek, or the exquisite charm of those spires soaring to celestial heights that were the special contribution to church building of the convert children of the Goths.[4] The Byzantine style has features that take the place of these, but not features

[3] "Seven Lamps of Architecture," p. 160.

[4] I use the accepted ascription of Gothic architecture, but I do not wish to be supposed to commit myself to its accuracy.

that imitate or excel them. Its function is more catholic. It speaks both of the East and of the West; and its aërial domes proclaim the over-spreading providence of God in the language of great cities. It can scarcely be an accident that we find it dominating so many past or present metropolitan centers of wealth and culture; that its domes rise in Venice and Florence, Rome and London, as well as in Moscow and Constantinople. It meets pre-eminently the needs of the ordinary man, of the mass of the great congregation, for its cupolas and galleries whisper the secrets, not of the high self-abandonment of priests and monks, but of the business of common life, religiously performed. It assumes the environment of a Christian civilization, and is consequently at a certain remove alike from the dark shadows of the catacombs and the high altitudes of the monasteries. Thus, if Huysmans had not already appropriated the saying to epitomize the motive of the basilica, one might, perhaps, have taken the exhortation to seek simplicity of soul amid the clemency and quietness [5]—the *mansuetudo* and *tranquillitas*—of our surroundings for the inmost teaching of the Byzantine style.

But, in truth, the basilica and the domed church possess, as Bentley saw, a natural affinity; and nothing in Westminster Cathedral is, perhaps, more felicitous than this blending into one harmonious whole of the salient feature of the old Roman court of justice with that of the architecture of the gorgeous East which found its path westwards by way of Constantinople. Byzantine domes and transepts are held subservient here, as perhaps in no other Church, to the main lines of a building which, after the manner of a basilica, runs unbroken from west to east. Dome and bay and arch obey without rebellion the master-impulse of this thrust towards the altar; and the imprint of the Latin Cross, which at St. Peter's at Rome may be said to have been accepted reluctantly, is here received without any disfiguring results.

These things were not accomplished without labor. Bentley, so soon as he had come to an understanding with the Cardinal,

[5] *In mansuetudine et in tranquillitate simplifica animam tuam* (Huysmans, "La Cathédrale," p. 169).

had set off to study the churches of Italy and New Rome, and we hear of him at Pisa, at Ravenna, at Rome, and at Venice. But the plague prevented him from reaching Constantinople; and he consequently obtained no more than a literary, though not inadequate, acquaintance with Saint Sophia's. Three churches, besides that of the Holy Wisdom, appear to have secured a particular place in his thoughts—the churches of St. Mark at Venice, of San Vitale at Ravenna, and of S.S. Sergious and Bacchus at Constantinople. The general impression, he tells us, derived from his studies was one of simple roofs, of flat domes overlying square spaces, of massive supporting piers, barrel vaulting, unbroken arched soffits, of galleries, high lighting, and last, but not least, of the rich glow of marble and mosaic. And it was with these notions in his mind that he drew his plans for Westminster Cathedral.

The spectator who wishes to obtain the best view of that building will, if he is wise, wander from Vauxhall Bridge Road into Francis Street and past the grim old corner residence of Cardinal Manning so as to take his stand at the southeast corner of the Cathedral square. There, and perhaps there only, he will be able to take in its just proportions and real exterior beauties, for nowhere else is the eye so blind to its environment or the intellectual atmosphere so full of mirage. The range of buildings is long enough and the campanile distant enough to create for a moment the illusion that we are abroad; and a soul, sickening for the sight of Italian skies, will find deceitful medicines, if on a sunlit day it seeks relief in Morpeth Terrace. Less elaborately decorated than upon its western face, the cathedral gains upon this side the inestimable advantage of space, and the spectator of distance. Enchantment has its opportunity, as the eye moves upwards from apse to dome and turret, and past the transept-gable towards St. Edward's Tower with its symbolic,[6] rampant eagles and its finial cross. Yet not all men are enchanted, for here the charm, lying as we have seen in bold contrast rather than in sweetness of harmony, is not by any means assured. In the in-

[6] Symbolic of the architect's patron—Saint John.

terior it is otherwise. Secure behind its walls, the Cathedral unfolds its transcendent beauty to all who care to learn by seeing noble things.

The thrust of the building, as was said, is towards the Sanctuary. From the remotest standpoint at the western end, the eye of the spectator is led by the strong lines of gallery and arcade towards the Altar, diverted only, if diverted at all, by the white panels of the Stations of the Cross. There, above the Sanctuary, and not, as generally in Byzantine building, above the transepts, the Cathedral rises, apparently at least, to its greatest height, throws up its crowning dome, and receives its fullness of celestial light. The Holy Sacrifice was to be offered in the sight of all, and so that to all who entered, the recurring expectation of that Sacrifice might be plainly indicated as the everlasting passion of the place. The lofty, eastern windows confirm this impression. From the retro-choir, where once it was thought that a community of Benedictines would sing the Hours, there pour into the Cathedral, when the sun lies favorably, hazy streams of luminous, dancing rays that have a magic of their own and carry the suggestion of a sunrise beyond eternal hills. Yet always there will be those—and they are perhaps the wiser—who find the windows of the apse too broad, who would have their symbolism wholly faithful, who would see but dimly through a darkened glass. Poor shadow-hunters as we are, moving among shadows in a shadow-world, it is enough, they feel, if the sunshine falls about the altar; and they would have light only where we see light. With our origin so obscure, our future so indistinct, their feeling seems the truer; and in the body of the Cathedral, at least, they have still their way. Not, perhaps, in our time will broad sheets of marble and mosaic cover, according to Bentley's purpose, the naked surfaces of brick and flooring; nor will our eyes behold the building all glorious within.

To the generation that shall know it so, we commend our memories of what once it was. For we have seemed to ourselves to have understood its deeper meaning, the passing genius of its first obscurity. To the eye of vision, as it scanned the Cathedral

nave all rough and rude, the somber bricks seemed to have some ghostly mystery to disclose, some crime of peculiar magnitude and lasting horror to confess; and what that crime had been we learned from the Rood, dim, immense, pendant between us and the Sanctuary, and from the archaic realism of the Stations of the Cross. The Cathedral, we perceived, was every way most true to its dedication. The thought of the Most Precious Blood that had been shed, the thought which lurked in the melancholy of the plain chant, lingered for us in the gloom of the nave and among the shadows of the transepts. At certain seasons these impressions were intensified. In the struggling dawn of a November morning, when the candles upon many altars were gleaming with unnatural brilliancy, whilst in the Chapels Masses were being said for the souls of the departed, the Cathedral would put forth its strength and hold us spellbound. Or, again, as the day was dying on some evening of early spring close upon Eastertide, whilst Tenebrae were being sung and, in the Sanctuary, the candles were failing one by one in harmony with the progress of the Office, we would become acutely conscious of its potency to stage the sorrowful mysteries of our Faith. As the gloom thickened, as men became as trees walking, and most of all when both natural and artificial light was gone, and we had reached the consummation of our distress and were come, as with a supreme heart's cry, to the solemn plaints and pities of the *Miserere* and the *Pater Noster,* the force of its personality became tremendous, and we knew it as it was for the House of Christ and the Gate of Eternity.

In all confidence, indeed, one might affirm that there is no other Christian church in London whose psychic effects are so perfectly assured—not the Abbey, where the figures of distinguished men do duty for the vanished saints and proclaim the value of the world's prizes to the worshippers around; not the Temple, where, as in a fairy tale, the knights sleep away the enchanted life of a bygone age upon their tombs; not St. Paul's, where reassuring epitaph and bright mosaic contend in vain against the cold finality of glacial stone and classic forms. But Westminster Cathedral

is as that shadowy hall, now light, now dark, through which, in the immortal fable of the Saxon sage, the spirit of man takes its flight, bird-like, from out the darkness towards its bourn.

Thus, then, the Cathedral has known how to encompass the individual Catholic life of Christian man. But also at the larger crises of human destiny it will not be found wanting in the sense of true values and just proportions. Some of us can look back to memories of the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified as it was sung there on the Good Friday of 1918. The Germans were, then, making their last, tremendous effort to break the Allied lines. Across the Channel, but within hearing of the Eastern Counties, the guns were doing their work; and, amidst the cries of the wounded and the horror of great darkness, the souls of men baptized were passing hour by hour to their particular judgment. We, who worshipped that morning at the Cathedral, had cause for thought, for the slayers and the slain were, some of them actually, most of them potentially, fellow-members of Christ's Communion; and who was sufficient for such things? The circumstances had given the Cathedral its chance. It spoke not now obscurely, but so that those who saw might also perceive, and those who heard might understand. It affirmed doctrines which some had doubted, but which had been flung back in their faces with frightful emphasis and consummate irony—the doctrines of the shedding of blood as inherent in human conditions, of the vicariousness of punishment, of the fundamental changelessness of human nature, of the lost solidarity of Christendom, of the identity of the God of the Old Testament with the God of the New. Blood, the best blood of mankind, was now flowing in rivers; and it seemed as if some of us could not have enough of it, so profound had become the faith in its efficacy. Old men had been unable to compose their quarrels; and young men were now being sent out in millions to pay, vicariously, their fathers' debts. Human nature, in spite of all the talk of Progress, had appeared, as soon as it was relieved of its accustomed handcuffs, as rough and criminal as in the past. The solidarity of Christendom, which we had so negligently flouted, was presently to be

vindicated by economic considerations that could not be ignored. And the God of Justice, whom advanced civilization had professed itself unable to identify with a God of Love, had become less difficult to believe in, now that we were all of us so angry, and that a few of us, at least, had begun to see that charity, if it is to be a pearl of any great price, may have to be plucked out of a sea of righteous indignation. Christ, that morning, was doing something of which it had yet to be discovered whether we ourselves were capable. In all probability not one in a thousand of us would have chosen the right side if our lot had been cast in Jerusalem at the Feast of the Passover some nineteen centuries before; and it followed that we ourselves were potentially participators in, or at least accessories to, the greatest crime in history. But Christ, recognizing the solidarity of our race, had, even though the victim of our savage sin, made Himself the principal in our punishment. It was not that He was blind to the iniquity of our proceedings; the reproaches of the Liturgy, the Rood, the Stations told us that. But he had not allowed the matter to stop at moral indignation. He had stretched out His Hands to us; and some of us had caught at them and found forgiveness. Whether we were ourselves really capable of following His example was, as has been said, still quite uncertain; though the parable of the unmerciful servant, which is found among the records of His teaching, was there to remind us that He Himself had felt a certain amount of skepticism on the subject. It is, in fact, a parable not much remembered in time of war.

In the devotional phraseology of English Catholicism, England is still called the Virgin's Dower, as if possession of it were the fairest thing that a pure heart could desire or that men could offer to the Mother of God. And of that dower these few acres, over which the Angelus, ringing in St. Edward's Tower, casts the magic of its song, are the crown and center. Westminster has focused, in a way no other place can pretend to do, the religious history of the English People. Abbey and Palace, Sanctuary and Chapter-House tell a thousand tales. They know, if we have forgotten, how high a place the Pope was given in the old

economy of the Abbey's life. They still recall, what some of us would fain gloss over, the violence of the Tudor despotism—the completeness of the breach between the old religion of the English and that complex tangle of beliefs which four centuries have failed to reduce to coherent and consistent order. The evidence and measure of what was done is written in their records, their maimed rites, and their deserted niches. It needed still perhaps, to make assurance sure, that the full contrast between what really was and what had come to be should be shown, not negatively, but in positive form. And this is achieved by the Cathedral. There men may see again the faith of their fathers practiced in its ancient splendor; there they may hear the Masses of Taverner and Tye as the old English heard them before the Reformation was accomplished; there they may venerate the Blessed Virgin without rebuke and seek the communion and intercession of the Saints without impropriety. And to those who care for finish in art or craftsmanship, who perceive clearly, for example, the incommunicable grace of old houses and merit of antique furniture, and instinctively recoil from every imperfection of form and treatment, it will seem nothing strange if in theology and ritual the same impatience of incongruity should be found among the inheritors of a classic, religious tradition, and if the prayer of English Catholics should rise continually that their countrymen may come, in the fullness of time, to prefer ancient models, just proportions, and tried measures in their spiritual affairs. For such things do mystics pray, and for the satisfaction of those who desire such things Westminster Cathedral, amongst other purposes, exists.

THE REFORM IN CHURCH MUSIC

By Justine Bayard Ward

The question of church music has been much before the world of late. The discussion, at first confined to specialists, is now rapidly spreading to the general public, the musical and the unmusical, the faithful and the faithless. It may be useful, therefore, to bring out as clearly as possible the fundamental principle of the art of musical prayer, in order that principle, and not caprice, may be brought to bear in the solution of the problem. It is, then, with principles that I propose to deal. Should a concrete school of art be deduced in the course of these pages, it is not by way of limitation, but of illustration.

First, then, we want an adequate test of church music, an explicit standard of artistic value. We have been too long content to make beauty in the music *as music* the Alpha and Omega of such test, a method wholly inadequate in this case. For church music is an art made up of two elements, music and prayer,[1] and it cannot be judged by the value of one of its elements tested as a separate entity. We need a test that applies to the art as a whole, and we find it in the simple formula: "Lex orandi lex cantandi." Here is the crux of the whole matter; the law of prayer must be the law of song, both that our prayer may be good art and that our art may be good prayer. Prayer and music must so combine as to make *one art;* the music must pray, the prayer must sing. Otherwise the prayer is forgotten in the detached beauty of the music, or the music is forgotten in the detached beauty of the prayer. Unless the prayer and song thus rise to heaven as a single "spiritual groaning," unless they become one, merged in a true marriage of the spirit, their association is an offense both

[1] I use the word *prayer,* not in the sense of a mere petition, but in its wider meaning—a lifting of mind and heart to God.

artistic and devotional. This, then, is the true test of a musical composition for the church: Does it conform to the law of prayer? It is good art. Does it seek independent paths of edification? It is bad art.

In opera we recognize the same principle. There the law of the drama is the law of the music. The music cannot be gay when the characters are sad, or *vice versa;* and thus the spirit of the music agrees with the spirit of the drama. But more than this, their forms must coincide; the hero leaping from a crag must not be left suspended in mid-air while the orchestra finishes the working out of the theme. The spirit and form of the drama regulate the spirit and form of the music. This principle is universally recognized as regards opera; but the very musician who applies it as a matter of course to the theater is dumbfounded when asked to apply it to the church. The modern composer is equally shortsighted in his methods; a man with no conception of love, if such there be, would scarcely undertake to set to music the drama of *Tristan and Isolde;* yet a man with no conception of prayer—and of such there are, alas, many—does not hesitate to set to music words of whose meaning he has not the vaguest practical knowledge. And when confronted with his ignorance, he cheerfully admits it, adding, as though this covered the whole ground, that he knows the laws of musical composition. Plainly, such a composer is equipped for half his task only; for if the law of drama be the law of music in opera, and the law of prayer be the law of song in church, the composer must understand the meaning of the drama, in the one case, and the meaning of prayer in the other, in order to give either an adequate musical setting. It may be possible to write beautiful music to sentiments he does not understand, but the chances are small that he will write appropriate music; and good art is the appropriate intensified to an ideal.

It is clear, then, that familiarity with the laws of musical composition, while indispensable, is not sufficient in itself, for it is no less shallow to expect the law of counterpoint to teach us the law of prayer, than to expect the law of prayer to teach us the

law of counterpoint. Our education must be twofold. By studying the rules of composition, the individual corrects his musical eccentricities by the standard which has been evolved from the musical experience of the centuries; his devotional eccentricities need the same correction, that they may be brought up to the standard evolved from the spiritual experience of the ages. We need to equip ourselves spiritually as well as musically; educate ourselves not only in the works of the masters in the art of music, but in the works of the masters in the art of prayer; bring our musical perceptions into touch with Palestrina, with Bach, with Beethoven, and our devotional perceptions into touch with those geniuses in religion whom we call saints. Not that we need all be saints in order to write, or even understand, church music, but we must have at least some apprehension of sainthood, of what constitutes true spirituality as distinguished from false, even as we distinguish between true and false art-principles. But the laws of music are, comparatively speaking, so easy to learn, and the laws of prayer so hard, that we allow ourselves to be content with the merely beautiful in our church music, and to drift away from the ideal of the appropriate. To this ideal we must return.

I shall henceforth limit myself to a discussion of the music of the Catholic Church, not merely because the present reform movement originated there, and is being worked out systematically under the leadership of that great musician, Pope Pius X; but more especially because in the Catholic Church we have the problem in its most concrete form. There, the music is not merely an accessory, but an integral part of the ritual; words and music form together a complete artistic whole. The ritual of the Catholic Church is fixed, because the idea is fixed of which ritual is the outward manifestation. Ritual bears as natural and inevitable a relation to faith as the gesture does to feeling; the material manifestation, it is true, but a necessary one to the normal creature, who—being not yet a pure spirit—possesses no other means of expression. As ritual without faith becomes a lie, so faith without ritual is ineffective, a talent buried in the earth. So long as we remain human beings, the spiritual must take an outward form—

of word, of gesture, of action,—that it may be part of our nature. Even God became man that He might be fully apprehensible to His creatures; He translated Himself into terms of the tangible; which is, indeed, the sacramental principle. And so we must have ritual. But this ritual must really express what is behind it; it must bear a very logical relation to faith, even as the gesture does to the thought. We do not express our affection by a blow in the face, nor gesticulate violently when the heart is an icicle. Every ritual-result must be the direct manifestation of a corresponding faith-cause. Herein lies the true importance of church music. For it is not enough that it should not hide the faith; it must reveal it, even interpret it, and, through the outward manifestation of faith, raise the heart to an understanding of its inner meaning; it must, by means of the natural, help the weak human heart to rise to the heights of the supernatural.

This is why the Pope attaches such importance to this reform in music; why he insists that these three hundred million people of his, not all artists by any means,—the tiller of the soil and the worker in the subway,—should listen to a certain type of music, and no other.

What is the music whose use the Pope wishes especially to enforce? The Gregorian Chant. To quote from the Encyclical: "The more closely a composition for the Church approaches in movement, inspiration and savor, the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple."

Thus, in the Pope's judgment, the standard is fixed. This sounds, on the face of it, somewhat arbitrary, like binding ourselves to an antiquated art-form, and clipping the wings of progress. And so it will be interesting to examine the claims of the Gregorian music, and determine where and why it is superior to any more modern form as a setting of liturgical prayer.

The Gregorian is objected to as an antiquated art-form, a musical archaism. But an art-form does not become antiquated through mere lapse of time: Greek architecture and Greek sculpture, which dates still farther back, remain the standard in plastic

art. The Catholic liturgy is, as we have seen, fixed in its general character and scope; the form that best expresses it, then, need not be the latest fluctuation of popular taste; it need not even be the form which is most interesting, judged from a purely musical standpoint. But the highest art will be the form that best fits the liturgical form. Granting, even, that music, as an art, has advanced and developed since the days of St. Gregory, the question remains, which, for us, is the important one: has it advanced and developed along the lines of prayer, or the reverse, in religious or in secular channels? For if it has not advanced along the lines of prayer, then the earlier form will be the best art for our specific purpose.

One can trace a certain definite sequence in the development of every art. First we have the idea which strives to express itself in form. This form, at first crude, gradually perfects itself, until the point arrives when idea and form become synonymous. Then we have the classical period. Any further development of form is at the expense of the idea; it is the beginning of decadence, the lowest ebb of which is reached when art has descended to pure matter without idea. When form has thus submerged the idea, the painter uses color for color's sake, the musician revels in mere sound, in "tone color," the orator in "fine words," sonorous phrases, tickling sound, dazzling color, *vox et praeterea nihil*,—and art lies dead. Perfection of form is good art, display of form is decadence; and so the psychological moment when idea and form coincide must remain the classical period for all time, the highest expression of that particular idea. A true development in art can only be brought about by the entrance of a new idea. Thus after the vocal idea comes the instrumental; after the melodic idea, the contrapuntal. One succeeds the other, but one does not improve upon the other. Gregorian Chant represents the culmination of the melodic idea, the highest conceivable development of unisonous music, and further development had to take the form of polyphony.

The important question, then, is not whether we ought to go back to antiquity, but whether, by so going, we shall or shall not

find the classical period in the art of musical prayer: the moment when the idea—prayer—and the form—music—became identical.

Let us briefly examine the characteristics of liturgical prayer; for Chant, as an art, stands or falls on the basis of its adaptability to this purpose. If it can be proved that the Gregorian form, and that form only, succeeds in translating the liturgy into music, in fitting that particular idea with form, then its value as an art is proved.

The liturgy of the Catholic Church serves a twofold purpose: to pray and to teach. The latter, her teaching function, is defeated by the use of any but unisonous music, because polyphony makes the words, in a greater or less degree, incomprehensible. In Chant the words are not repeated, twisted, turned upside down, inside out, and hind part before; they are uttered slowly, distinctly, pensively, each syllable lingered over as though with tenderness. It is a "musing," a quiet spiritual breathing. We can hear the Word of God and absorb it. Thus the teaching function of the Church demands the use of Chant.

Her prayer function demands it no less. Structurally, her prayers were conceived in a spirit of Chant and not of music,[2] their very length precluding a more elaborate setting. A single illustration will suffice: during Holy Week the history of the Passion is read in all Catholic churches as the gospel of the day, while the congregation stands. Bach has given the Passion a musical setting,—one of the greatest of all pieces of devotional music. Yet it has one fatal objection: its performance takes no less than five hours,—a somewhat severe test upon the bodily strength of the congregation. Thus the musical structure of the period prevented even the great Bach from clothing his great idea with suitable form. Chant merely enunciates the words, music embroiders on them; one is the principle of concentration, the

[2] Music is here used in its restricted sense, *i.e.*, figured or harmonized music as distinguished from unisonous Chant; and to denote what the Ceremonial of the Bishops officially styles *musica*, and what is meant in modern language by "une Messe en musique," "eine musikalische Litanei," "musical vespers," etc.

other that of diffusion. Chant is, therefore, the only form in which the whole liturgy can be sung at all.

So much for the merely structural demands of the liturgy. Its esthetic demands are no less clear.

Liturgical prayer is not the expression of individual reaching up to God, as in private devotion; it is the Church praying as a Church, officially, as a corporate whole. Her prayer has a fixed form, the outgrowth of the spiritual evolution of the Church, a survival of the fittest in the realm of religion. This prayer has, first of all, dignity; it is addressed to Almighty God. For this reason our modern rhythm, the outgrowth of the dance movement, is out of place, the form being too trivial to express the idea. I am speaking on purely artistic grounds. Again, prayer must have spontaneity; any insincerity kills prayer as prayer. For, as we have seen, a form attracting attention to itself detracts from the idea, and the idea in this case is God. Thus a prayer in rhyme would so obtrude its form as materially to detract from the idea. In precisely like manner is a prayer in music inferior to a prayer in Chant. Music, with its fixed measure, its regular strong and weak beats, is a formal garden, cut and trimmed into conventional avenues, adorned with hothouse plants. Chant is nature, the beauty of the fields and the forests. The formal garden has indeed its own place, its proper functions; but prayer trimmed into a formal garden is an anomaly. The spirit bloweth where it listeth. Music moves with the regular rhythm of poetry; Chant with the free rhythm of prose, the cadence of a fine oratorical period. Chant has feet but no measure, and these feet succeed each other naturally, not artificially, so that there is no conflicting form to obstruct Chant in its effort to take the identical shape of the words and phrases of the prayers.

Modern music has two scales, or *Modes*. Chant has eight. It is evident that eight modes give greater variety of expression than two,—an advantage for which even our modern indiscriminate use of the chromatic does not fully compensate. A mode is a manner. As in speech the speaker's manner shades the meaning of his words, sometimes even alters it, so in music the mode, or

manner, determines the character of the composition. The meaning of a triad, for instance, depends entirely upon whether its manner be major or minor: lower the third, and its manner is sad; raise the third, and its manner is gay. Our present musical system is limited, then, to two manners, the major and the minor; and so Chant has the advantage of greater scope and variety. But more than this: the character of these two modern scales compels us to choose between a gayety almost frivolous on the one hand, and, on the other, a sorrow savoring of despair; neither of which emotions has any place in the Christian soul at prayer. The eight modes of the ancients, on the contrary, were devised to meet the requirements of prayer in an age when art was exclusively the servant of religion. They enabled the composer of the period to seize the subtle prayer-spirit, that elusive characteristic of Christianity, the rainbow tints of *joy in suffering*. Chant is joyful, but with the joy of the Cross, as distinguished from the joy of the revel. Chant is fervent, but with the passion of asceticism, as distinguished from the passion of the world. Prayer-sorrow is never despair, nor is prayer-joy ever frivolous. Chant is the artistic embodiment of this spirit; the minor idea and the major idea are so interwoven, their relation is so intimate, that to disentangle them is impossible. We are never left in sorrow, yet our joy is never without a cloud. Even in those bursts of ecstatic joy of the Easter Alleluias lurks the memory that we are still a part of earth, still in the valley of tears. Light and shadow play tantalizingly in and out, like the sun shining through a forest; glimpses of heaven caught through rifts in the clouds of the world.

We do not find in the ancient modes the same violent contrasts of mood as in the modern. They combine a solemnity, a grandeur, with the most tender and fervent devotion. Their minor tendency gives not so much the impression of sadness as of great solemnity and awe; their major tendency, not so much the impression of merriment as of a tender and ardent devotion. Thus we have the combination that makes true prayer: reverence

in love,—the prayer that, like David's, rises as incense before the altar.

There is something obvious about the two scales of modern music. Christianity is not obvious. It is a philosophy of seeming contradictions: joy through renunciation: happiness through suffering, triumph through failure, victory through death. These emotions are not commonplace, to be neatly pigeon-holed under the headings, "gay" or "sad," "major" or "minor." No, let us use artistic discrimination in this matter: the modern scales, the modern measure, our entire musical system as it at present exists, was devised for secular uses, and is perfectly adapted thereto. But when we try to adapt this modern music to the exigencies of liturgical prayer, we simply spoil two good things: we ruin not only our prayer, but our modern music as well, for we rob this music of its own character and give nothing in its place. Thus modern liturgical music, if it succeeds in being non-scandalous, becomes, at best, negative; which in itself defeats the true purpose of church music. For it is not enough that it be negative; it must be actively spiritual. It is not enough that it should not distract; it must stimulate. For the sole principle upon which the use of art in church is justifiable is this: that, by acting upon the imagination, it interprets and intensifies hidden beauties in the realm of the spirit. Church music must not have less character than secular music, but its character must be different; a difference not of degree but of kind. There is no emotion more intense than religious emotion, but its intensity is along other lines than those of worldly emotion. The same is true of religious music.

This is a distinction which many of the great composers in the past have recognized. Thus Wagner, who is not open to suspicion of partiality for antiquated art forms, frankly borrows the Church's form when wishing to construct a religious drama. By means of one Gregorian progression, a single phrase borrowed from the treasure of the Church, he gives his entire opera a stamp of pseudo-spirituality of which quality his own far from spiritual development of the theme does not succeed in wholly robbing it. Such is the force of the Gregorian. Beethoven and

Brahms made frequent use of the old modes, instead of the modern scales, when wishing to create an atmosphere of purity and highest mysticism. Indeed, a study of the great composers would seem to bear out the theory that the more lofty the thought, the less adequate becomes the modern scale, and the more intense the emotion, the less adequate becomes the modern measure. The general tendency of modern music is toward greater variety than the present system allows: greater variety of mode and greater variety of movement. Even for secular purposes, we are beginning to feel the cramping effect of the artificially constructed measure, more especially in moments of intense emotion; and we struggle toward freedom by constant use of the syncopation, of alternate double and triple time, and of any device which ingenuity can contrive to bring us nearer to the natural freedom of Chant. The modern composer in search of variety of mode makes pathetic excursions into the music of various nationalities; he borrows the scale of the Hungarian, the Arabian, the Norwegian; he makes use of Negro melodies, of Irish melodies, of Indian melodies, and imitates the freedom of rhythm of these peculiar styles. There is a general feeling of unrest in the air, a dissatisfaction with the formalism of our present system. The freedom of mode and freedom of movement, after which we are striving, is the natural property of Chant.

In listening to Chant, we must listen with the ears of faith. We must enter into the atmosphere that created the art; seize, first of all, the idea, that we may understand the form to which it gave birth. Chant must not be listened to *as music;* for music, in our modern sense, suggests that formal arrangement of sound, that conventionalism, to which our ear is accustomed, and does not, therefore, include Chant in its popular use. Chant is a form of declamation, a musical, and very devotional, recitation of the text. It does not attempt to reproduce the illusion of the text, as in the theater. It aims higher: at suggesting the sentiments brought out by prayer in the human soul. In this sense its spirit is subjective rather than objective. It seems like a soul bending back upon, and into, itself; a soul meditating inwardly, not a soul

expressing itself outwardly. It suggests a meditative mood, and does not give the impression so much of a giving out, as of a taking in.

If the Gregorian Chant makes great demands upon the understanding and sympathy of the listener, how much greater still must be the demands it makes upon the musical and devotional perception of the singer! It needs art of the highest character to render these melodies; and failure to recognize this fact is directly responsible for their present unpopularity. An impression has prevailed that the Gregorian melodies, on account of the simplicity of their intervals, need no study, no artistic rendering; that all they need, in fact, is to be spelled out; whereas, in reality, they demand not only study and art, but genius. If a piece of modern music can be killed by an incorrect performance, how much more must this be true of Chant, with its exalted aspirations! For this reason the general public could scarcely fail to dislike the Chant in view of the shocking performances by which alone they have been able to hear and judge of its merits; performances on the artistic level of that of a schoolboy spelling out Shakespeare, or an ignorant peasant interpreting Dante. We can now confidently hope for an improvement in this matter. Much of the trouble has been caused by practical difficulties in deciphering the ancient manuscripts, which, owing to the fact that the writers possessed no exact musical notation, and, furthermore, no printing, have come down to us by means of a system of hieroglyphics, something like our modern shorthand, further complicated by the vagaries of the individual copyists. But the last few years have seen the deciphering and arrangement of these melodies on a scientific basis by the Benedictine monks, and there will be no further excuse for incorrect performances.

Not only has the Gregorian been thus, of necessity, condemned without a hearing, but it is also very often condemned without a clear idea of its aims and true meaning, or even, indeed, of its mere technical construction. A Rip Van Winkle of the twelfth century awaking in the twentieth could be hardly more ignorant of our modern music than we are of the Gregorian, nor could he

expect to understand our music fully, and sound its artistic depths, without some little study, and something more than a few cursory hearings, confined, perhaps, to its more elementary forms. I therefore plead with the Rip Van Winkle of the twentieth century for a little more patience in his judgment of the art of the past, and a little better understanding of Chant before he utterly condemns it. At first, indeed, it sounds merely strange; its unfamiliarity alone impresses us, like the sound of a language we do not understand. And, like a new language, its very unfamiliarity lends it a seeming monotony: all the phrases sound alike, because all are equally incomprehensible. But with the key to their meaning this seeming monotony is dispelled with the clouds of our own ignorance. So it is with this, to us, new art language: the unusual succession of its tones and semitones and the consequent phrases, the unexpected intervals and progressions, are still as unfamiliar idioms. We hear, indeed, but we do not understand. The infinite variety of the modes is, to us, a closed book. But with familiarity and a little study we begin to understand the language and find ourselves admitted into a new world of artistic possibilities. For Chant is by no means monotonous to trained ears. We have the variety of the eight modes, each one of which corresponds to a separate prayer-mood, and has its own individuality, its own peculiar idioms. We have, furthermore, a variety of form as marked as that which distinguishes the song-form from the sonata, in our modern music. These melodies follow strictly the spirit of the liturgy: they are simple where it is simple, elaborate where it is elaborate. And so there are the simple or syllabic melodies, which have one note only to a syllable; the melodic, which have several notes, or even a group of notes, to a syllable, and finally the florid, which becomes almost pure song; as, for example, in the Easter Alleluias: here we have reached the emotional altitude where speech ends and music begins, for unable to express our Easter joy in language, we shout out the cry "Alleluia," while the melody supplies the meaning.

This art had birth with the birth of liturgy. The liturgy took its present form under St. Gregory, to whom also is due the solid

foundation of Chant as an art. Prayer and music were thus the fruit of a common conception, and together grew to maturity in the centuries that followed; together they reached their full height in the golden epoch of Christianity. When correctly rendered, this music breathes forth a spirit of devotion, pure, ardent, tender, truly characteristic of a period that produced a Gregory, a Bernard, a Bonaventura, an Aquinas, a Dominic, a Francis of Assisi, and inspired a Dante, a Fra Angelico, a Della Robbia, a Palestrina. The great masters of asceticism inspired great masterpieces of ascetic art, as by cause and effect. The highest kind of mysticism found expression in these melodies, the full "out-flowering" of the faith meditated upon; and these flowers of art are truly Christianity's own flowers, not, in any sense, flowers engrafted from a foreign stem. The age of faith produced the art of faith. Then came the Renaissance of the sixteenth century, with its return to the study of pagan art-forms, and introduced a pagan spirit into the art of its time. Not that pagan art-forms lead necessarily to the adoption of pagan ideals, nor that Christian art is inconsistent with classical perfection of form. Christian art, like other arts, is perfect only through true perfection of form; but Christian art is opposed, more than all others, to *display* of form, and so the student turns, not unnaturally, to subjects wherein he can give free scope to his powers. With the Renaissance begins the gradual but steady secularization of art, the consequent secularization of public taste in art, and, as a result, the final intrusion of purely secular art into the church.

In striking contrast to the ascetic ideal is our modern art, the keynote of which is naturalism. Whether it be in literature, in painting, or in music, we are busy portraying and glorifying the purely natural emotions: sorrow is intensified to despair, gayety to ribaldry, love to license. The animating principle of modern art is emotional self-indulgence, a letting-down of barriers, rather than a strengthening of the will, which is the Christian ideal. Modern art is a glorification of the line of least resistance: Christian art the glorification of struggle. The two art tendencies are not antagonistic only,—they are contradictory.

If the Christian ideal in its fullness produced the truly Christian art-form, may it not be possible, by an inverse process, to enter into the ideal by means of the art; by studying the effect to arrive at a better understanding of the cause? Familiarity with this classic prayer-music must reveal something of the prayer ideals which gave it birth, and thus bring about a new era of faith. Does art seem an insignificant approach to such a renaissance of spirituality? Not necessarily, for the language of art is, in a sense, universal, in so far as it touches the subconscious personality, and creates a receptive mood. Art cannot do the work, but it can at least pave the way. Piety is not, it is true, a mere matter of the emotions, but real piety, which lies in the intellect and the will, can often be approached and set in motion by means of the emotions: a permanent result be achieved through a transitory cause. The emotions are simply a motive power, but not on that account to be despised. They are to piety what appetite is to physical life; not the food, but the impetus to take food. They are a means to an end. But it is the food itself, and not merely the appetite, which supports life; the appetite simply makes easy and natural what might otherwise be difficult. To stimulate appetite is not, in itself, unsanitary, nor is to stimulate the emotions necessarily unspiritual. But as the emotions are prone to run away with us along false paths, we strive to stimulate them as much as possible along the lines of true piety, that we may absorb food and not poison. That is the theory of ascetic art as a whole, the test of whose value lies simply in the quality of its stimulus.

One more aspect of this movement, which must not be forgotten, is its democratic character. For the carrying-out of the full ideal demands the coöperation of the entire people, who will no longer assist at, but take part in, the liturgy. This may not be accomplished in a day, but the Church works for the future, and already she is sowing the seeds. The little Catholic school child is learning to pray, not only in words, but also in song; not only in the Church's language, Latin, but in her musical language, Chant; and when these children grow up, our choirs will be the whole Catholic world. While the variable and the more elaborate

parts of the liturgy will demand the great genius, the great artist, the simpler parts will be taken up spontaneously by the entire congregation; producing the superb contrast of, on the one hand, the perfection of art, and on the other, the majesty of numbers. This is, indeed, nothing new: it is thus that the liturgy is intended to be rendered; it is thus that it has been rendered in the past, and is still rendered in a few centers of Catholic life. It is simply a return to the true ideal, a "renewing of all things in Christ," a revitalizing, through art, of the spirit of Catholic democracy and universality.

THE PROSPECT IN THE HUMANITIES

By John Swinnerton Phillimore

What are the Humanities?—or, to substitute a sharper line for that delicate stippling plural, what is Humanity? One recalls a chapter of Aulus Gellius in which it is explained that "for those who made Latin words and those who used them correctly, *humanitas* means not a general kindness and benevolence *Φ'ιλανθεωπία* but *παιδεία* education or instruction in the good subjects." For example, Varro's sentence, "Praxiteles, whose name is familiar to any one that has any humanities . . ." "Who was Praxiteles?" is a question that reflects on the questioner: *"Whom not to know argues thyself unknown."* A neat shibboleth. For that was a mere bravado in Charles Lamb to claim that one

Very well thro' life may go
And never hear of Doctor Blow.

One would go all the better for not having to endure the flouts and scorns of the musicians. Certainly no civilized conversation is possible where many such questions are permitted. I remember, years ago, at Oxford, it caused quite a shock when a Magdalen undergraduate said in conversation, "Who's Plato?" The query was put in all simplicity, but people felt that the man had gone too far. Again, when at a small philosophical coterie in London, a distinguished scientific member hearing the word *Pascal,* leaned over to Wilfrid Ward (who sat next him) and asked, "Who is Pascal?"—that proved the questioner to be weak in Humanities, though, of course, there was (and is) nothing to prevent his prophesying on Divinity in the Sunday papers. Then we might bring up the only enlightened remark remembered to have been made by any member of the House of Hanover: "Is he a gentle-

man? Does he know Greek?" Another rough and ready test: still, the boorish prince did perceive in one sort of his British subjects a difference of mental texture, which he obscurely referred to their education. Because their studies had not been merely technical and professional, their conversation had another quality.

You observe that these approach close in upon a quiet central commonplace:

The proper study of mankind is man.

Apropos of which I would invite your subscription to a dictum of the late Sir Walter Raleigh's: "There is only one Arts subject —History: all the rest, languages, literature and philosophy are branches of it." A good doctrine, and none the worse for gently disqualifying so many of the persons who write so-called history books. Take an historian like York Powell, or Herbert Fisher, and place him in any part of the occidental world at any point of time during the past three or four thousand years: he is able to adjust his mind; he knows what they are doing, thinking, reading. He is hardly more of a stranger in Ephesus, in Athens, at the Court of Constantine, of Charlemagne, of Lorenzo de Medici, than he would be at Wembley. He can think and feel through the medium of more than one language, in more than one age. Of course if your modest ambition be merely to write a Universal History for office-boys, this does not matter. From the age when the monuments of mankind consist of a few bones and stones to the middle of the nineteenth century, can one imagine in all that interspace, any historical setting in which Mr. H. G. Wells would not look a little odd? Perhaps that is why he is so busy projecting futurities where he would be more in the picture.

"Has he heard of Praxiteles?" The point of the test is not that he should be an expert in the technicalities of sculpture, but that he should be able to understand what the experts are talking about and see the interest of it: not like the savage at the dinner who said, "This doesn't amuse me—I shall get drunk." He may be a smatterer, yet he and the expert are mutually necessary; each

ought to respect the other. Only he can explain and justify the specialist to the outsider. A certain appreciation and enjoyment of Literature and Fine Art, an admission to the vestibule of learning, if not to the inner chambers, not merely serves for private pleasure but performs a public utility. And the experts are sometimes "peevish and sneery" in recognizing it.

But you may cut a long story short by saying (what is the truth) that few words are less altered in meaning than Humanity since Cicero: he and Petrarch and Erasmus and W. P. Ker all understood the same thing by it. Very well, let it be agreed what we are to prophesy about—an unorthodox prelude to the ecstasy. Base is the slave that defines. But alas, we poor Arts Faculty men make sorry prophets. How humbly do we envy our scientific colleagues their joyous plunges into philosophy and the soaring freedom of their speculations! *A thousand years in Thy sight,* said the Psalmist; and we often find the scientists gracefully confused with the Almighty. How fast their millenniums fly! Let a skull of interesting antiquity be unearthed, and listen to the cries that go up. Ten thousand years! A hundred thousand years! A million years:—Any advance on one million years? A million years I'm bid— Going. Going. . . . The merry auction goes with such enthusiasm that you would guess the innocent cranium was a new apple of discord, secretly inscribed with a more modern motto *"To the highest bidder."* We cannot do that. . . . Our prophecies are but tame calculations of probability: So you must be merciful if, assuming for our purposes that Greek and Latin are the essential core of Humanity, since in them tradition and continuity are incarnate, I proceed to survey some hopes and fears for the well-being of this deposit in the immediate future.

Men of letters and artists have never bowed the knee to the great eighteenth century placitum of continual human progress. Least of all, we now who have seen a ghost. We have lived through a decennium in which there has been felt, and there may still be felt—with a cold shudder—the plain pointblank possibility, undreamed of for centuries, of the crippling, the senescence,

the extinction of civilization, as the subtle, restless, fanatical enemies of Europe exploit and develop the cracks and strains caused by the Great War. And then, bating the cataclysms, there are evidently ups and downs. It is generally evident that Mr. Drinkwater is not as good a poet as Æschylus, nor Mr. Epstein superior to Praxiteles—of whom you have all heard. Progress must, at the utmost, be restricted to mean the multiplication of diversities and the facilitation of minor achievement. The small fry are bigger than they used to be; and there are more of them. You can make better anthologies of contemporary verse now than in the age of Byron, Keats and Shelley. But some would go much further than that. Suppose you dared to say that you saw here and now in process a general decline in literature and art? Naturally of course some nimble cockerel of the Press would up and crow, "We have heard that before. Every age in turn proclaims itself for degenerate. It means nothing more than the elderly shrinkage of individual minds." So he has read in his *What Every Journalist Should Know, with 12 quotations (3 in Latin) for leader-writers.* (25 pp. Splutter & Tootle, London, 1919.) But it is not so. Though many nations, ancient and modern, have at periods been conscious of moral degeneracy and reduced efficiency—periods for the invention or the melancholy reiteration of that famous sentence, "We cannot bear either our vices or the cure of them"—can you produce an instance of heralding in advance a coming improvement in art and literature? Again and again in past history there are moments when people are aware of having taken a long step forward. To Thucydides' generation all Greek achievement prior to the Persian wars seemed petty and prehistoric; to Tacitus and his friends in their youthful student enthusiasm the prose of the Republic was antiquated, and Cicero "only beginning to be readable in his latest works." Our own Augustans were fully aware that they were newly emerging into civilized accomplishment. But does any of them ever think of saying that the succeeding age would better their achievements? Has any poet ever sung that others were going to arise who should beat him at poetry? Any generation ever said that, as we write

better than our fathers, so our sons will outwrite us? Any scholar ever believed that our penetration of antiquity gets mechanically intenser from age to age? One would like to hear Mr. Housman's opinion on the point.

But I must come down to my last. *Ne sutor supra:* it may be objected that a mere scholar has no title to talk about literature. And certainly we whose business and profession are learning, cannot be too humble when we consider how highly valued and honored is its opposite. However, a modest plea may be preferred. Though learning be only an ugly sister—perhaps only a poor relation—in the house of literature, she shares the family fortunes. And since our Europe became fully articulate in Sicily and Attica, never has a great age of literature not been also a great age of scholarship—with one historic exception, the Elizabethan age in England. But what happened then? The two movements began with happy promise, side by side, until the calamity came; after which, literature survived and flourished, though with a certain violent wrench in its career; scholarship perished with the ravaging of its patrimony by the Tudors and their creatures, only to reappear long after due time; so that in some lights Milton presents the profile of a Cinquecentist.

This case may teach us, if the lesson were still necessary, that learning is at the mercy of circumstances. Like the human infant, it requires feeding and protecting, whilst literature is like the young of a wild animal, soon able to fend for itself. Revolutions and catastrophes may stimulate literature. But any great disturbance in the body politic is bound to react unfavorably on learning. Destroy your libraries—and the poet will ask no more than a pen and a sheet of paper to begin stocking them anew. But the scholar? His material and his tools alike represent a long accumulated capital, impossible to substitute; he is perforce a citizen of the place where these things are to be had. The traveling poet may be an adventurer, but the traveling scholar is an emigrant workman.

Let us then (without derogation from the dignity of prophesy-

ing) consider, in a rough survey, the conditions which appear to be immediately in store for learning.

If I put *political* conditions first, you must understand me not to refer to the labels by which our Parliamentary parties are so careful to distinguish themselves in the pursuit of office. Speaking with regard to learning, the politicians we have to fear are domestic: one species of parasites begotten by a community, who having themselves no trade or no special skill at their trade, exploit the association of human beings. This kind infests education. Their art is to provoke and manage minor herd-movements in that region, which trample and level in abasement every vital growth. Since they became prevalent, the very name of education has grown suspect to any one that cares for the integrity of reading and learning. These professional procurers of the "tender connection" between Master and Disciple are called by the dreadful name of Educationists. Some have figured Hell as an unending railway journey *tête-à-tête* with an Educationist. Happily, you will say, the term is most commonly found in obituary notices. Do not be beguiled. They are not a dying race; and it would be hard to name any greater peril to scholarship than the presence of these commercials in the sanctuary.

The growth of parasite "educationists"—greatly fostered in Scotland by an unfortunate provision of the Act of 1918—must be ranked first among discouraging circumstances: for one must surely regard the "educationist" as so far human as to take precedence of what are called economic factors. These also make a dark outlook for us. If any one had been slow to believe how learning may be affected by merely material conditions the war afforded another convincing lesson. Fifteen centuries ago papyrus yielded to parchment, the roll was transformed into the *codex,* in obedience to economic factors. We had all heard of that: an immense event in history, and undeniable; but there are plenty of things which none can deny but few can realize. But with what palpable actuality was that revolution brought home to our minds, when, during the war, we saw the mean white-trash that is now called paper grow scarce, and we heard of old country-house

libraries pulped by the ton in order that Government reports might not be stinted, or newspapers, apparently purveyed by automatons for mental defectives, might not flap less amply. Many stereotyped plates were melted down for ammunition; among other victims, Jowett's translation of Plato. So hardly can the arts escape from subjection to the basest material necessities. The present enormous cost of printing, binding, etc., acts severely in restriction of scholarship. The work of English savants is at this moment going to Breslau, to Rome—God knows where—to escape from the British working man and to get printed. Bookbinding is done in France for English libraries. Scholars used to blush at the reproach that Markland's *Silvae,* one of the glories of English Latinism, came out with a German imprint. Who detects the dawn of a blush on the cheek of a Trades Union? Until some guild sense of pride in their craft arises to compete with the sole present motive, that of self-defense against capitalism, there is little hope of improvement here. And yet this might be supposed a more hopeful quarter than some: for by the nature of the case, a small coöperative enterprise, animated by the honor of craftsmanship, has more chance here than in most other trades.

Capital and Patronage, in some form or other, have always been indispensable for Learning no less than for Science. Where are we to look for either an enlightened central government or rich men with liberal minds? I know a great commercial city where for one wealthy man who will finance an important but naturally (unless in the very long run) unremunerative publication—such as the catalogue of a museum—you will find three that will vie with each other in the sumptuous cataloguing of their private picture collections. Before such pride let us humble ourselves. Nobody grudges Macaenas his pound of butter. Who would not gladly compound for the most shamelessly adulatory preface if the plutocrat's vanity could thereby be harnessed to some goodly purpose? Cannot some obsequious moralist teach them that gratitude lends a fine flavor to adulation? Well, well: you must take what millionaires you find, and make the best you can of them; but may one not—without incurring the reproach of wanting the moon—

sometimes allow a little sigh to escape . . . not for a Herodes Atticus (that would be asking too much) . . . but for a Trimalchio? A much more amusing and humane type. Set in contrast with your Carnegies, and Northcliffes, give me Trimalchio every time!

So far, one might collect that if the fortunes of culture depended upon us in this country the prospect would be none too bright. But they do not; less than ever, perhaps, though I say it with regret. That unhappy accident called the Reformation, which nipped the Renaissance in the bud, delayed its development by a century in England and for two centuries kept Scotland plunged in darkness, left us with a slight chronic eccentricity to the general movement of Learning. How symbolic was that funny way of pronouncing Latin which the Elizabethans coined! It is unpleasant to admit that ill with us may nevertheless be well for the cause of learning; for cosmopolitan consolations have a bitter aftertaste. However, with a patriotic sigh, let us turn as citizens of the world for comfort to the thought that in other countries the motto

antiquam exquirite matrem

is a star in the ascendant.

We must ask where? and why? and the names of the two nations will inevitably entail certain thoughts on the amities or affinities of learning with certain forms of political organization. The great age of English scholarship was just before the decay of aristocracy set in. Some have maintained that, among all forms, an aristocracy makes the best steward of national culture and tradition. And certainly the Humanities can, up to a point, easily agree with that polite idolatry of its own spirit, ritual and convention which an aristocracy establishes. But from aristocracy into plutocracy is a facile descent, not to be re-climbed; and we are learning that an industrial, financial plutocracy is the worst for that stewardship. But we must also be prepared to allow that in certain—the finest—of its ideals, the only true representative of a nation is a Person. . . . The nation has a collective personality

which can never survive in the excretions of a Parliamentary machine. Just what is most interesting and essential is missing—like a verb with no subject. Of course aristocracies and plutocracies do not like a personality. But look at Mussolini: was it not essentially *italianità* in the Duce to discern that, in order to rally his country out of the degenerate, tainted languor into which she had sunk under a Parliament (in which five out of six deputies were lawyers), the national education must be firmly replanted in the traditional disciplines? We have to thank President Coolidge for a pronouncement in favor of Latin, in its way perhaps even more remarkable as coming from the chief of a nation so mixed in blood as the United States: but here it is the voice of exhortation, not of authority. However, welcome as these are, an even greater and more notable encouragement comes to us from France. This may seem, at the first blush, to contradict what I said just now about monarchy (under whatever name) as the only adequate representative of the cultured ideals of a nation. It is indeed a paradox: but the fact is that this function of the monarchy in France, long and brilliantly fulfilled, so integrally incorporated itself in the French spirit of tradition, that whatever forms of Government have succeeded each other there since the Revolution, none has failed to assert and practice the doctrine that it appertains to the State to favor, encourage and adopt all that makes for dignity and magnificence. This is the good side of a centralization which doubtless has also its reverse. But there it is. The French Republic entertains Periclean or Augustan ideas; and from the age of Louis XIV there still survives a certain grand manner in administration and public service, which (*pace* the Action Française) has not been seriously vitiated by Parliamentarism. And now to this larger deeper personality of France, which has not failed to express itself through such institutions as were to hand, is owing the important classical revival that has rejoiced the friends of the Humanities all over the world. With the particular details of the reform we need not here concern ourselves; but the nature and origin of this revival are most interesting. It is a reaction. I shall not insult your intelligence by supposing that you think the

worse of it for that. Recovery from sickness is reaction; repentance for error is reaction. Reaction implies a lesson learned by experience: the rejection of an experiment that has failed. But look from what quarter the agitation has sprung which has now restored the traditional disciplines to their primacy in education. This is the interesting point. Not from scholars who, like other people, are apt to praise their own wares; but whose praises are for that reason heavily discounted. No: it came from bodies like the Chambers of Commerce in the great cities and throughout the country; from the Comité des Forges, whose complaint was that the youth of France were no longer learning to think or to write accurately. And the complaint was seconded by many of the great masters of French literature. Indeed, I am assured by Mons. Em-Hinzelin—patriot, poet and publicist, and who, as editor of *La Marche de France,* conducted an extensive inquiry into the question—that he satisfied himself that the only opposition to Mons. Bérard's reform was vested in a little band of academic doctrinaires. In general, the case was found proved. The fruits of the ramshackle programs, formulated twenty years ago out of the spirit of the corrupt and sterile eighties and nineties, had been given time to mature.

The proof was in the tasting: and they were judged degenerate, loose and poor in quality. So when France pulled herself together and with systematic energy set to work repairing the terrible losses incurred in the war, an educational reform was an important part of the national reformation. But let us suppose that hereditary Latinism makes the classics exclusively necessary to French culture, —specially, perhaps, but not exclusively: for we must not forget that when the Germans began collecting their senses after the Napoleonic knock-out, they chose the same instrument and based their construction on classics. The reform in France is the result of long and close discussion and the *Decree* of 1923, however autocratic the term may sound, is essentially representative still. Yet M. Bérard's decree,[1] prompted and demanded though it was by the public opinion in competent quarters, was still an official act;

[1] It has been rescinded by the new batch of politicians (1925).

and in this respect you may find it less interesting than another phenomenon of recovery in France. I mean the inception, the energies, the already remarkable achievement in publishing. To Mussolini's reform there has corresponded in Italy the vigorous output of classical texts from the firm of Paravia (Turin). And beside Mons. Bérard we must now name the *Association Guillaume Budé*. Called after the celebrated scholar, whom in his Latin guise of Budaeus we know from the correspondence of More and Erasmus, and who has recently been made by M. Plattard a central figure for a new study of the Classical Renaissance in France, the Association was founded in 1917 for the purpose of publishing texts and translations of Greek and Latin authors—besides commentaries on them, and other studies relating to classical antiquity. Last year the Association received recognition as an "establishment of public utility," and it now enjoys the support of many great institutions such as the Academy and the Bank of France. It seeks and welcomes foreign adhesions and sympathies. Its publications by their number (in its short existence the Budé has already put out half the total number of texts achieved by the Clarendon Press in the thirty years' course of the Oxford Classical Texts), by their variety, by their editorial and typographical excellence are a worthy monument of French scholarship. The direction of the enterprise has large views. Julian, Callimachus and Seneca were never admitted into the Oxford series. (For want of readers, or of editors?) They are here with Homer, Plato, Lucretius. Though it may be long before we are enfranchised from the Teubner monopoly, French savants have already shown that the grandeur of design which in the past inspired the Delphin and the Didot series is still alive; and that from all over the country and from every branch of Higher Education, willing and qualified editors can be recruited. This is no small matter for congratulation to them, and of reproach to us: and we might add that the comprehensiveness of the directors gives certain very piquant contrasts: as when a distinguished Socialist Deputy, who is also a Hellenist, is found cheek by jowl beside Mons. Charles Maurras between a pair of covers, as editor and commentator respectively

of St. Basil. One could imagine Dr. Gilbert Murray editing a text and Lord Birkenhead writing a pugnacious preface. But where is the publisher?

Can we find any comfort for ourselves in a French example and precedent? Well, the interchange of ideas and fashions between our two countries is and has always been lively and momentous. The scum of the Channel takes not many hours to float from shore to shore. If we judge by comparing *L'Illustration* with certain English picture-papers, we shall find that four or five weeks is the period of incubation for a French germ on this side. Queen Elizabeth, a shrewd politician, is reported to have said that England follows France at fifty years' distance; and if ever France came to be destroyed, just that long would be our reprieve. That is high politics. For the passage of ideas, perhaps, thirty to forty years is the period. The vogue of Renan, the Religion of Science movement—all that is now petering out (behind clouds of incense and accumulations of flowers) with M. Anatole France, is here still in force. We are still deep in the ramshackle era induced by Teacher-politics: One subject is as good as another, because, if not, it might imply that one teacher is not as good as another, or one pupil as good as another—which would be most undemocratic and perhaps actually displeasing to Lord Haldane . . . Besides, classics are the diet of privileged classes . . .

All this kind of thing they listened to thirty years ago in France. One bugbear was promenaded there that would never make any flesh creep in England: "the Classics had a Clerical tendency." That terror does not touch us; but it is worth noting by the way a curious particularity of our own. A mystical persuasion (dating from our ever-glorious Revolution) warns us that if we begin to read Latin of any later date than Tacitus—always excepting Claudian, who has Gibbon's imprimatur and who pastiched a style of four centuries earlier—we are subtly but surely tampering with the XXXIX Articles and perhaps endangering the essentials of an English gentleman. A very interesting essay might be written on the moral and political implications of Ciceronianism.

But granted that what France says to-day, England will, likely

enough, be saying in thirty years' time, can the Humanities subsist amongst us merely on the hopes of a thirty years' reversion? Would not the poor humanist be rather like the donkey on whom the man tried a new and thrifty diet of Nothing? I should be sorry to leave you the impression that there was no hope for the Humanities with us save an eventual repercussion from abroad. One circumstance gives a hope of native recovery.

When the Prime Minister's Committee on Classics (in 1916, if I remember rightly) deliberated on the present position, they were able to report at least one comforting novelty. Although the tradition of the Humanities was very weak in schools such as Harrow, which are directly amenable to the passing fashions of the plutocracy, a remarkable compensation was appearing in another quarter. The Northern English Universities had succeeded —so it appeared in evidence—in awakening and meeting a demand for Greek and Latin among working men.

This demand sprang from genuine curiosity and an honest desire for intellectual power. It may be a somewhat confused, instinctive movement, but it takes a right direction; and we should make a very great mistake if we looked coldly on these aspirations after learning. True, a beginning must be made with diluted washes of philosophy, bleared generalities of history, very faint echoes of the beauties of ancient literature. But the Oxford student who sang, forty years ago, in the person of an Extension Lecturer,

> I represent throughout the land
> The secondrate at secondhand,

took short and narrow views, or, as the new jargon goes, had not vision. He did not look beyond an immediate, rather depressing, spectacle of an ugly hall half-filled with eccentric, perhaps fanatical, vague-minded persons. These are "the subtle, foggy, hazy, mystical creatures—well up to the latest *Spectator* cant." The Pacifist, the incipient or chronic Esperantist, the born or trained dupe of any shoddy delusion in a country where Nonsense is as sacred as ape or crocodile in ancient Egypt—we must not be too hard on the witty civilized don who saw them (perhaps only in

his mind's eye) and drew closer to his study fireside. Yet, although in such an audience hardly two or three feel the genuine disinterested curiosity of the brain-craftsman—which the Greeks, strange people, called Philosophy—these may have sons, friends, dependents in some sort on their influence, who, thanks to them, will approach fountainheads from which they were not privileged to drink. Laboring people are at present obsessed with economic questions (small wonder, perhaps) to a degree that hardly allows any other intellectual curiosities to get above ground. But that will not always be so.

In conclusion. It is hardly doubtful that the wick will somehow be kept burning. The mere motive of emulation will save us from the entire dereliction of provinces of culture in which sister nations are excelling and gaining fresh prestige. So far as popularization goes, there will be no difficulty; but there is great danger that teacher-politicians will fail to recognize the value of expert studies which give them umbrage and of which their very ignorance seems to themselves a title and a guarantee of good sense. How can they be taught that Research requires fostering and patronage? What appeal can be made to them? Have they an imagination to be kindled? If we tell them that from what looked like the most dingy and abstruse of specializing fifty, or even twenty years ago, are now proceeding discoveries which rearrange all our views of the past? The explorers of Etruscan and Hittite monuments would have been slighted as the dreariest of dryasdusts by the waggish papers of a generation since. But what marvelous combinations in the jigsaw of ancient history they are making! How the coherence of the pattern declares itself! How far-reaching a result, when Atreus, emerging from the penumbra of legend, takes his place on the stage of history! Sir Arthur Evans is prudently checking his entrance, but only to make it more effective. We shall read our *Oresteia* not in the rather uncouth and distorting light of comparative religionism, but as a literature expressing the old deep-seated rage of racial animus: as though Shakespeare's Histories had been written by an Irishman or a Hindu, with wit to invent, and the will to believe, all monstrous

evil of the alien dominant . . . This seems to come perilously near the prophetic tone that I disclaimed. However, there is not time to say everything in an hour, but I want to indicate some things that, if time permitted, I would have liked to develop. In the particular detail of diplomatic relations between different provinces of knowledge, two things must be said. The jealousy between Humanities and Science is happily past. It is only a survival-type of Victorian scientist who is inimical to classical studies. The change has been remarkable. Having regard merely to the disciplinary propaedeutic values, the Medical Faculties of the Scottish Universities have repeatedly, and with all but unanimity, demanded Latin. It remains to be seen whether the politicians can defeat them.

Secondly, a much better understanding has been reached with the Modern Languages interest. But the classical interest must be ready to prepare students for these schools; we must lose some of our best men to them cheerfully—such as Professor Eccles and Professor Gordon—not esteeming these as lost vocations but as colonists; in the confidence that the old wisdom will be justified not least by these amongst her children. To them rather than to classical scholars it belongs to assert against factious and tendencious commercialisms, "You are charlatans if you pretend to understand French, Italian, or English without Latin; and your teaching is a shoddy degradation of University standards."

And finally in the most general view: it needs to be announced boldly that our studies are at this time alive with the invigorating results of research. Young students need not fear that they are committing themselves to an exhausted field. My conclusion shall be a summary illustration of the claim that, if ever there was a risk of the classics being reduced to a stale routine, the time is not now. We live at a most interesting moment in these studies. The giant delusions of the last century have retreated. The German aptitude for totally misconceiving a great issue whilst exploring and recording details with remarkable accuracy has been typically exposed in the Homeric Question. The great Sun-Myth age is no more. And we are promised now a brilliant convergence in various lines

of research that will complete our disillusion. In another generation it may be acquired fact, not merely plausible speculation, that all our culture had one common focus from which it spread north and westwards. The idea that in any article of civilization North Europe has ever originated anything, may be as thoroughly exploded as Wolf's theory; German mythology proved to be no more than a confused deformation and monstrification of Mediterranean motifs colported through the forests. More discreet disciples of Wiener may have proved that half the German language was only pidgin Latin and pidgin Byzantine. . . . What a tempting invitation—study classics and be in at the death of the great Teutonic Myth!

And lest any one suppose that it is only in the anthropological, prehistoric, archeological parts of the front, that History = Humanity is alive and moving, one can cite from just the last few years, researches purely linguistic and literary which have renewed the classics with an inspiration. In Latin particularly Max Carcopino has wrought almost as great a revelation for Virgil as Victor Bérard did for Homer when he published *Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée*. Professor Lindsay invites us to hear the very tones in which Plautus' comedies were spoken (or sung). Begin to apply the lessons of Marouzeau and Barbelenet to the very stalest text and it will become new ground. They give us a transformed and surprising insight into the quality of language, as if we were suddenly furnished with a lens of new power to scan a picture with. And that interesting and original inquiry of Mr. Evans' into the laws of Alliteration has suggested to us an unsuspected clue whereby to analyze and taste the Latin poets in a sense undreamed by Munro and Conington. Both extensively and intensively, at every point, classical studies have been renewed. I refuse to believe that just at this moment we shall fall out of the ranks of Humanism and surrender to the Philistines.

PAGANISM OLD AND NEW

By Francis Thompson

"So dies the old; here comes the new;
Regard him;—a familiar face!"
—*Tennyson.*

How define new Paganism? Most modern beliefs are easily defined. Agnosticism is the everlasting perhaps. An atheist is a man who believes himself an accident. Morality (modern) is the art of defining your principles to oppose your practice. Immorality (again modern)—well, it was excellently defined by Pope as

. . . A monster of such frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.

That is to say, nobody minds it, if it be only kept out of sight. But a definition of New Paganism is yet to seek.

That men who find Christianity too hard for belief should come to believe in Paganism, sounds, I know, like an absurdity. But nothing is so incalculable as the credulity of incredulity. Nevertheless it is not Paganism pure and simple which these men would restore. Rather it is the habit of mind, the sentiment, the *ethos* of Paganism. If my view be correct, they would use the old "properties" of Paganism to deck out their own material nature-worship. Venus would thus become what Tennyson has so eloquently described Lucretius as holding her to be. Ceres and Bacchus would become representative of the bounty and lustihood of Nature. The staid and severe would have their Pallas, and render homage to natural wisdom and self-control. Meanwhile all this would be in nowise novel, but indeed a revival of Paganism,—of a phase, and a late phase of Paganism. There are cycles in thought as in the heavens; and old views in time become new views.

Here is a natural religion obviously capable of accommodating itself to widely different natures by reason of its entire flexibility. But though in this way mischievously catholic as atheism, it can, unlike atheism, surround itself with the prestige of a great past —though a dead past; of a poetry—though a dead poetry; of a sculpture—though a dead sculpture; of an art—which is *not* dead. And it can proclaim that, with the revival of dead Paganism, these other dead things too shall live. It is with this esthetic aspect of New Paganism that I wish to deal.[1]

One of its chief recommendations to intellectual minds is the often-eulogized beauty of Paganism. The old gods, say its advocates, were warm with human life, and akin to human sympathy: beautiful gods whose names were poetry. Then the daily gracefulness of pagan life and religion! The ceremonial pageants, with the fluent grace of their processional maidens, as they

. . . shook a most divine dance from their feet.[2]

or the solemn chastity of their vestal virgins; the symmetry of their temples with their effigies of benignant powers; the street, adorned with noble statuary, invested with a crystal air, and bright with its moving throng in garments of unlabored elegance; and the theater unroofed to the smokeless sky, where an audience, in which the merest cobbler had some vision beyond his last, heard in the language of Æschylus or Sophocles the ancestral legends of its native land.

With all this, the advocates I speak of contrast the condition of to-day. The cold formalities of an outworn worship; our *ne plus ultra* of pageantry, a Lord Mayor's Show; the dryadless woods regarded chiefly as potential timber; the grimy street, the grimy air, the disfiguring statues, the Stygian crowd, the temple to the reigning goddess Gelasma, which mocks the name of theater;

[1] I ought here, properly, to discuss the chances of pagan principles ever becoming more than the craze of a clique in England. But space forbids. Suffice it to say that there is a "nidus" and the disease-germs are abroad.

[2] Chapman, "Odyssey."

last and worst, the fatal degradation of popular perception, which has gazed so long on ugliness that it takes her to its bosom. In our capitals the very heavens have lost their innocence. Aurora may rise over our cities, but she has forgotten how to blush.

And those who, like the present writer, tread as on thorns amidst the sordidness and ugliness—the ugly sordidness and the sordid ugliness—the dull materiality and weariness of this unhonored old age of the world,—cannot but sympathize with these feelings,—nay, even look back with a certain passionate regret to the beauty which invested at least the outward life of those days. But in truth with this outward life the vesture of beauty ceases; the rest is a day-dream, lovely it is true, but none the less a dream. Heathenism is lovely *because* it is dead. To read Keats is to grow in love with Paganism; but *it is the Paganism of Keats.* Pagan Paganism was not poetical.

Literally, this assertion is untenable. Almost every religion becomes a center of poetry. But if not absolutely true, it is at least true with relation to Christianity. The poetry of Paganism is chiefly a modern creation; in the hands of the pagans themselves it was not even developed to its full capabilities. The gods of Homer are braggarts and gluttons; and the gods of Virgil are cold and unreal. The kiss of Dian was a frigid kiss till it glowed in the fancy of the barbarian Fletcher: There was little halo around Latmos' top, till it was thrown around it by the modern Keats. No pagan eye ever visioned the nymphs of Shelley.[3] In truth there was around the Olympian heaven no such halo and native air of poetry as, for Christian singers, clothed the Christian heaven. To the heathen mind its divinities were graceful, handsome, noble gods; powerful, and therefore to be propitiated with worship; cold in their sublime selfishness, and therefore unlovable. No pagan ever loved his god. Love he might, perhaps, some humble rustic or domestic deity,—but no Olympian. Whereas, in the Christian religion, the Madonna,

[3] I have here implicitly assumed a distinction which I should rather have explicitly formulated, between the poetry lurking in the pagan myths and the poetical ideas associated with them by the pagans themselves.

and a greater than the Madonna, were at once high enough for worship and low enough for love. Now, without love no poetry can be beautiful; for all beautiful poetry comes from the heart. With love it was that Wordsworth and Shelley purchased the right to sing sweetly of nature. Keats wrote lovingly of his pagan hierarchy, because what he wrote about he loved. Hence for no antique poet was it possible to make, or even conceive a pagan Paradise. We, who love the gods, do not worship them. The ancients, who worshiped the gods, did not love them. Whence is this?

Coleridge, in those beautiful but hackneyed lines from "Wallenstein," has given us the explanation. It is true, yet only half the truth. For in very deed that beautiful mythology has a beauty beyond anything it ever possessed in its worshiped days; and that beauty came to it in dower when it gave its hand to Christianity. Christianity it was that stripped the weeds from that garden of Paganism, broke its statue of Priapus, and delivered it smiling and fair to the nations for their pleasure-ground. She found Mars the type of brute violence, and made of him the god of valor. She took Venus, and made of her the type of Beauty,—Beauty, which the average heathen hardly knew. There is no more striking instance of the poetizing influence exerted on the ancient mythology by Christianity than the contrast between the ancient and modern views of this goddess. Any school-boy will tell you that she was the goddess of love and beauty. "Goddess of Love" is true only in the lowest sense, but "Goddess of Beauty"? It exhibits an essentially modern attitude toward Venus, and would be hard to support from the ancient poets. No doubt there are passages in which she is styled the beautiful goddess; but the phrases are scarcely to my point. If, reader, in the early days of the second Empire, you came across a writer who described the Empress Eugenie as "the beautiful Empress," you would hardly be fair in deducing from *that* his devotion to her as the Empress of Beauty. No; when Heine, addressing the Venus of Melos, called her "Our Lady of Beauty," the idea, no less than the

expression, was centrally modern. I will go further. It was centrally Christian.

To the average pagan, Venus was simply the personification of the generative principle in nature; and her offspring was Cupid—Desire, Eros—sexual passion. Far other is she to the modern. To him she is the Principle of Earthly Beauty, who being of necessity entirely pure, walks naked and is not ashamed, garmented in the light of her unchanging whiteness. This worship of Beauty in the abstract, this conception of the Lady Beauty as an all-amiable power, to register the least glance of whose eye, to catch the least trail of whose locks, were worth the devotion of a life, —all this is characteristic of the Christian and Gothic poet, unknown to the pagan poet. No antique singer ever saw Sibylla Palmifera; no antique artist's hand ever shook in her pursuit.[4] The sculptors, I suspect, had known something of Sibylla, in the elder days, before Praxiteles made of the Queen of Beauty merely the Queen of Fair Women. The Venus of Melos remains to hint so much. But, besides that Greek sculpture is virtually dead and unrevivable in civilized lands, I do not propose in this narrow space to deal with subjects so wide as Sculpture or Art. Suffice it if I can suggest a few of the irreparable losses to Poetry which would result from the supersession of the Christian by the Pagan spirit.

If there are two things on which the larger portion of our finest modern verse may be said to hinge, they are surely Nature and Love. Yet it would be the merest platitude to say that neither the one nor the other, as glorified by our great modern poets, was known to the singers of old. Their insensibility to landscape was accompanied and perhaps conditioned by an insensibility to all the subtler and more spiritual qualities of beauty; so that it would hardly be more than a pardonable exaggeration to call Christianity (in so far as it has influenced the arts) the religion of beauty, and Paganism the religion of form and sense. Perhaps it is incorrect

[4] Philosophers and "dreaming Platonists," perhaps, had scaled her craggy heights after their own manner, but none will pretend that Platonic dreams of the "First and Only Fair" were the offspring of Paganism. Rather they were a contravention of it.

to say that the ancients were indifferent to landscape: rather they were indifferent to Nature. Cicero luxuriates in his "country," Horace in his Socrate and fitful glimpses of scenery; but both merely as factors in the composition of enjoyment: the bees, the doves of Virgil are mere ministers to luxury and sleep. "The fool," says Blake in a most pregnant aphorism, "The fool sees not the same tree as a wise man sees." And assuredly no heathen ever saw the same tree as Wordsworth. For it is a noteworthy fact that the intellect of man seems unable to seize the divine beauty of Nature, until moving beyond that outward beauty it gazes on the spirit of Nature: even as the mind seems unable to appreciate the beautiful face of woman until it has learned to appreciate the more beautiful beauty of her soul.

That Paganism had no real sense of the exquisite in female features is evident from its statues and few extant paintings: mere regularity of form is all it sees. Or again, compare the ancient erotic poets, delighting in the figure and bodily charms of their mistresses, with the modern love-poets, whose first care is to dwell on the heavenly breathings of their ladies' faces. Significant is it, from this first point of view, that the very word in favorite use among the Latin poets to express beauty should be *forma,* form, grace of body and line. When Catullus pronounces on the charms of a rival to his mistress, he never even mentions her face. "Candida, longa, recta;" that is all: "She is fair, tall, straight."

But the most surprising indication of this blindness to the subtler qualities of beauty is the indifference of the ancient singers to what in our estimation is the most lovely and important feature in woman—the eye. This may have some connection with their apparent deadness to color. But so it is. In all Catullus there is only a single *indirect* allusion to the color of Lesbia's eyes. There is, to the best of my recollection, no such allusion at all throughout Tibullus, Propertius or Ovid. This one fact reveals a desert of arid feeling in the old erotic poets which a modern imagination refuses to traverse. In the name of all the Muses, what treason against Love and Beauty! Why, from the poetical

Spring of Chaucer to the Indian-Summer of William Morris, their ladies' eyes have been the cynosure of modern love-poets!

Debonair, good, glad, and sad.

are the admirable chosen words in which Chaucer describes his Duchess' eyes; and this is the beautiful passage in which Morris sets *his* lady's eyes before us:

Her great eyes, standing far apart,
Draw up some memory from her heart,
And gaze out very mournfully;
Beata mea Domina!—
So beautiful and kind they are,
But most times looking out afar,
Waiting for something, not for me.
Beata mea Domina!

The value which Morris' master, Rossetti, had for this feature in feminine attraction is conspicuous. Witness his Blessed Damozel, whose

Eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even.

In his mistress' portrait he notes

The shadowed eyes remember and forget.

Tennyson has his

Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity.

Almost all his heroines have their characteristic eyes: the Gardener's Daughter, violet; Amy, of Locksley Hall, hazel,

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes;

Enid, meek blue eyes, and so on.

Wordsworth, again, notes his wife's

Eyes like stars of twilight fair;

and has many a beautiful passage on female eyes. Shelley overflows with such passages, showing splendid power in conveying the idea of *depth:* the following is a random example:

> . . . deep her eyes as are
> Two openings of unfathomable night
> Seen through a tempest's cloven roof.

Will any one forget the eyes of the dreaming Christabel?

> Both blue eyes more bright than clear,
> *Each about to have a tear.*

One could multiply instances; but take as a last one those magnificent eyes of De Quincey's *Mater Suspiriarum:* "Her eyes were filled with perishing dreams, and wrecks of forgotten delirium."

Again, what a magnificent means of characterization—especially in personification—do our poets make of the eye. Could anything be more felicitous than Collins' Pity

> With eyes of dewy light?

And equally marvelous is Shelley's epithet for sleep:

> Thy sweet child sleep, the *filmy-eyed.*

Yet all this superfluity of poetic beauty remained a sealed fountain for the pagan poets! After such a revelation it can excite little surprise that, compared with Christian writers, they lay little stress on the grace of female hair.

But, after all, the most beautiful thing in love-poetry is Love. Now Love is the last thing any scholar will look for in ancient erotic poetry.[5] Body differs not more from soul than the Amor of Catullus or Ovid from the Love of Dante or Shelley;[6] and the

[5] It will not do to say that this was solely owing to the impossibility of what we call courtship in heathen society; and that heathen love was post-nuptial. It is sufficiently apparent from Martial's allusions that the married poems of Sulpicia, styled and considered "chaste" because addressed to her husband, would have justly incurred among us the reproach of licentiousness in treatment.

[6] An Anti-Christian in ethics. But the blood in the veins of his Muse was Christian. The spirit of his treatment of Love is—with few, if any, exceptions—entirely Christian.

root of this difference is the root of the whole difference between this class of poetry in antique and contemporary periods. The rite of Marriage was to the pagan the goal and attainment of Love—Love which he regarded as a transitory and perishable passion, born of the body and decaying with the body. On the wings of Christianity came the great truth that Love is of the soul, and with the soul coeval.

It was most just and natural that from the Christian poets should come the full development of this truth. To Dante and the followers of Dante we must go for its ripe announcement. Not in marriage, they proclaim, is the fulfillment of Love, though its earthly and temporal fulfillment may be therein; for how can Love, which is the desire of soul for soul, attain satisfaction in the conjunction of body with body? Poor, indeed, if this were all the promise which Love unfolded to us—the encountering light of two flames from within their close-shut lanterns. Therefore, sings Dante, and sing all noble poets after him, that Love in this world is a pilgrim and a wanderer, journeying to the New Jerusalem; not here is the consummation of his yearnings, in that mere knocking at the gates of union which we christen marriage, but beyond the pillars of death and the corridors of the grave, in the union of spirit to spirit within the containing Spirit of God.

The distance between Catullus and the *Vita Nuova,* between Ovid and the *House of Life,* can be measured only by Christianity. And the lover of poetry owes a double debt to his Creator, Who, not content with giving us salvation on the cross, gave us also, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, Love. For there Love was consecrated, and declared the child of Jehovah, not of Jove; there virtually was inaugurated the whole successive order of those love-poets who have shown the world that passion, in putting on chastity, put on also ten-fold beauty. For purity is the sum of all loveliness, as whiteness is the sum of all colors.

And here the exigencies of space compel me to draw to a close. Else I would gladly have treated many points which I must perforce neglect. In particular, I would have made a detailed comparison between the treatment of the pagan Olympus by the

ancients, and by the moderns with Keats at their head, in order to demonstrate what I have in these pages merely advanced. One point, however, I must briefly notice.

That is the false idea that modern Paganism could perpetuate, from a purely artistic sense, the beauty proper to Christian literature: that it is possible for the imaginative worker, like the conspirator in Massinger, to paint and perfume with the illusion of life a corpse. For refutation, witness the failure of our English painters, with all their art, to paint a Madonna which can hang beside the simplest Florentine Virgin without exhibiting the absence of the ancient religious feeling.[7] And what has befallen the loveliness of Catholicity would—in a few generations, when Christianity had faded out of the blood of men—befall the loveliness of Christianity.

Bring back then, I say, in conclusion, even the best age of Paganism, and you smite beauty on the cheek. But you *cannot* bring back the best age of Paganism, the age when Paganism was a faith. None will again behold Apollo, in the forefront of the morning, or see Aphrodite in the upper air loose the long luster of her golden locks. But you *may* bring back—*dii avertant omen*—the Paganism of the days of Pliny, and Statius, and Juvenal; of much philosophy and little belief; of superb villas and superb taste; of banquets for the palate in the shape of cookery, and banquets for the eye in the shape of art; of poetry singing dead songs on dead themes with the most polished and artistic vocalization; of everything most polished, from the manners to the marble floors; of Vice carefully drained out of sight, and large fountains of Virtue springing in the open air;—in one word, a most shining Paganism indeed—as pūtrescence also shines.

This is the Paganism which already stoops on Paris,[8] and

[7] Rossetti is perhaps an exception. But he had the Catholic blood in his veins and could not escape from it. His head might deny, but his heart worshipped.

[8] Paris, it may be said, is not scrupulous as to draining her vice underground. But it is kept underground exactly to the same extent as vice was in the Plinian days. Private vice is winked at with a decorous platitude about "The sanctity of private life." If evil literature is openly written, what Roman or Italian of Pliny's (the younger) day thought

wheels in shadowy menace over England. Bring back *this*—and make of poetry a dancing girl, and of art a pandar. This is the Paganism which is formidable, and not the antique lamp whose feeding oil is spent, whose light has not outlasted the damps of its long sepulture. She who created Zeus and Here, Phœbus and Artemis, Pallas Athene, and the fair-haired Aphrodite, is dead, and lives only in her corruption; nor have we lost by her death one scintillation of beauty. For the poetry of Paganism (with reference to England) was born in the days of Elizabeth, and entered on its inheritance in the days of Keats. But could Paganism indeed grow supple in her cere-cloths, and open her tarnished eyes to the light of our modern sun—in that same hour the poetry of Paganism would sicken and fall to decay. For Pagan Paganism was not poetical.

anything of writing *facetiae?* If indecent pictures are displayed in the windows, what, I should like to know, if photography had flourished under Rome, would have been the state of the shop-windows of Pompeii?

SAINT PETER'S

By Marion Crawford

We who have known Saint Peter's since the old days cannot go in under the portico without recalling vividly the splendid pageants we have seen pass in and out by the same gate. Even before reaching it we glance up from the vast square to the high balcony, remembering how from there Pius the Ninth used to chant out the Pontifical benediction to the city and the world, while in the silence below one could hear the breathing of a hundred thousand human beings.

That is all in ghostland now, and will soon be beyond the reach of memory. In the coachhouses behind the Vatican the old state coaches are moldering; and the Pope, in his great sedia gestatoria, the bearers, the fan-men, the princes, the cardinals, the guards, and the people, will not in our time be again seen together under the Roman sky. Old-fashioned persons sigh for the pageantry of those days when they go up the steps into the church.

The heavy leathern curtain falls by its own weight, and the air is suddenly changed. A hushed, half-rhythmic sound, as of a world breathing in its sleep, makes the silence alive. The light is not dim or ineffectual, but very soft and high, and it is as rich as floating gold dust in the far distance, and in the apse, an eighth of a mile from the door. There is a blue and hazy atmospheric distance, as painters call it, up in the lantern of the cupola, a twelfth of a mile above the pavement.

It is all very big. The longest ship that crosses the ocean could lie in the nave between the door and the apse, and her masts from deck to truck would scarcely top the canopy of the high altar, which looks so small under the super-possible vastness of the immense dome. We unconsciously measure dwellings made

with hands by our bodily stature. But there is a limit to that. No man standing for the first time upon the pavement of Saint Peter's can make even a wide guess at the size of what he sees unless he knows the dimensions of some one object.

Close to Filarete's central bronze door a round disc of porphyry is sunk in the pavement. That is the spot where the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire were crowned in the old church; Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, and many others received the crown, the chrism, and the blessing here, before Constantine's ancient basilica was torn down lest it should fall of itself. For he did not build as Titus built—if, indeed, the old church was built by him at all.

A man may well cast detail of history to the winds and let his mind stand free to the tremendous traditions of the place, since so much of them is truth beyond all question. Standing where Charles the Great was crowned eleven hundred years ago, he stands not a hundred yards from the grave where the Chief Apostle was first buried. There he has lain now for fifteen hundred years, since the "religion of the fathers" was "disestablished," as we should say, by Honorius, and since the Popes became Pontifices Maximi of the new faith. This was the place of Nero's circus long before the Colosseum was dreamed of, and the foundations of Christendom's cathedral are laid in earth wet with blood of many thousand martyrs. During two hundred and fifty years every Bishop of Rome died a martyr, to the number of thirty consecutive Popes. It is really and truly holy ground, and it is meet that the air, once rent by the death cries of Christ's innocent folk, should be enclosed in the world's most sacred place, and be ever musical with holy song and sweet with incense. It needs fifty thousand persons to fill the nave and transepts in Saint Peter's. It is known that at least that number have been present in the church several times within modern memory; but it is thought that the building would hold eighty thousand—as many as could be seated on the tiers in the Colosseum. Such a concourse was there at the opening of the Ecumenical Council in December, 1869, and at the jubilees celebrated by Leo the Thir-

teenth; and on all those occasions there was plenty of room in the aisles, besides the broad spaces which were required for the functions themselves.

To feel one's smallness and realize it, one need only go and stand beside the marble cherubs that support the holy-water basins against the first pillar. They look small, if not graceful; but they are of heroic size, and the bowls are as big as baths. Everything in the place is vast; all the statues are colossal, all the pictures enormous; the smallest detail of the ornamentation would dwarf any other building in the world, and anywhere else even the chapels would be churches. The eye strains at everything, and at first the mind is shocked out of its power of comparison.

But the strangest, most extravagant, most incomprehensible, most disturbing sight of all is to be seen from the upper gallery in the cupola looking down to the church below. Hanging in mid-air, with nothing under one's feet, one sees the church projected in perspective within a huge circle. It is as though one saw it upside down and inside out. Few men could bear to stand there without that bit of iron railing between them and the hideous fall; and the inevitable slight dizziness which the strongest head feels may make one doubt for a moment whether what is really the floor below may not be in reality a ceiling above, and whether one's sense of gravitation be not inverted in an extraordinary dream. At that distance human beings look no bigger than flies, and the canopy of the high altar might be an ordinary table.

And thence, climbing up between the double domes, one may emerge from the almost terrible perspective to the open air, and suddenly see all Rome at one's feet, and all the Roman mountains stretched out to south and east, in perfect grace of restful outline, shoulder to shoulder, like shadowy women lying side by side and holding hands.

And the broken symmetry of the streets and squares ranges below, cut by the winding ribbon of the yellow Tiber; to the right the low Aventine, with the dark cypresses of the Protestant cemetery beyond, and the Palatine, crested with trees and ruins; the Pincian on the left, with its high gardens, and the mass of

foliage of the Villa Medici behind it; the lofty tower of the Capitol in the midst of the city; and the sun clasping all to its heart of gold, the new and the old alike, past and present, youth, age, and decay,—generous as only the sun can be in this sordid and miserly world, where bread is but another name for blood, and a rood of growing corn means a pound of human flesh. The sun is the only good thing in nature that always gives itself to man for nothing but the mere trouble of sitting in the sunshine; and Rome without sunshine is a very grim and gloomy town to-day.

It is worth the effort of climbing so high. Four hundred feet in the air, you look down on what ruled half the world by force for ages, and on what rules the other half to-day by faith—the greatest center of conquest and of discord and of religion which the world has ever seen. A thousand volumes have been written about it by a thousand wise men. A word will tell what it has been—the heart of the world. Hither was drawn the world's blood by all the roads that lead to Rome, and hence it was forced out again along the mighty arteries of the Cæsars' marches—to redden the world with the Roman name. Blood, blood, and more blood,—that was the history of old Rome,—the blood of brothers, the blood of foes, the blood of martyrs without end. It flowed and ebbed in varying tide at the will of the just and the unjust, but there was always more to shed, and there were always more hands to shed it. And so it may be again hereafter; for the name of Rome has a heart-stirring ring, and there has always been as much blood spilled for the names of things as for the things themselves.

It is wonderful to stand there and realize what every foot means, beneath that narrow standing room on the gallery outside the lantern, counting from the top downward as one counts the years of certain trees by the branches. For every division there is a pope and an architect: Sixtus the Fifth and Giacomo della Porta, Paul the Third and Michelangelo, Baldassare Peruzzi and Leo the Tenth, Julius the Second and Bramante, Nicholas the Fifth and Alberti. Then the old church of Constantine, and then the little oratory built over Saint Peter's grave by Saint

Anacletus, the third or, according to some, the fourth bishop of Rome; then, even before that, Nero's circus, which was either altogether destroyed or had gone to ruins before Anacletus built his chapel.

And far below all are buried the great of the earth, deep down in the crypt. There lies the chief Apostle, and there lie many martyred bishops side by side; men who came from far lands to die the holy death in Rome,—from Athens, from Bethlehem, from Syria, from Africa. There lie the last of the Stuarts, with their pitiful kingly names, James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth; the Emperor Otho the Second has lain there a thousand years; Pope Boniface the Eighth of the Caetani, whom Sciarra Colonna took prisoner at Anagni, is there, and Rodrigo Borgia, Alexander the Sixth, lay there awhile, and Agnes Colonna, and Queen Christina of Sweden, and the Great Countess, and many more besides, both good and bad—even to Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, of romantic memory. In the high clear air above, it chills one to think of the death silence down there in the crypt; but when you enter the church again after the long descent, and feel once more the quick change of atmosphere by which a blind man could tell that he was in St. Peter's, you feel also the spell of the place and its ancient enchantment; you do not regret the high view you left above, and the dead under your feet seem all at once near and friendly.

It is not an exaggeration or the misuse of a word to call it magic. Magic is supposed to be a means of communication with beings of another world. It is scarcely a metaphor to say that Saint Peter's is that. It is the mere truth and no more, and you can feel that it is if you will stand, with half-closed eyes, against one of the great pillars, just within hearing of the voices that sing solemn music in the Chapel of the Choir, and make yourself a day-dream of the people that go up the nave by seeing them a little indistinctly. If you will but remember how much humanity is like humanity in all ages, you can see the old life again as it was a hundred years—two, three, five, ten hundred years before that. If you are fortunate, just then, a score of German seminary

students may pass you, in their scarlet cloth gowns, marching two and two in order, till they wheel by the right and go down upon their knees with military precision before the gate of the Chapel of the Sacrament. Or if it be the day and hour, a procession crosses the church, with lights and song and rich vestments, and a canopy over the Sacred Host, which the Cardinal Archpriest himself is carrying reverently before him with upraised hands hidden under the cope, while the censers swing high to right and left. Or the singers from the choir go by, in violet silk and lace, hurrying along the inner south aisle to the door of the sacristy, where heavy yellow cherubs support marble draperies under the monument of Pius the Eighth. If you stand by your pillar a little while, something will surely happen to help your dream, and sweep you back a century or two.

And if not, and if you have a little imagination of your own which can stir itself without help from outside, you can call up the figures of those that lie dead below, and of those who in ages gone have walked the dim aisles of the ancient church. Up the long nave comes Pelagius, Justinian's Pope, with Narses by his side, to swear by holy cross and sacred gospel that he has not slain Vigilius, Pope before him; and this Narses, smooth-faced, passionless, thoughtful, is the conqueror of the Goths, and having conquered them, he would not suffer that a hair of the remnant of them should be hurt, because he had given his word. High-handed Henry the Fifth, claiming power over the Church, being refused full coronation by Pope Paschal till he yields, seizes Pope and College of Cardinals then and there, and imprisons them till he has starved them to submission, and half requites the Church for Gregory's humiliation of the father whom he himself thrust from the throne—of that Henry whom the strong Hildebrand made to do penance barefoot on the snow in the courtyard of Matilda's Castle at Canossa. And Matilda herself, the Great Countess, the once all beautiful, betrayed in love, the half-sainted, the all romantic, rises before you from her tomb below, in straight, rich robes and flowing golden hair, and once more makes gift of all her vast possessions to the Church of Rome. Nicholas Rienzi strides

by, strange compound of heroism, vanity, and high poetry, calling himself in one breath the people's tribute, and Augustus, and an emperor's son. There is a rush of armed men shouting furiously in Spanish, "Carne! Sangre! Bourbon!" There is a clanging of steel, a breaking down of gates, and the Constable of Bourbon's horde pours in, irresistible, ravaging all, while he himself lies stark and stiff outside, pierced by Bernardino Passeri's short bolt, and Clement trembles in Sant' Angelo. Christina of Sweden, Monaldeschi's murder red upon her soul, comes next, fawning for forgiveness, to die in due time over there in the Corsini palace by the Tiber.

A man may call up half the world's history in half an hour in such a place, toward evening, when the golden light streams through the Holy Dove in the apse. And, in imagination, to those who have seen the great pageants within our memory, the individual figures grow smaller as the magnificence of the display increases out of all proportion, until the church fills again with the vast throngs that witnessed the jubilees of Leo the Thirteenth in recent years, and fifty thousand voices send up a rending cheer while the most splendid procession of these late days goes by.

From time immemorial the well containing the marble staircase which leads down to the tomb of Saint Peter has been called the "Confession." The word, I believe, is properly applied to the altar-rail, from the ancient practice of repeating there the general confession immediately before receiving the Communion, a custom now slightly modified. But I may be wrong in giving this derivation. At all events, a marble balustrade follows the horseshoe shape of the well, and upon it are placed ninety-five gilded lamps, which burn perpetually. There is said to be no special significance in the number, and they produce very little effect by daylight.

But on the eve of Saint Peter's Day, and perhaps at some other seasons, the Pope has been known to come down to the church by the secret staircase leading into the Chapel of the Sacrament, to pray at the Apostle's tomb. On such occasions a few great candlesticks with wax torches were placed on the floor of the

church, two and two, between the Chapel and the Confession. The Pope, attended only by a few chamberlains and Noble Guards, and dressed in his customary white cassock, passed swiftly along in the dim light, and descended the steps to the gilded gate beneath the high altar. A marble pope kneels there too, Pius the Sixth, of the Braschi family, his stone draperies less white than Pope Leo's cassock, his marble face scarcely whiter than the living Pontiff's alabaster features.

Those are sights which few have been privileged to see. There is a sort of centralization of mystery, if one may couple such words, in the private pilgrimage of the head of the Church to the tomb of the chief Apostle by night, on the eve of the day which tradition has kept from the earliest times as the anniversary of Saint Peter's martyrdom. The whole Catholic world, if it might, would follow Leo the Thirteenth down those marble steps, and two hundred million voices would repeat the prayer he says alone.

Many and solemn scenes have been acted out by night in the vast gloom of the enormous church, and if events do not actually leave an essence of themselves in places, as some have believed, yet the knowledge that they have happened where we stand and recall them has a mysterious power to thrill the heart.

The church is not only a real landmark. Astronomers say that if there were a building of the same dimensions on the moon we could easily see it with our modern telescopes. It is also, in a manner, one of Time's great milestones, of which some trace will probably remain till the very end of the world's life. Its mere mass will insure to it the permanence of the great pyramid of Cheops. Its mere name associates it for ever with the existence of Christianity from the earliest time. It has stamped itself upon the minds of millions of men as the most vast monument of the ages. Its very defects are destined to be as lasting as its beauties, and its mighty faults are more imposing than the small perfections of the Greeks. Between it and the Parthenon, as between the Roman empire and the Athenian commonwealth, one may choose, but one dares not make comparison. The genius of the Greeks

absorbed the world's beauty into itself, distilled its perfection, and gave humanity its most subtle quintessence; but the Latin arm ruled the world itself, and the imperial Latin intelligence could never find any expression fitted to its enormous measure. That is the secret of the monstrous element in all the Romans built. And that supernormal giantism showed itself almost for the last time in the building of Saint Peter's, when the Latin race had reached its last great development, and the power of the Latin Popes overshadowed the whole world, and was itself about to be humbled. Before Michelangelo was dead Charles the Fifth had been Emperor forty years, Doctor Martin Luther had denied the doctrine of salvation by works, the nations had broken loose from the Popes, and the world was at war.

A man can no more say a last farewell to Rome than he can take leave of eternity. The years move on, but she waits; the cities fall, but she stands; the old races of men lie dead in the track wherein mankind wanders always between two darknesses; yet Rome lives, and her changes are not from life to death, as ours are, but from one life to another. A man may live with Rome, laugh with her, dream with her, weep with her, die at her feet; but for him who knows her there is no good-by, for she has taken the high seat of his heart, and whither he goes, she is with him, in joy or sorrow, with wonder, longing, or regret, as the chords of his heart were tuned by his angel in heaven.

But she is as a well-loved woman, whose dear face is drawn upon a man's heart by the sharp memory of a cruel parting, line for line, shadow for shadow, look for look, as she was when he saw her last; and line for line he remembers her and longs for her smile and her tender word. Yet be the lines ever so deep-graven, and the image ever so sweet and true, when the time of parting is over, when he comes back and she stands where she stood, with eyes that lighten to his eyes, then she is better loved than he knew and dearer than he had guessed. Then the heart that has steadily beaten time to months of parting, leaps like a child at the instant of meeting again; then eyes that have so long fed on

memory's vision widen and deepen with joy of the living truth; then the soul that has hungered and starved through an endless waiting is suddenly filled with life and satisfied of its faith.

So he who loves Rome, and leaves her, remembers her long and well, telling himself that he knows how every stone of her walls and her streets would look again; but he comes back at last, and sees her as she is, and he stands amazed at the grandeur of all that has been, and is touched to the heart by the sad loveliness of much that is. Together, the thoughts of love and reverence rise in words, and with them comes the deep wonder at something very great and high. For he himself is grown gray and war-worn in the strife of a few poor years, while through five-and-twenty centuries Rome has faced war and the world; and he, a gladiator of life, bows his head before her, wondering how his own fight shall end at last, while his lips pronounce the submission of his own mortality to her abiding endurance—

AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS, MORITURUS TE SALUTAT

LESBIA ILLA

By Maurice Baring

From *Dead Letters*

. . . Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes.

[*Extract from a letter written by Clodia, the wife of Metellus Celer, to her friend Portia in Athens.*]

We arrived at Baiae yesterday evening. I am most thankful the journey is over, because Metellus is a most trying traveler. He started, of course, by making a scene directly he saw my luggage. I had scarcely taken anything, only what was absolutely indispensable, and I got it all into eight boxes; but men never know how much room clothes take up. As it is, I have got nothing to wear at all. But as soon as Metellus saw the litters with my poor luggage in them he lost his temper, and during the whole journey he complained of my extravagance. Needless to say, he took more things than I did. Men think because their clothes are cheap and cost nothing, and because a toga lasts them four or five years, we ought to be able to do the same! But it's no use discussing that with a husband. No husband in the world has ever understood, or ever will understand, how expensive our clothes are.

We found the villa looking very clean and fresh; and it is a great blessing to get away from Rome. I never mean to go back there as long as I live; especially after what has happened. I suppose you have heard all about it, but I want you to know the truth, as everybody in Rome is telling horrible lies about me and giving a wrong complexion to the whole story, especially Lalage, who is a spiteful cat, and is sure to write and tell you all about it.

Well, of course, I've known Catullus for years. We were almost brought up together. He was always in and out of the house. He used to amuse me; Metellus liked him, and we were both very kind to him. I used to think he was thoroughly nice. He was so sympathetic when my sparrow died, and quite understood what a shock that was, and what a state of despair I was in. By the way, I've got a new sparrow now. It's quite tame. I've called it Julius. We used, in fact, to see a great deal of Catullus. We were useful to him, too, because he met a great many clever and important people at our house; and when we first knew him nobody had ever heard of him. It shows what a mistake it is to be kind to people. After a time he began to give himself airs, and treated the house as if it belonged to him. He complained of the food and the wine. He insisted upon my sending away Balbus, the best slave I have ever had. He made Metellus buy some old Falernian from a cousin of his (that disreputable Rufinus who lost all his money at Capua last year). The fact was, his head was turned. People flattered him (Lalage, of course, told him he was wonderful), and he began really to think he was a real poet, a genius, and I don't know what, and he became quite insufferable. He began to meddle with my affairs, and to dictate to me about my friends. But it was when I got to know Julius Cæsar that the crisis came.

Of course you know as well as I do that nobody could possibly be *in love* with Julius Cæsar. He is *quite* bald now, and I think —in fact, I always did think—most tiresome. I never could understand what people saw in him. And, oh, what a bore he used to be when he told me about his campaigns, and drew imaginary plans on the table with his finger! But of course I was *obliged* to be civil to him because of Metellus and my brother Clodius, to whom he has been useful. Directly he began coming to our house—and he came very often, he had to see Metellus on business constantly—Catullus became quite mad. He lost his head, and I had to arrange for them not to meet, which was most annoying and inconvenient, as they both came every day, and sometimes twice a day. I know I ought to have taken steps at

once to put an end to all that nonsense. But I was foolishly kind-hearted for a time, and gave way weakly. It was a great mistake.

The crisis came the other day. I had arranged a supper party, really a divine party. Just Pollio, Julius Cæsar, Marcus Tullius Cicero, Lavinia, Lalage, and a few others. I didn't tell Catullus, as I thought he wouldn't quite do (apart from Julius Cæsar being there), as I had invited Bassianus, who is a *real* professional poet, and writes the most beautiful things about the moonlight, memory, and broken hearts. His verses quite make me cry sometimes. They are far better than Catullus's, which I confess I can't read at all. But Metellus says it's unfair to compare an amateur like Catullus with a *real* writer like Bassianus.

Somebody told Catullus about the supper. I suspect it was Lalage—she is jealous of me, and Catullus made up to her years ago and then left her. He came to me and made a scene, and said he was coming too. Then he tried to find out who else was coming, and I refused to tell him. He said: "Of course, you have asked Julius Cæsar," and I said, "It is not your business; I shall ask the people I choose to my own house without consulting you." Then he said a lot of horribly unfair things about Julius Cæsar, and a lot of absurd things about me; only I managed to calm him more or less. All this happened in the afternoon, and he went away really quite repentant and meek. He always was easy to manage if one had time, and I told him Cicero had praised his verses, which soothed him, although it wasn't true. He never could resist flattery.

The supper began very well. Julius Cæsar was, I must say, brilliant. He can be really clever and pleasant sometimes, and he talked to me the whole time, and this made Lalage very angry; she was between Metellus and Bassianus, and she bored them. Then suddenly in the middle of supper, just as I was beginning to feel more or less happy about it all, Catullus walked in, very flushed and excited. I saw at once he had been drinking. He was given a place between Cicero and Lavinia, and opposite me and Julius Cæsar; and no sooner had he settled himself on his

couch than he began to monopolize the conversation. He talked at the top of his voice. He was rather amusing at first, and Cicero answered him back, and for a time everything went well; but I was dreadfully uneasy, as I felt something would happen, and there was a dangerous look in his eye. Besides which he drank a great bowl of wine and water (with very little water in it), and grew more and more flushed and excited. He didn't pay any attention to Julius Cæsar at all, and talked across to me as though Julius Cæsar hadn't been there. But Julius Cæsar didn't seem to notice that Catullus was being rude, and he turned to me and really was charming. He said, among other things, that the only woman who could compare with me for wearing clothes *properly* was Cleopatra, but that she was dowdy in comparison with me. He said, too, that I was the only woman he had ever met who had any real grasp of the fiscal question. This made Catullus mad; and he asked Lavinia in a loud whisper, which we all heard, who the slightly bald gentleman sitting opposite might be. I was dreadfully uncomfortable, because Julius Cæsar can't bear any allusions to his baldness (it's so silly, as if it mattered to us!) and he turned red in the face.

Then Catullus began to chaff Cicero about his verses, but as Cicero knows him very well it didn't much matter, he knew he didn't mean it, really. To make a diversion, I proposed that Bassianus should sing us a song. But Catullus broke in and said: "Rather than that I will recite a poem."

I was very angry and spoke my mind. I said I thought it was most rash and daring for an amateur to recite before professionals like Cicero and Bassianus. I was really frightened, because Catullus's verses are either terribly long and serious—I have never been able to listen when he reads them out; in fact, I always used to ask him to read to me when I wanted to add up my bills mentally—or else they are short and quite *impossible*.

He then turned scarlet, and said something about drawing-room poetasters who wrote stuff fit for women, and, looking at Cæsar, he recited a short poem which was *dreadful*. I didn't understand it all, but I felt—and I am sure every one else felt—

that he meant to be rude. I sent him a small note by a slave, telling him that if he did not know how to behave, he had better leave the house. But I looked as if I hadn't noticed anything, and tried to treat it all as a joke. But every one felt hot and uncomfortable.

I then ignored Catullus altogether, and devoted my whole attention to Julius Cæsar. I suppose it was that which really made him lose all his self-control. He entirely forgot himself. He got up and said that, as the company did not like comic verse, he had written a serious poem, which he was quite certain would interest them. He had no wish, he said (and for once in his life he was modest!), to rival such great writers of verse, such masters of music and passion, as were Cicero and Bassianus, but his verse, although it could not rival theirs in art and inspiration, had at least the merit of truth and sincerity. He said (and he almost shouted this) he was a plain man, who expressed in the simplest possible words what were the common experiences of every one, from the Senator to the man in the street. (So vulgar!) He said his verses were about a woman (how could I ever have thought he was a gentleman!) who was far-famed for her beauty, and still better known for her heartlessness. She heightened her wickedness by the supreme coquetry of pretending to be virtuous. She professed virtue and practiced vice. (He always was coarse!) He would not name her; he would call her by a name which was colorless, namely, Lesbia. (Of course every one knew he had written verses to me under that name!)

Then, looking me straight in the face, he recited a poem which was *quite, quite* impossible, with a *horrible* word in it (at least Lalage said it was horrible). Pollio came to the rescue, and said that Catullus was ill, and dragged him out of the room. And in a way it was true, for he was quite tipsy, and tears were rolling down his cheeks; and I do hate drunken men, but, above all, I hate coarseness.

The next day all Rome knew the poem by heart. And it was a cowardly, blackguard thing to do, and I shall *never* speak to him as long as I live, and I shall *never, never* let him come into my

house again. Not being a gentleman, he can't know what one feels about those kind of things. He is thoroughly second-rate and coarse to the core, although he oughtn't to be. Of course, I really don't care a bit. Only if Lalage writes and tells you about it, don't believe a word she says. I hate Catullus. I must stop now.

Your loving,

CLODIA.

P. S.—Lalage had the impertinence to say that I ought to make allowance for men of genius. As if Catullus was a genius! I asked Cicero (who likes him) if his poetry was really good, and he said that, to be honest, it was a *bad* imitation of Calvus's and his own, only that it was very good for an amateur.

P. P. S.—Julius Cæsar is coming to stay with us next Saturday, if he can get away. Don't forget the Persian silk, the palest shade, six and a half yards.

ROMA FELIX

By C. C. Martindale

"Attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus aetas
Aduentum auxiliumque Dei." [1]
—"Æn." Vergil.

The Italian garden faced due south, and, over its long balustrade, you had an unbroken view of the Sussex Downs. At the northern end, curving flights of steps rose to a higher terrace, balustraded too; and from the unseen garden, above, the laughing voices of two children could be heard. Into the supporting wall an alcove was built, which enshrined a Crucifix. Poppies filled all that part, a smoldering splendor of dim purple petals with patches of satiny black and powdery black centers; or white as ashes, with sudden flares of scarlet, lemon, and crimsons of every shade. Geometrical flower-beds, framed in tiny box hedges, lay round the central fountain. Its heavy basin hung low above a pool where gold-fish moved like bright shadows: the little jet leapt and throbbed its few inches, and then slid whispering over the mossy stone. Yews and cypresses closed in the two sides of the garden, and on one of the stone benches beneath them a man was seated, having the view to his right.

His gray beard was trimmed to a point; his eyes, vague, just now (for his thought was inward), were yet so kind that you felt the laughing children, whose uncle and guardian he was, would soon have loved and never have distrusted him. He held an Aldine Vergil in his hand; but the book was shut, now; for, as I said, he meditated.

It had needed but little imagination to dream himself away to

[1] To us too and our prayer at length the years have brought God's advent and His aid.

Rome, or rather, to a garden just outside it, on the Janiculum. The actual city, the Tiber running down towards the fora and the docks—for it was the ancient Rome his fancy visited—would surely be seen did he but rise, peer over the balustrade, and round the wall of cypresses. . . . The Sussex Downs, with their undistinguished outline, were not so unlike the mounded Sabine Hills, though the downs were merely modest, while the others, conscious of an aristocracy of splendid centuries, seemed content with their high title-deeds of history, and careless accordingly of dramatic form or coloring.

Hinc septem dominos uidere colles
Et totam licet aestimare Romam.

He had often murmured Martial's lines, watching, as through the poet's eyes, the "seven lordly hills," and, with him, as from the Janiculum, "reckoning up all Rome." But he was out of mood, to-day, for the dainty realism of the silver poet. Martial's little bit of description was, no doubt, a cameo for refinement; still, in it he gave no more than an exquisite presentment of the obvious; while the student would have suffered, to-day, to "reckon up" what he saw; the measurable, the readily appraised, was precisely what he shrank from, and his eyes sought the secrets of a more elusive vision.

Soon he caught himself with a far different rhythm on his lips. *Dic, quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.* . . . Still light, still graceful, was the movement of the line, but it held echoes of an immemorial music; and its tiny ripple seemed, like ether waves, to reach the very stars.

He repeated Vergil's line over and over again. Even at school it had caught his fancy, less for the rather pointless riddle it introduced, than just for its melody, perfect apart from any meaning of the words. It grew with strength, like an undulation sent forward from the open sea. Out of the first long syllable it rose vigorously, spreading itself forth into the long-drawn sounds of *terris,* pouring its light and music into the dimmed echoes of *et eris,* and tumbling with quick repetitions of the tiny vowel into

the sonorous name in which it found its limit. What an artist! he meditated. What a musician must Vergil not have been, to have devised, even in his youth, such harmonies. . . .

Soon the air became full of the Vergilian rhythm; hexameter curved upwards from hexameter, waving with carefully limited variations, gentle in their dignity, like these Sussex Downs, which became definitely, now, the homeland hills whose muffled outline shows itself in Vergil's "Eclogues."

So it was scarcely with astonishment that the student saw, advancing through the tunneled yew hedge opposite, a man clothed in old Roman dress of straight white tunic and woolen cloak with its simple transverse folds. He moved hesitatingly, as though short-sighted, and paused by the fountain to watch the rose-leaves rocking in the dark water. Now it could be seen that he was tall; his hair was dark and straight, his cheeks sallow and indrawn. Looking up, he observed that he was not alone, and came awkwardly along the little graveled paths towards the near side of the garden.

"Vergil!" whispered the Englishman, standing up. He went forward, took the visitor's hand and kissed it reverently. He then led him in silence to the stone bench, spread the rug wider, and motioned to him to sit.

The other smiled, his dark face perceptibly flushing. With a shy, almost deprecating gesture, he sat down.

"I cannot express to you," said the host, "the joy I have in welcoming you here. Do you know, I have constantly felt that you would some day come, and were, in fact, quite close to us."

"I have often been here," was the answer, "and have as constantly wondered whether I should meet the master of the garden. Now that I have done so," he added with great simplicity, "I feel that I know him as the half of my soul."

"Full forty years, for my part," rejoined the other, to whom time was still important as an element in, or a test of, friendship, "I have believed myself of your acquaintance. And at the very moment of your coming, the music of your 'Eclogues' was ringing in my thoughts—as it might be the tiny bells of those lilies of

the valley. Indeed," he continued, picking his words with a fastidiousness partly natural, partly a scholar's trick, and chiefly because he wished, in this colloquy he felt would be so brief, to open his whole heart to his visitor—"Indeed, I can assure you that there is scarcely a corner of this garden to which certain of your magical words have not attached themselves, so that it is consecrated, emancipated (as it were) from the present, and the meeting-place of centuries."

He paused, and looked to where the poppies flamed and smoldered. *"Lethaeo perfusa papauera somno,"* he resumed. " 'Poppies steeped in slumber and forgetfulness.' The most golden of our own poets wrote of your verses that in them was 'all the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word.' How true, of that phrase of gorgeous and solemn sadness. It thrilled me even as a child. It made that poppy-path for me a place of haunting fancies, where already I saw things enchanted and remote, as if through a veil of sleep."

"Even as a child?"

"Assuredly! For from your verses I first learnt Latin: it was you who transfigured my world and let me out of prison."

"Alas! many another than myself could have taught you Latin. The courtly Cicero—"

"Ah, never Cicero! to write your tongue, perhaps; but not to love it, nor his world, nor himself as I love you, dear friend, for so I dare to name you."

"But Lucretius? and my dear Horace?"

"Yes, yes. To-day I love them: they too fling open to me their life. The 'shudder of holy awe' thrills me when I listen to the austere chanting of that Atheist who prayed. And I am ready to laugh, and weep no less, with your little comrade. For there is wistfulness in his merriment, and courage in his gloom, and sincerity beneath his affectations. Still, they could never have been the *first* to open that world to me. Too arid was the desert through which Lucretius traveled before he could sing pæans over death, and Hell, and God. And Horace, well, his Satires and Epistles were withheld from me, and his lyrics alone (illogical

liberality!) permitted; but only when those have been studied, can the living man be found beneath the artificiality of these.

"But you, whitest of souls, as he called you, you led me swiftly and gently into your golden atmosphere of a mysterious Italy, haunted by august and tender memories, instinct with divine influences, and brooded over by the destiny of eternal Rome."

"Quid non mea carmina possunt?" smiled the poet. "To think my verses could achieve so much!"

"Much? far more than that. Your music, I have told you, rocked me: your phrases touched life with mystery. But your pictures could give to my boyhood which clambered for releases, the divinest holidays.

> Contemplator item cum nux se plurima siluis
> Induet in florem et ramos curuabit olentes.[2]

"What loveliness! and what *movement*. Intricate black twigs, one moment; then, one single mass of bloom. *In florem:* the secret is surely *there*. Oh, you are responsible," he said, smiling, "for my cult of *'in* with the accusative'! Not *flore,* 'with bloom' —stationary, instrumental: not *in flores,* flowers as numberless as the twigs; but *in florem;* a *transit* into *one* new glory. There were two lines from a holy poem which had the self-same quality —'Breathe Thou the silent chords along, Until they tremble *into song.*' They too created the impression of great world-forces latent, gathering in volume, confluent beneath the surface, till they should stream outward into one splendor of color or fragrance or harmony, and reach the world of our slow consciousness. *In florem!* I would refresh myself with that passage on stifling afternoons in the schoolroom: I could travel out of its cramped benches and yellowing ceiling and panelled walls; I could go beyond the sleepy sunlight, even, of the quad, just visible through the cobwebbed lattices, and escape into an air lit with rays filtered through an exquisite roof of almond-blossom. . . ."

[2] "O watch, once more, when the almonds, dense in the woods, robe themselves into bloom and droop boughs of fragrance" (Verg. "Georgics," i. 187).

After a pause, he turned again to the meditative figure at his side.

"Yes, those were sunlit lines," he resumed. "But I had always loved the night best. It was a breathing-space. There were in it moments when life genuinely paused—well after midnight, when the machinery had finished its creaking, its uneasy settling into stillness; yet not too near dawn, when Nature turns in her sleep, somehow aware that only an hour or two separates her from the need for the new effort. . . ."

"Dum intempesta silet nox," murmured the poet.

"The very words! 'When timeless night is silent.' A real interval: positive cessation. Poor little fellow! how often I'd get out of bed and peer into that emptiness. I had always to turn from one point, where distant lights shone with dreadful persistence from the railway. The chiming of the school clock terrified me: it was a lie, I felt: 'time *isn't* passing: I've not got to begin again just yet! There'll be no to-morrow: there never was a yesterday. There's nothing, nothing, nothing!' And *intempesta* could always make a loneliness, so to speak, in the heart of the noisiest meals, or games, or when I was bullied—a thing which still happened often enough in the schools of forty years ago."

"Mors immortalis," quoted the other from his somber master. "You were in love with the time 'when shall be swallowed up This dying life by Death that cannot die.'" [3]

"No!" said the other, quickly. "Death would not help. I had been brought up, you see, to look for another life directly after death, and just then that idea was intolerable. You will not say, dear poet," he cried abruptly, "that boys cannot have sense of these things."

"Far from it," said the sympathetic listener, "though my childhood must have been more sheltered there beside the brimming Mincio, and sleep-soft meadows, and farms whose gables smoked at sunset when the long shadows came down from the mountains. You remember that? And yet—you remember too—something

[3] "Vitam mortalem Mors immortalis ademit."—*Lucretius.*

there was . . . *ut uidi, ut perii!*" He looked, smiling half whimsically, at his neighbor.

"Then that idyll was true?" cried he, delighted. "It all happened just like that? I hardly dared believe it."

"*Saepibus in nostris,*" began the other, quoting his own most sensitive love-verses. "'Thee in our orchards, little maiden—for was I not thy guide?—thee with my mother saw I, plucking the dewy apples: 'twas the second year of my teens had already welcomed me—already from the ground could I reach to the brittle boughs. . . . Ah! how I saw! how was I lost! how the cursed madness reft me!' Certainly it was real. Theocritus was my model for the mere verses; true memories were their soul. And, though I never saw her again, I was faithful to that love of my boyhood!"

In the silence that followed, the student remembered the nickname "Maiden," *Parthenias,* which wanton Naples had fixed upon her poet; and he recognized, in those years of renunciation, the source of that *spirituality* which burned, white-hot, in the pagan poems.

"I did not know this," he said. "And yet there was something in your poems which set me too on a path of deliberate loneliness. It came in your 'Georgics'; in that tale which the Emperor bade you substitute for the panegyric of your friend on whom he had forced suicide. Eurydicé had died: her lover Orpheus sang his way down to Hades, his magic voice quelling its uproar, or sweet amid its silences, winning him back his betrothed. And it was ruled that she should be restored if, as he brought her back, he should keep from looking in her face till actually they had reached the upper air. And when he had come with her to the very edge of the light, after all the efforts and the courageous sacrifices, his passion mastered him; his will crumbled; he turned and looked at her. And she went backwards into the mists—her hands white and suppliant, one moment, across the dark, and her voice wailing in the winds. . . ."

"Well?" wondered the poet.

"Well," returned the other, smiling a rather crooked smile, "I

was a boy of imaginations, quests, ideals. I fell in love with fancies, and trembled with excitement if realization seemed imminent. But your story first revealed for me the meaning of experience, and occasioned a resolve which braced, I think, into manliness the sentimentalities of which I have been telling you. For it made me realize that I never got what I wanted when I grasped at it. Nothing was what I dreamed it would be. Nature was never so tremendous in her water-falls or precipices as I had conceived; nor the sea really blue, nor golden hair more than yellow. Above all, human sympathy was never the passionate, exclusive interpenetration of two souls which instinct said was possible, and therefore to be craved.

"So rather than be forced to give up belief in my ideal, I resolved, as Orpheus was bidden to resolve, never to look upon what might perhaps embody it. For fear of having to confess the universe did not contain what I wanted, I refused to test its contents. So, after working really hard for something, or walking far to see a view, or waiting long to meet a friend or a hero, I would often renounce, at the last moment, to profit by my opportunity when it came, or at least would curb my emotion when the end was achieved, nor own that 'this' was really what I'd wanted."

"Alas," cried Vergil, "but you were a philosopher when I was still at my grammar! And to think that when I really had the end in sight, and could promise myself years of philosophizing once the 'Æneid' should be finished, Death took me."

"My dear friend: do not think that Philosophy was your destiny! At least, not the academic thing for which you hungered. You were a Theologian—but again," he added, noticing the poet's start, "not primarily in the academic sense, one who collects tales about the gods, or rationalizes on their nature; but you could see the Universe, and love it passionately in whole and in detail, and yet never lose sight of that mysterious Force which began it, sustains it, and directs it and you to a predestined end. *Mens agitat molem:* 'Thought thrills its mass': *Adparent dirae facies* . . . awful eyes looked out on you across its lattices, and your whole soul was one that worshipped."

"It is curious," said Vergil, "to hear you tell me all these things about myself. I see that they are true, yet, while I lived, I was not conscious of them. Indeed it might have been thought that I who wrote on a topic not of my choice, in a meter and style, and with episodes, traditional and not of my invention, would have remained disguised, elusive, even for my contemporaries."

"You have dominated," retorted the other, "the literature and imagination of centuries. You have entered as magician into the folk-lore, and as prophet into the religious dramas, of generations remote from yourself, and close to us. That proves your personality! You took Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus; you plundered the Alexandrians; but you gave us back pure 'Vergil'; art need not be artificiality; and, where you completed your work it always 'lived.' I own this is not why our forefathers worshiped you: their own art was mostly dead, and they could not recognize what really 'lived' in yours. There has been a reaction against their ill-judged applause and theatrical mimicry: but men of to-day are, thank God, reacting against the reaction, and detect in you that soul which is as real and precious as the earlier soul we so admire in Homer."

"You mystify me," answered Vergil. "And yet if I could indeed be aware of the divine spirit governing human history, that may have saved me from the bitter sadness which surely must be his, who, rather than risk disillusionment in what he loves, ever denies himself approach to the beloved. And that, if I understood you, was your habit."

"But your own poems are sad!" cried the student; "Love in your 'Eclogues,' is a sick, pathetic thing, with morbid tints that you grew out of. Yet even in the 'Georgics,' the fields themselves are sad, often enough: 'Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor till the evening,' and passes to his long home. Throughout your noble 'Æneid,' mortal men are 'sick': *mentem mortalia tangunt;* the human story went to your heart, and you had tears for life. Oh, how that melancholy has oppressed me. So much futile death; so many young hopes spoilt, and long efforts cheated. Æneas himself only gained his high end, the foundation of Rome,

after seeing first his loved Troy burned, his father die in exile, and his adored wife perish just as he believed her saved from the ruin of his past. The mad moments of his passion for Dido never drugged that earlier grief: the 'flower-haired' maid, Lavinia, was but the means of linking close his fortunes with those of the old Latin race. Not to that disillusioned exile, weary of roads and seas, should she have been given, but to her loyal lover Turnus, a finer figure, for all his faults. Violent essentially, and you meant us to see him so; still, never a coward nor small. *'Sancta ad uos anima,'* he cried to the ghosts, when the gods deserted him, *'atque istius inscia culpae Descendam, magnorum haud unquam indignus auorum,'* [4]—noble lines, too noble for grammarians to torture! Well, he too had to renounce: nothing came to him for those merits and for that history of his: your poem closes as his soul seeks darkness, indignant, and with a groan."

Vergil was about to answer, when the voices of the two children, who had finished their game upon the terrace, interrupted him. They ran down the steps, tossing a ball which, thrown too far, fell into the poppy bed. One, a boy, ran to look for it; the other, a little girl, smaller than her brother, went almost straight to the crucifix and knelt before it. The boy found his toy, noticed his sister praying, looked round, saw his uncle apparently alone and deep in thought, and went to kneel too before the crucifix. There the two children remained, praying aloud with extraordinary simplicity.

"Ah!" exclaimed the poet, for once almost roughly. "That *makes* me speak! I had striven not to mention the incredible thing which you permit to make hideous the whole beauty of this garden. What possible perverted motive can you have in permitting death and torture, and the fate of a slave or a felon, to enter this exquisite place? And in forcing—for so it must be—little children, even, to face it? Did I not say your philosophy had blasted the color from your own life? And here you infuse poison into the very veins of Happiness."

[4] A stainless soul, and ignorant of that offense, shall I come down to you, not once unworthy of my high ancestry.

"I do not wonder at your words," said his hearer, gravely. "But there is no forcing, *Expertus potest credere quid sit Iesum diligere.* Those are my little nephew and niece whom their parents, dying, confided to me. I have told you of my boyhood: long reflection on it, and on its sequel, has made me understand that even a child can start upon a career in which the very joys, the very virtues, are the legitimate offspring of profoundest pessimism and disbelief. Such would have been my career, or at least my fate, had not one new element entered my life, to which also it was your poems directed me. From the outset then, I have cared to have that element in these children's world. They are praying now before that Anguish which alone makes laughter tolerable and the truest joys possible. For that Renunciation saves us, when we renounce what life offers, from the guilt of suicide, and, when we accept it, from idolatry. That Sufferer proclaims that the world is not only inadequate (as I had guessed) but sinful: it has done its best to murder God; hence we do well to renounce it, and look elsewhere for consummation: still, He proclaims no less, that permission for that Death was only given, because God loved the world, and hence we too must wish it well, and look for its renewal. Here, I say, is that concrete, positive future which saves renunciation from nihilism, and makes the ascetic to be no suicide. Christ 'emptied Himself,' and was obedient to the Death of the Cross—*Hei mihi,"* he murmured, with completest reverence, *"Hei mihi, qualis erat!* And hence He bids us give up everything. But it is precisely in *Him,* because into Him so surpassing a Restoration shall be made, that forthwith He gives us back the All. Only after I have, from the very bottom of my heart, given up—let us say, this lovely garden and those hills, can I take them back as part of a world that has become sacramental, and where God and man are, some day, to be perfectly united. Even you, dear poet, sang in words which have mystified the learned and the holy of many an age, of the new and stainless History, the return of the Virgin, and the birth of the Saviour-Child. But 'unto us a Child *is* born,'" he quoted; "'unto us a Son is given, and His Name shall be called Wonderful; the Prince of Peace.'"

"Whose," said the visitor, "is that sublime and stately music?"

"It was sung by a Hebrew seer," replied the other. *"Attulit et nobis aliquandō optantibus aetas Aduentum auxiliumque Dei."*

Just then the children, who had finished their prayer, came towards their uncle, to ask for their evening story, still quite unaware, it was evident, that he was not alone.

"Trojan War night, Uncle!" cried the boy, clambering on to his knee. "Tell us some more about the Wooden Horse."

But their guardian, sitting there beside his unseen companion, resolved to speak out to him, in the tale he should tell the children, all that remained of his own great debt. He had confessed how, in the Vergilian poems, he had found the joys of music, and phrases which transfigured this lower world, and pictures which were visions into a fairer; a philosophy, too, which had recast his life. It remained to relate what, in those poems, had revealed to him an ideal to the pursuit of which it had also stimulated him; an ideal realizable to satisfaction, yet never to be exhausted.

So he told the children of the sequel to the ruin of the old world, symbolized by Troy, and of the striving of divine and human forces in the "giant's task" of founding the majesty of Rome. It was the Vergilian spirit which animated the story: *"tendimus in Latium"*—"For thee, O dear, dear Country, mine eyes their vigils keep—": the straining eyes of Æneas, fixed on the "ever receding shores of Italy," seemed lit with the radiance of a distant City such as should illumine the faces of St. John, of Augustine, and of Bernard. Each pain and separation of the journey would be forgotten, hour by hour, as the goal was neared; yet one day it should be a joy to remember even these. Yes, though the heart, sick with deferred hope, needed to be strengthened by the thought that the worst was over, that "even to this" God would give an end, yet "even this," *forsan et haec,* all this long weariness would be a joy, looked back upon in the light of the vision of peace, *rerum pulcherrima, Roma,* the supreme loveliness, Rome.

"Uncle! was 'Neas a Cafflic?" was the unexpected interruption from the small Mary Monica, unembarrassed as yet by relative chronology.

"Of course he wasn't," the boy (more learned but—who knows? —less wise) retorted. "He was years and years before there *were* any Catholics."

"But, uncle," she urged, disregarding him. "If he wasn't a Cafflic, why did he want to go to Rome so much? And why was he *so* good and gave up everthing?"

"Oh, you *are* a silly!" her unchivalrous brother upbraided her. "He was going to *build* Rome, and he was going to be a king; so it didn't matter his having to give up lots and lots of things."

"Well, Baby," said her uncle, kissing her, "you're right and Dicky's right; and how that can be I'm sure I don't know. Now sing me 'The sun is sinking fast' and run along."

Hand in hand, facing the gray student, the small children sang that exquisite evening hymn. . . .

As Christ upon the Cross [went on the verses] His head inclined
And to His Father's hands His parting soul resigned,
So now herself my soul would wholly give
Into her Father's arms in Whom all spirits live. . . .

The wide levels of sunlight passed over the evening fields; half the garden, where the men were sitting, was in the shadow of the cypresses; but the rest, with the fountain, the farther trees, and the immense view, were golden and transfigured and at peace. Especially the crucifix stood out, in the glow, against the darker wall.

"'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to Myself,'" murmured the listener: "yet this, if any, is an hour when Christ is taken down from the Cross."

The children kissed their uncle good-night, and went to the house.

"Vergil," said he, turning to the figure who still sat, head shrouded in his cloak, by his side, "I cannot make the thing clearer to you than these children, in truth, have made it. You had a vision of Æneas setting forth, through separation and sacrifice, to fulfill his destiny and to found Rome. And it is infinitely true that not Æneas, but Rome, is the 'hero' of the 'Æneid.' The triumph is nowhere in his individual life, but in what he stood for, pointed to, and initiated. The thought of the great City

broods over his every action, and unifies your poem. Its enclosing walls are the circle of the earth, and the stars are its ramparts, and up and down it move the 'toga'd folk, the Romans, lords of the world.' Even so, his life is released from the limitations of time, and becomes a prophecy; far more, when once we catch how much wider is its reach even than that earthly Rome in which it found, so to speak, its earliest incarnation. For you have put before the soul an ideal, a hope, of such a nature that it immediately suggests a further vision, too good not to be true. *Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut lever les yeux.* 'Æneas was a Catholic.' The sacramental Rome is given us to realize; the soul's Æneid opens out before it, and the soul starts joyously upon it, and joyously speaks the inevitable farewells. Truly inspired was your tenderest lover, Dante, when he pictured you as a man advancing into darkness, yet with steady foot, and on the royal road to truth, and holding behind him a lantern in whose light the nations might walk, though himself he had not any profit of its rays. Or can it be that you had not any profit . . .? Well, there are those who, in the light that blazed out suddenly from your poem, first saw the road, and made thenceforward their renunciations, not in pessimism, nor in cynical disbelief, but with the enthusiasm of one who knows his Latium to exist, and that, in the far end, God will give him Rome. Side by side with a diviner Exile the journey must be made; but to you who first made clear the journey and the goal, what gratitude!"

The poet rose. "There were millions and millions of us," he said with his gentle smile, "of one blood with you over all the earth, groping after God if haply we might find Him, *tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore,* stretching out their hands in longing for the farther shore. Well," and as he spoke his dim robes mingled with the twilight, and his voice seemed to be traveling from infinite distances,—

> "Attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus aetas
> Aduentum auxiliumque Dei."

NOVITIATE
PROVIDENCE IN THE WEST
BROADWAY and PALM STS.
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

463

NOVITIATE
PROVIDENCE IN THE WEST
BROADWAY and PALM STS.
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

NOVITIATE
PROVIDE
BROA
ANAH
IN THE WEST
M STS.
NIA